

Collier's
 JUNE 9, 1945
 TEN CENTS
 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



DANGER AHEAD IN GERMANY

The Menace of Another War with Hitler
 June 9, 1945

BY GREGOR ZIEMER

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THEY watched intently that afternoon, June 5, 1940, *eighteen months before Pearl Harbor*. A tiny cardboard ship moved across a map of the Atlantic Ocean. An official of B. F. Goodrich described the little ship's voyage—bringing rubber from Malaya, through the Suez, to New York.

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Those tires also gave B. F. Goodrich three years' extra experience. By the time other companies began selling synthetic tires they had traveled over 80 million miles. And the question everyone had asked, "How good is synthetic rubber, anyway?" was answered by actual reports from car owners.

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only because of military needs and shortage of other materials. The rubber problem itself has been solved. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*



Picture OF THE MONTH

GREER GARSON • GREGORY PECK

in
"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

with DONALD CRISP

LIONEL BARRYMORE • PRESTON FOSTER • MARSHA HUNT

GLADYS COOPER • REGINALD OWEN • DAN DURYEA • JESSICA TANDY • MARSHALL THOMPSON • BARBARA EVEREST

Screen Play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien
Based on the Novel by Marcia Davenport

Directed by TAY GARNETT
Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF



M-G-M has adapted for the screen—and for the pleasure of all America—Marcia Davenport's most romantic best-selling novel, "The Valley of Decision".

And the film adaptation, masterly in every way, is a tender and tempestuous love story.

More than four million persons know the story—and know it well. It tells of a red-haired Irish beauty and the son of a steel king who dared to love under the foreboding skies of a sullen steel-town. Her embittered father put a curse on their romance... a jealous world sought to build a wall between them... time tore at their hearts! The rest of the story will be screen history.

Greer Garson plays the Irish beauty—Garson, the first lady of the screen, in a characterization that will bring new honors upon her. And in the role of the man who offers her both romance and riches is Gregory Peck, a great dramatic actor of whom Hollywood is increasingly proud.

From the star-parts right down to the smallest "bits", the players in "The Valley of Decision" are true to the vigorous, lifelike, and colorful characters created by Miss Davenport. These roles are enacted by Donald Crisp (who won the Academy Award in another "Valley" picture) and Lionel Barrymore, as well as such stalwart supporting players as Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, Reginald Owen, Dan Duryea, Jessica Tandy, Barbara Everest, Marshall Thompson, and a host of others.

Tay Garnett, veteran director, can be especially proud of this one. Edwin H. Knopf, as producer, fused with striking artistry all the elements of the exceptional screen play by John Meehan and Sonya Levien.

We cannot help but feel that "The Valley of Decision" marks another step forward in the progress of movie-making. Once again M-G-M has taken a great love story, adapted it with sympathy and force, and produced a fine—a very fine—motion picture.

Collier's
FOR JUNE 9, 1945

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DONALD CONGDON *Fiction*

this week

FICTION

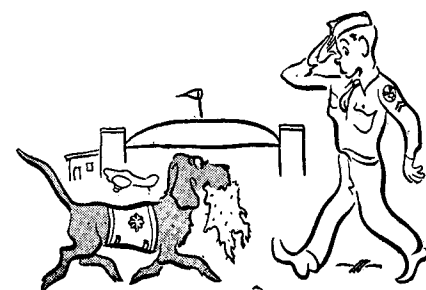
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any week

FAITHFUL followers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Walter Davenport has returned from the Pacific. No whistling or stamping of the feet, please. As we write this, W. D. is peering through the glass partition separating our offices. He has a dazed look. But by next Friday he probably will have recovered from his ride in a bucket seat from Okinawa to La Guardia Field. Until then, we shall carry on.



BESIDES, we have some odds and ends to clear up. For instance, Flying Officer Eric Renner of Hammer Field, Fresno, California, has refused to go into detail about the two drunken astronomers. You may recall that he promised the story many weeks ago. This is going to cause trouble, principally from Mr. J. Francis Monaghan of Mount Vernon, New York, who has threatened court action if we don't come through with it. But Mr. Renner isn't totally derelict in his duty by us. His current concern, he writes, is a Hammer Field pet in the form of a dog. As you may know, Army camp dogs are usually given a high rank, so soldiers of lesser rank will be unable to bring to justice any mutt caught breaking the rules. This dog, Mr. Renner reports, began to chew up so much stuff and made such a nuisance of himself in general that he rose from private first class to major in three weeks. However, things got no better. So finally, this dog has been given a collar engraved with his name: Mr. Alexander Petrovsky Rominov. At the same time a notice now appears on the bulletin board admonishing Hammer Field personnel to "Speak softly to Rominov. He outranks all of you. He wears no stripes, bars nor stars. He is a civilian."

AFTER a long silence, Mr. Dudley V. Haddock of Sarasota, Florida, finds occasion to point out—as did many other readers—that the second installment of Darling, This is Death, by Dana Chambers, had the Atlantic Coastline's Havana Special running through Raleigh, North Carolina. The Coastline doesn't do that, Mr. Haddock rightly asserts; the Seaboard Railway does. "The fishing is rotten," he concludes. "Haven't caught a pompano for a week." Fine way for a Florida booster to talk!

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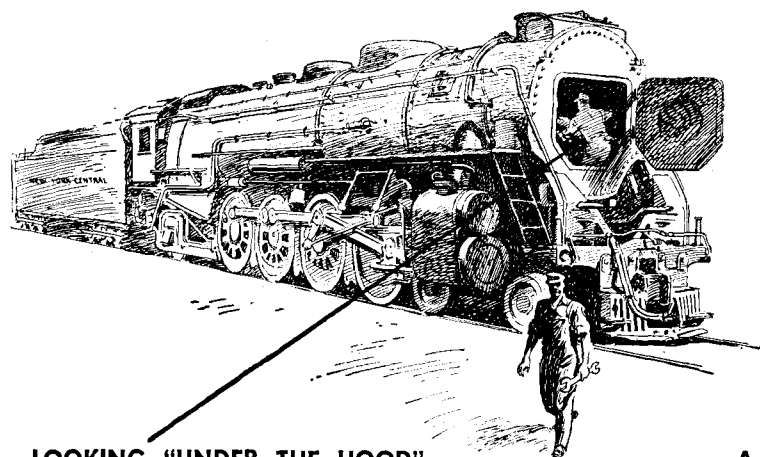
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LOOKING "UNDER THE HOOD"

Locomotive front swings open and Inspector steps into the smokebox for examination of the interior. Rigid check-up keeps New York Central engines working efficiently despite heavy war loads.

THE run ends. Engineer and fireman climb down from the cab, and a "hostler" takes over. Under his expert hand, 350 tons of pulsing steel move obediently off to the roundhouse . . . that super-service station for locomotives.

Here, mechanics, electricians, pipe-fitters, specialists in many crafts work day and night . . . inspecting, repairing, lubricating and adjusting the streamlined "Hudsons" and mighty "Mohawks" of

New York Central's motive power fleet.

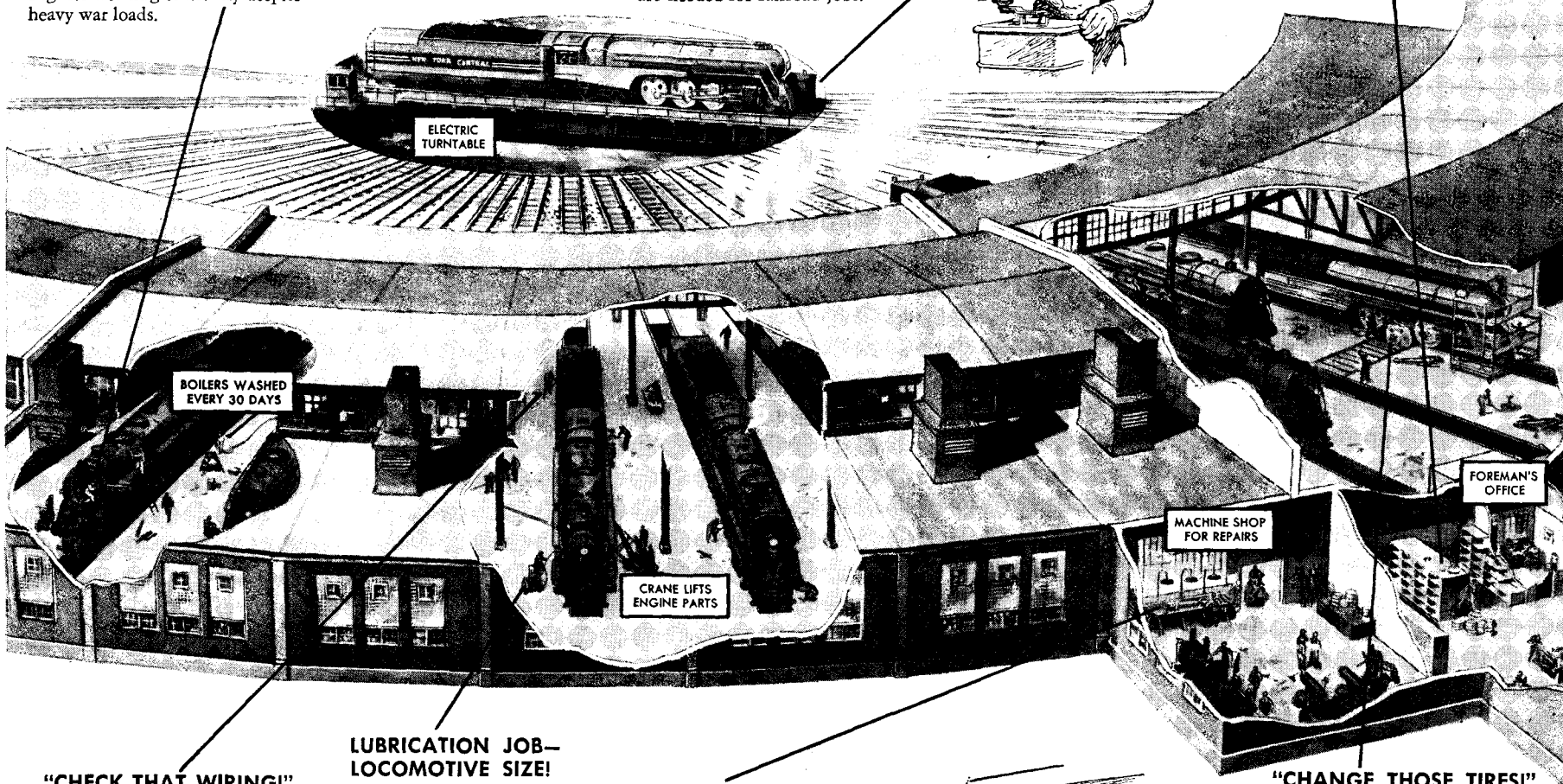
Today, with modern machines and electrical aids, they're cutting precious hours from maintenance time . . . keeping engines longer on the job to move the vast war traffic. And tomorrow these roundhouse teams will apply their war-born efficiency to servicing the still finer locomotives now taking shape in the designing rooms and testing laboratories of New York Central.

PARTS DEPARTMENT

Roundhouse "Storekeeper" normally has thousands of engine parts on hand. They range from huge driving wheels to tiny springs for the Valve-Speed Indicator . . . a modern device that keeps a safety and efficiency record for each locomotive.

A GOOD TURN IN WARTIME!

Girls operate many roundhouse turntables. With more than 26,000 New York Central employees in armed services, more women are needed for railroad jobs.



"CHECK THAT WIRING!"

On a modern New York Central steam locomotive, Electricians have many things to check . . . from the headlight to the electric Train Stop, the wonderful guardian that would halt train *automatically* if danger signal were passed.

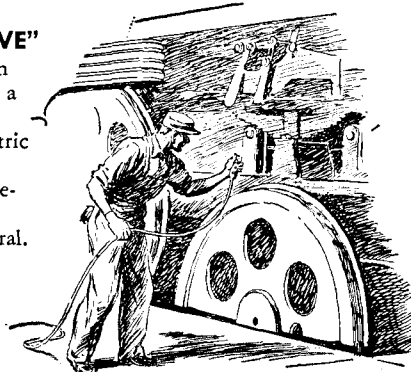
LUBRICATION JOB—LOCOMOTIVE SIZE!

Roundhouse Grease Cup Fillers use lubricating guns so large they are moved about on wheels. Grease and oil are forced out by high pressure air from nearby power house.



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Locomotives have steel tires. When tires need changing, electric Drop Table lowers 32 tons of driving wheels and whisks them to service track . . . 50% faster than old methods of wheel removal.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

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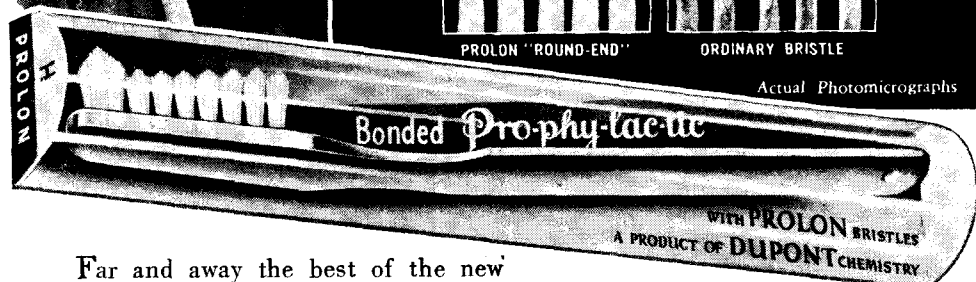
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Pro-phy-lac-tic's big plus is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

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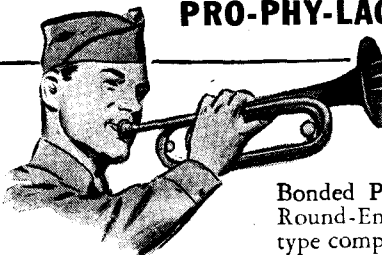
process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

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Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

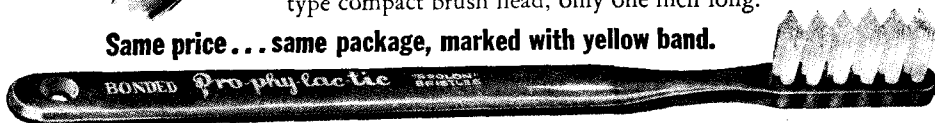
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*Keep up
with the world by Freling Foster*

A unique "one-man art show," held at the Brooklyn Museum in February, 1944, consisted of 100 portraits and 11 sculptured heads of one man, Abraham Walkowitz. Each work, executed by a different friend as a favor to this veteran New York painter, portrayed Walkowitz as a different person and thus supported his theory that an artist invariably gives many of his own characteristics to the subject he is painting.

The nationality of all civil aircraft in the world is designated by one or two initials that precede their other identification marks. Of the 67 countries to which these initials have been assigned, six use one, Germany having D, France F, Great Britain G, Italy I, Japan J, and the United States N. For license designations, all countries use a combination of three letters ranging from AAA to ZZZ, with the exception of the first five listed above, which may use four letters. The United States uses numbers and is the only nation permitted to do so.

Some tracks of the New York Central are now equipped with a new 1,700-foot water pan from which a locomotive traveling at 75 miles an hour can scoop up 7,200 gallons of water in 15 seconds.

On June 21, 1919, seven days before the signing of the Versailles Treaty, a British naval squadron under Admiral Fremantle steamed out of Scapa Flow for torpedo practice, leaving unguarded the 71 ships of the German High Seas Fleet that had been interned there under the armistice for the past seven months. Whereupon its commander, Rear Admiral von Reuter, gave his secret signal to scuttle the entire \$300,000,000 fleet and, five hours after the sea cocks were opened, 67 of the vessels had sunk. But between 1924 and 1939, all of these ships were salvaged and much of the metal was used in the rearmament of the British navy.

Although the first major league baseball game under electric lights was not played until 1935 in Cincinnati, the first minor league night game was in 1930 in Independence, Kansas, while the first game ever played under electric lights took place in 1883 in Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Russia has 5,800,000 Jews, 41 per cent of the present Jewish population of the world, of whom 2,200,000 have migrated to the Soviet Union since 1939 to escape the Nazis.

Today 77 out of every 1,000 legitimate and illegitimate live births are not recorded in this country. . . . A standard typewriter requires 16 times as much finger pressure as a typewriter whose keys are electrically operated. . . . Of America's 13,000,000 Negroes, about 12,000,000 are not full-blooded, having had at least one white ancestor.—D. Slocum, Jacksonville, Florida.

Tracer bullets now used by the Army do not ignite and become visible until they have traveled a distance of 100 yards. Thus the enemy will not know the location of the pillbox or machine-gun nest from which they are fired.

One of the most drastic reforms of modern times took place recently in Rumania when the government expropriated, without compensation, all lands owned by Germans and by Rumanian war criminals and collaborationists, as well as all land in excess of 125 acres in large estates. Among the properties exempted are those belonging to churches, hospitals and King Michael. The land is now being divided into farms of twelve and a half acres and given gratis to landless peasants.

A world-famous place in Rome to which Mussolini was never invited is the Palazzo Colonna, the largest and one of the most luxurious houses in the world and the home of the Colonnas, the most powerful and important family of Rome for some 700 years before the city became a part of the Kingdom of Italy in 1870.

The best singers among birds are small in size, unpretentiously colored, inhabit moderate climates and usually sing only when by themselves.

To decrease the vast sums paid annually for lost fur garments, insurance companies are now sponsoring a new organization, International Registry, Inc. It will furnish a code of letters to each fur manufacturer which he will affix in a different combination to each garment and record with the Registry. Later, the names of the retailer and the owner-wearer are added to the record, thus making it impossible for anyone to claim ownership of a fur piece or coat that has been found or stolen.

The most fantastic structure ever erected in the United States was the Winchester House near San Jose, California. Between 1884 and the death of its owner, a wealthy widow, in 1922, the house was in a constant state of building and rebuilding under her direction, as she was obsessed with the idea that she would die if it were ever finished. Costing about \$5,000,000, it eventually reached eight stories in height, and contained 158 rooms, 9 kitchens, 2,000 doors, 10,000 windows, 48 fireplaces, 3 elevators and 5 heating systems. Besides numerous doors and windows opening on blank walls, and stairways ending in midair, it had miles of secret passages and an underground tunnel through which the owner was able to drive to and from the house without being seen.

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THIS paraphrase of Winston Churchill's famous tribute to the Royal Air Force deservedly applies to all the men and women who wear our country's uniform.

A civilian grateful to all who have contributed to the success of the Flying Fortress addressed the sentiment to Studebaker some months ago. But it was really meant as an unreserved salute to every American fighting man on land, at sea and in the air.

Studebaker and its employees obviously

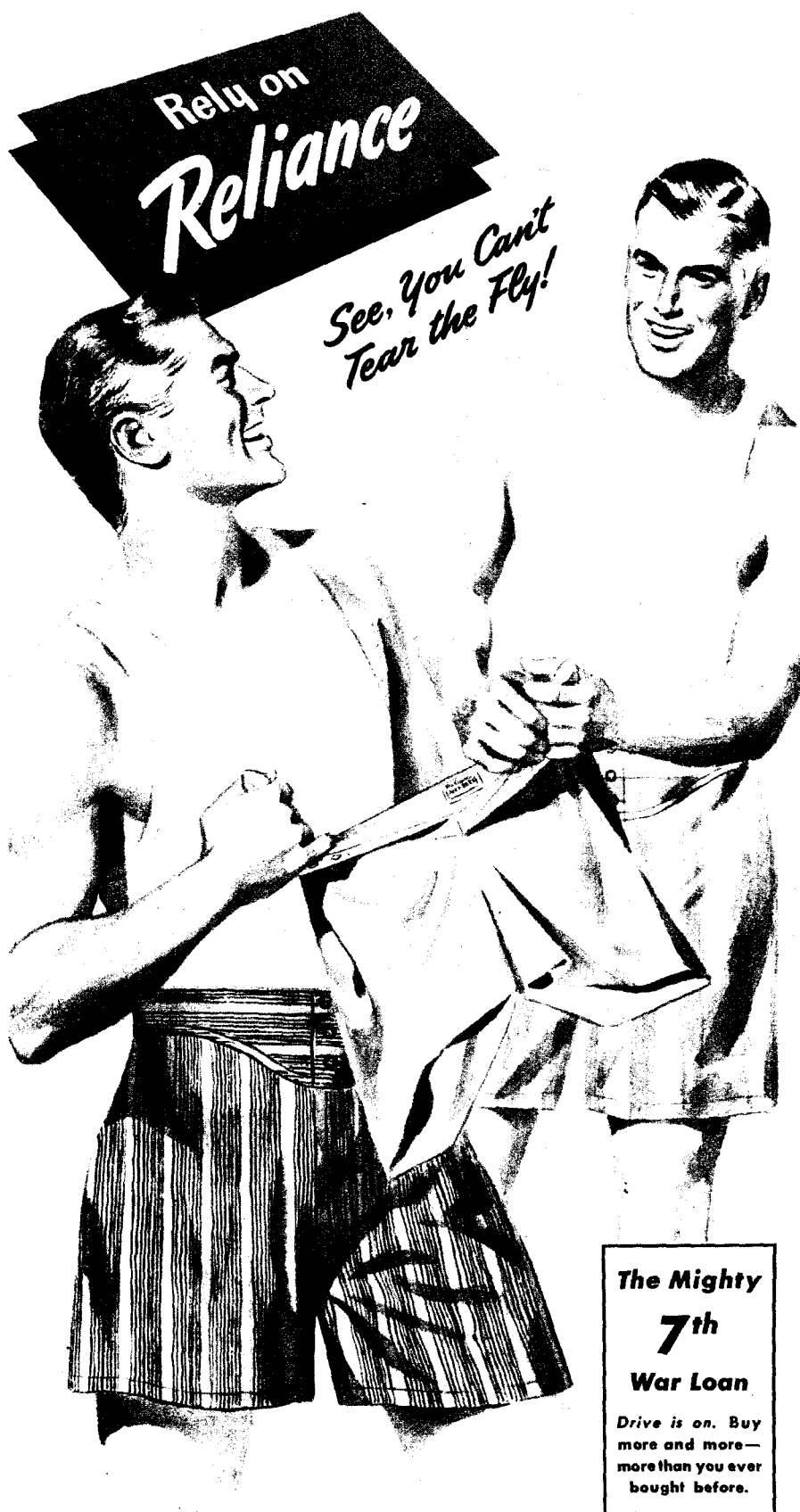
are proud to have been called upon by our government to build the Cyclone engines that power the Boeing Flying Fortress—to produce huge quantities of Studebaker military trucks—to design and manufacture the versatile Studebaker Weasel personnel and cargo carrier.

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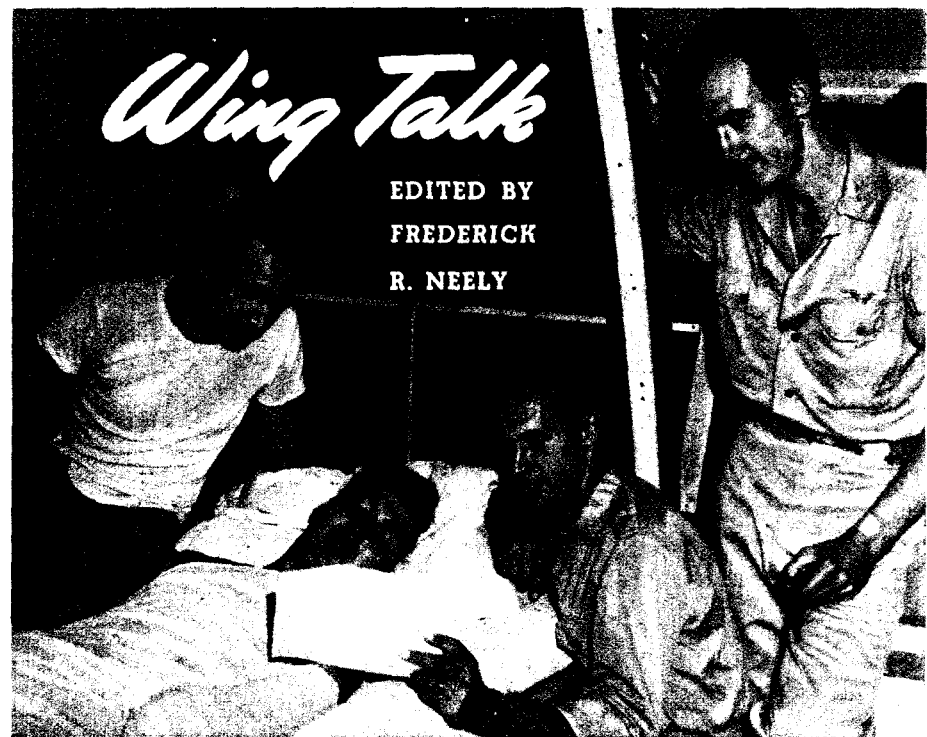
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Sgt. Krantz looks at the picture (held by Lt. Wittee) showing him dangling from the B-29. Left to right: S/Sgt. Hart, 2d Lt. Crowe

TWENTIETH Air Force, Pacific Headquarters: In a war in which close shaves are practically Standard Order of Procedure, the story of Sgt. Tim Krantz, a B-29 gunner from Hickory Point, Tennessee, will go down as one of the narrowest escapes in the book. Krantz's gun blister blew out just after his ship, American Maid, had dropped bombs on Nagoya. Krantz went out with the blister—all the way out.

It happened on American Maid's third trip to Nagoya. On the first trip over the Japanese city, the No. 3 fan was torn from the engine and went spinning off into thin air, narrowly missing the fuselage. On the second, the top blister blew out. The top gunner, S/Sgt. Alvin K. Hart of Glendale, California, fell to the floor unconscious from lack of oxygen.

Krantz hadn't liked the idea of a blister blowing, particularly since the side blisters are bigger than the top blister—plenty big enough for a man to go through. He didn't have too much faith in the regular safety belt, so he set to work making one of his own. It consisted of a broad waistband with a double-thickness extension to the floor and two straps over the shoulders. On the morning of his mission, he had told the other crewmen that he hadn't had time to stitch the floor attachment the way he wanted to. They kidded him.

There were a lot of fighters, and the Maid was the tail ship in the formation, six miles above Japan. The temperature was 40 degrees below zero. A few minutes before Krantz's blister blew, every gunner on the plane called fighters coming in from six directions practically simultaneously. Back in the tail, Sergeant Donald Wilson of Brighthurst, Indiana, got credit for one enemy plane destroyed—an Irving. About two minutes after Wilson had seen the Irving go down, a Tony dived through the formation and got off a burst at the tail of the Maid. Wilson saw the glass in his window shatter and felt a slight pain in his left hand. He was firing at two fighters hanging out at 6 o'clock and didn't bother to look at the hand.

Just about this time—none of the crew members is positive of the chronology from here on in—Sergeant Dick Cook, 19-year-old right gunner from Erlanger, Kentucky, felt a whoosh of air behind him. He turned around. The left blister was gone; so was the gun sight—and so was Krantz. Cook did a double take. This time he saw a foot hugged tight against the inside of the ship. He spoke into the interphone. It was out. Indicating the empty seat to the top gunner, he yanked off his oxygen mask and crawled over to the foot.

Hart, up in the top blister, looked down at the empty seat. "The first thing I thought of," he said later, "was the picture by

Krantz's bed—the picture of his wife and kids."

Already a white mist was filling the interior of the airplane. The people up front had felt the blister go, too. The sudden depressurization practically doubled them up in their seats.

Just then Wilson, back in the tail, glanced down at his hand. He had received a ring from his sister only the day before and he was very proud of it. The ring and the finger were gone. He pressed his interphone pedal. "Hey," he said, "my finger's shot off." There was a note of mild incredulity in his voice. "It's not bleeding." Then he turned his attention back to the Jap fighters.

IN THE waist, Cook leaned out of the open blister and was almost pulled through it by the tremendous slipstream. The buckle on Krantz's homemade floor harness had slipped, doubling the length of the extension. Cook managed to get his hand on Krantz's shoulder and pull. Then he ducked back into the waist to get oxygen.

"One of the last things I remember before I blacked out," Krantz said later, "was feeling a hand on my shoulder. It felt good. I was glad someone was trying to help me get back in. When I first got out there, I looked down at Japan, and was glad I didn't have a chute. This way I'd never know when I hit. I don't think I was conscious for over two minutes. I tried to adjust my mask. Then I lost it. I tried to keep my leg in that hole. I knew I had to, so the guys could grab me. The gun sight was swinging on a cable just below the hole. I tried to get it between my legs and walk it backward—work back to where I could get my shoulder in the hole. The next thing I remember, I was fighting the guys off. They were trying to give me oxygen, and I was fighting as hard as when I was going out. They say you do the same thing coming to that you did going out."

In the ship flying alongside and a little ahead of American Maid was Captain Guy T. Denton, Jr., of Dallas, Texas, a flight surgeon. Before the flight he had been hastily checked out on the camera. "I was working it because I didn't have anything else to do. When I first saw Krantz, he was three quarters of the way out of the blister. His ship had dropped down and swung up beneath us. As they pulled away, half a minute later, I saw Krantz. He was still conscious, trying to adjust his mask. I took three quick pictures."

The airplane commander, Lieutenant John D. Bartlett of Bozeman, Montana, had just sent the radio operator, S/Sgt. Robert Angell of East Dubuque, Illinois, back to administer first aid to the tail gunner when Hart spoke over the interphone: "Somebody

(Continued on page 53)

A Life

DEPENDS ON WHAT YOU DO TODAY...

Your life . . . ?

Yes—but other lives as well . . .

The life of someone dear to you, or someone you will love someday.

The life of a bomber or fighter pilot . . .

The life of some G.I. Joe . . .

A life that you can save!

Your life, and his, may turn on the decision that you make today . . .

To go on as you are . . . or join America's finest, most intelligent, most loyal women in the Army Nurse Corps.

And if you find it in your heart to fight—a nurse's way . . . to use your nurse's skill . . . your woman's heart, your woman's will, to be a part of something bigger than yourself—to save the lives of wounded fighting men . . .

Then join the Army Nurse Corps!

Nothing that you can ever do will mean so much . . . to you, your family and those you love.

For America needs you now . . .

Needs you as you have never been needed before . . .

Needs you in the uniform of the finest woman's organization in the world . . . the Army Nurse Corps!



DO YOU KNOW: . . . The U. S. Army desperately needs 16,000 more nurses in the Army Nurse Corps, now.

You are eligible by age to join the Army Nurse Corps if you are a registered nurse under forty-five, whether you are active or retired. On acceptance you receive the

rank of 2nd Lieutenant, with opportunities for promotion according to ability; and minimum pay and allowances equivalent to \$216 per month. In addition, you will get a \$250 allowance for uniforms and be eligible for mustering-out pay, loans and other veterans' benefits.

As an Army Nurse you will not only be advancing the cause of mercy and medical science but preparing yourself for greater usefulness and advancement in peacetime.

For further information: Go now to your nearest Red Cross Chapter . . . or wire Government rate collect to: The Surgeon General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

. . .

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NOW DEVOTED 100% TO WAR WORK





SYMPATHY makes a lot of noises.

The whimpering of your dog when he wants you to go for a walk with him and your doctor says you can't leave your chair.

The mailman's whistle as he brings those brightly worded notes from your friends.

The "poor dear" of your wife when you say, "That leg sure hurts today."

The polite murmur of your casual acquaintances when you say, ". . . I'd just stepped off the curb . . ."

Some of it helps. Some of it doesn't.

But there's one kind of sympathy that's always helpful and always sounds good.

It is the friendly rustle of those checks from the insurance company to reimburse you for your accident.

It is the crisp snap of dollar bills when you clean up those doctor bills.

It is the pleasant clink of coins as you pay the druggist his due.

It is the appetizing sizzle of chicken on the stove—paid for with that weekly indemnity check.

Yes, sympathy is grand. It's human. We all need it. But when we have an accident, we need most the kind of sympathy that pays our bills.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

DANGER AHEAD IN GERMANY!

BY GREGOR ZIEMER

An American teacher describes his return to Germany and voices some conclusions on what to do about the warped minds of the children of Hitlerism. Here is his brutally frank formula for solving our most dangerous problem

GERMANY

I AM writing this on the running board of a confiscated automobile. For what seems a century I have been rat-racing across Germany with the famous U.S. Fourth Armored of Presidential Citation fame.

I, who have been worrying for many months how I could get back into Germany soon after the war, have entered with a spearhead. With my senses keyed to unaccustomed intensity, I crossed the Sauer, the Rhine, the Mosel, the Nahe, the Main, and the Fulda and the Werra—driving a civilian car, in battle khaki, as part of a column of tanks and half-tracks, of jeeps and trucks.

My mind is urging me to get down on paper my first impressions of the defeated Germany. I lived in Germany from 1928 to 1939, and knew the arrogant, the striving, the haughty pre-Hitler Germany. I knew the sadistic, the scheming, the malignant Hitler Germany. Now I am getting firsthand impressions of a different Germany: the Germany of the white flags, which shrugs its shoulders, which stares in amazement—and which takes orders.

Overhead a dogfight is filling the blue April sky with staccato bursts of death. Not more than a quarter of a mile away I see the green shacks of the infamous Ohrdruf concentration camp which I have just visited. I have seen such destruction of German war weapons recently that my mind is a shambles.

I have interviewed hundreds upon hundreds of Germans, of every walk of life. Whenever we stopped out in the country I talked to those Germans who happened to be walking along. I talked to them in scores of villages, and I talked to them in larger cities.

If you ask me, "What is your impression of Germany now?"—I would counter with this: "What Germany do you mean?"

There is, first of all, the Germany of the soldiers. Never will I forget a meal we had recently on our way from Weisskirchen to Steinbach. Our column stopped, for there was dirty work for our advance tanks—work which they could do best alone. It was near the Hessian town of Giessen. We were hungry. So from the larder (a wooden box on the back seat) we dug out a loaf of black bread, orange marmalade and Hessian sausage. We ate standing up. Down below was a goodly unit of the Germany of soldiers—a machine-gun nest of dead Nazis, very dead. One had a neat bullet hole through his head, one had half of his head gone, a third had his insides on the outside. That Germany was unable to stop us from eating, for we had seen so much of it.

But there is another Germany of soldiers. All that day we saw them coming down the left side of the road—thousands of them, in uniform—Herrenvolk which has lost its faith in its master, and supermen who are now as low as dogs. Their uniforms were still very



Who learn by the sword die by the sword. This group of Hitler youths grew up to see their Germany destroy itself reaching for world enslavement

GREGOR ZIEMER, son of a Michigan preacher, went to the University of Illinois, and the University of Minnesota. He taught in the Philippines and then went to Europe on his way home, intending to stay a year so that his wife, Edna, could study music. He stayed more than a decade and founded the American Colony School in Berlin. He traveled in 43 countries, and was Berlin correspondent of the Paris edition of the New York Herald, the London Daily Mail and the Chicago Tribune. He got his Ph.D. at the University of Berlin. Then he returned to a United States peacefully slumbering while the rest of the world smoldered. He and his daughter, Patsy, wrote Two Thousand and Ten Days of Hitler,

which was published by Harper's. It woke up nobody. So he wrote Education For Death which woke up a few Americans to the Nazi methods of training youth. It was made into the motion picture Hitler's Children.

He has studied firsthand every aspect of Nazi education, from the prenatal homes for unmarried pregnant women, to the universities, and the colonial schools where young Nazis of sixteen received specialized training in preparing the victims of German aggression for willing submission to the New Order.

While hostilities were still in progress he returned to Germany as a civilian, traveling with elements of our invading forces.

adequate. They were not cold, they were not naked, they were not barefoot. They had lost their helmets, most of them, and their dirty hands were crossed on top of their heads; and in their eyes was amazement—amazement and envy.

"Why did you give up?" was my stock question to every hundredth soldier.

"Wir haben ja nichts mehr, wir sind kaput. We have nothing left, no guns, no ammunition. We have been walking for months. We have no gasoline. Our guns are drawn by horses, and you kill our horses. Food—yes, we have food."

They still had food, all right. One German field kitchen, with innumerable compartments and containers, disclosed olives, butter, spices, lard, soap, many potatoes, black bread, dehydrated vegetables, molasses, pudding powder, pepper, eggs, and a whole iron drum of the finest coffee beans.

But now they glowered at us as they came down that road in a never-ending stream. They glowered, not because they were beaten perhaps, not because most of them had convinced themselves that resistance was useless, but because they had to walk while we rode. My auto, with me as the only occupant, received a special dose of dagger looks.

The Germany of soldiers? Gone! Thousands of them on the battlefields, in the woods, in the ditches, behind trees, on the city streets, in the barracks, grotesque as dead always are on spring battlefields filled with violets and snowdrops and the first dandelions. The others—the living—walking back, trudging back to collection centers—to be loaded on any and every empty vehicle that comes along, to move back for screening, for questioning, for—I hope—a long absence from Germany.

No Early Wehrmacht Homecoming

It is my honest conviction that if we can remain adamant, if we can succeed in making public opinion realize the advantage of keeping the Germany of soldiers away from home long enough, we will have much less trouble.¹

Especially is this true since we all know that in this long stream of German soldiers are many hidden elements which had no intention of ever being there. We know that hundreds of the most ardent Nazis have succeeded in slipping back of us in the garb of innocent Volkssturm members, or Wehrmacht personnel. The SS, infamous for its dirty work in Germany, has had orders to bury its uniforms. We know, for my friends of the Counterintelligence Corps have dug

up SS uniforms in innocent-looking cellars. Numerous SS members have admitted that they burned their uniforms. Even prominent Party members have slipped back of the lines disguised as privates or corporals.

We should keep these prisoners in our hands long enough to screen each one. Eventually the prisoners will discover from one another who they are, and the real Wehrmacht will consider it a point of duty to notify us if they discover SS and Gestapo and Party men in their ranks. As we come to town after town, other Nazi officials who have been especially obnoxious are arrested, and sent back with the prisoners of war.

My plea, as one who has seen Germany before the war and has seen Germany now, is this: Keep those prisoners of war out of Germany. Keep this horde of manhood away from their homes. It is a cruel device, but after seeing one single American soldier come back on his stretcher on the front of a jeep, every American would say the same.

Among these thousands of prisoners are many, many dangerous political agitators. Many are availing themselves of the immunity of being prisoners of war. They hope that the stupid Americans will not discover who they are. It will be cheaper to keep these prisoners for a period of some five or six years, than to run the risk of underground activity. By keeping them under surveillance, or by sending them to devastated countries to do reconstruction work, we are making it impossible for just that many Nazis either to stir up a new war, or to do underground work against the military government.²

But there is also the Germany of the tiny children. Many of them will never see their fathers. There seems no dearth of small children here. As we pass through one white-flagged town after another, their mothers strike at their little hands, as instinctively these tots wave at us. There is a little one of two years in the home where I am billeted for the night. She is blond, blue-eyed and happy. She has never seen her father, and very likely never will. She cried when she saw my steel helmet, but smiled when I took it off. She knows nothing of Nazism, unless her blond mother keeps the false ideals alive in her heart. These youngsters are well fed, rosy, and seem to lack nothing. Across the street a building may be burning but they play with their dolls. Overhead a plane is falling but they pick flowers. The Germany of children is perhaps hardest on our doughboys. It reminds them there is somewhere a home and love and a wife and perhaps a child who has not seen its American father.

(As I write, the ack-ack sets up a terrific barrage and then we dive for the nearest foxhole. We got that noisy Heinie. I saw something falling from the burning plane. I thought it was a bomb. But it was the flier. His parachute did not open. Nobody around here is sorry in the least.)

The Hitler Youth has not functioned too well for months, or even for a year in some places. The leaders went to the army. The older boys joined, too. Even boys of fourteen were called out to dig antitank traps.

The younger children are roaming the streets. They cluster around our G.I.s. Shamelessly, they ask for chocolates and bonbons. Many of the small fry, cocky and unafraid, openly scorn Hitler, now that his system has not worked. But if you could look into their brains you would see wheels working fast, and a line of reasoning functioning something like this:

The Nazi Line of Reasoning

"These Americans are not too smart. Our Youth Leaders have told us for years that Americans are simple folk. Right now they have guns and we have to turn in ours. We must be good boys. We will fool them. This is fun. We will tell them Hitler is a dope. Perhaps Hitler is a dope. He didn't have brains enough to lick these Americans. For the time being, we must submit. It is better so. We can have fun. We can try out our few words of English. But when they are gone—well, we'll see. Perhaps we'll behave; perhaps we won't."³

On the whole these lads and girls, too, will follow orders. They are following orders. In a number of cases I have seen parents exert more authority over their children than they had for years. A father in Groszostheim, after we had crossed the Rhine, told me, "For this moment I have waited. For years that young rascal of mine scorned me. He said I knew nothing. The little fool! I have told him we could not win the war against the world. Now I'll kick his behind."

And there is the Germany of the teachers. I have made it a special point to talk to teachers. I knew them well before the war. I have watched them work; I have watched them abuse their right as teachers and dish out education for death.

And this is my conclusion about the teachers and the schools in Germany: German schools have been closed on the average since last Christmas—some sooner, some later. Many school buildings have been damaged. Half of the teachers of Germany have been

called into the army. All the younger teachers fit for service gave up teaching and followed the army call. Those who were excused were the most fanatical key teachers, in charge of *Heimschulen* where a special brand of Hitlerism was bred. They stayed behind. When the Americans approached, they vanished or stole through the lines into the prisoner of war cages, disguised as harmless Volkssturm, the Last Minute Men of the German defense system.

I talked to an *Oberstudiendirektor* this week—from a larger town in Thuringia, a town with formerly eighty teachers. Forty had gone to war. Ten left just before we came. The thirty that are left are mostly over fifty, or not fit for the army. Yes, the old textbooks of the Nazis have all been turned in. Some were burned because it was feared they would be incriminating. There were still old books from the days of the Republic. They could be found. Schools should be simplified. For years the youngsters had not learned anything decent. If he and his twenty-nine colleagues were told just what they could teach, they would be more than willing to get to work immediately. The Party had always interfered. Politics should be taken out of the schools. Religion should be brought back. He felt he could handle the situation—he and his colleagues.

To all of which I say this: There are older teachers left in Germany. Most of those not in the army are convinced as never before that Nazism is a poison. Whether they will be good apostles of a democracy remains to be seen. Obviously, they must get their directions from above. Obviously, there are not enough of them left to control all the educational systems of Germany, all the complicated *Realschulen*, *Gymnasien*, *Volkschulen*, *Grundschulen*. Obviously, the school system of Germany must be simplified. Obviously many of the teachers still left in Germany, in view of the fact that many of them are above fifty, will need younger help.

For years in America I have represented the view that all future education in Germany must come from German teachers. I am now forced to modify that. I know that our authorities are planning to purge the German textbooks and give Germany a more democratic school system. But here is the point: I fear that the old-timers still in Germany will, on the whole, be too impractical, too scholarly, and not realistic enough.

And so I say send over teachers from America—teachers with a knowledge of German. Let some of our officers and our men who are now in the Army and who have seen Germany go down under its white flags stay (Continued on page 71)

¹ See George Creel's *What We Will Do with Germany*, Collier's, Nov. 25, 1944.

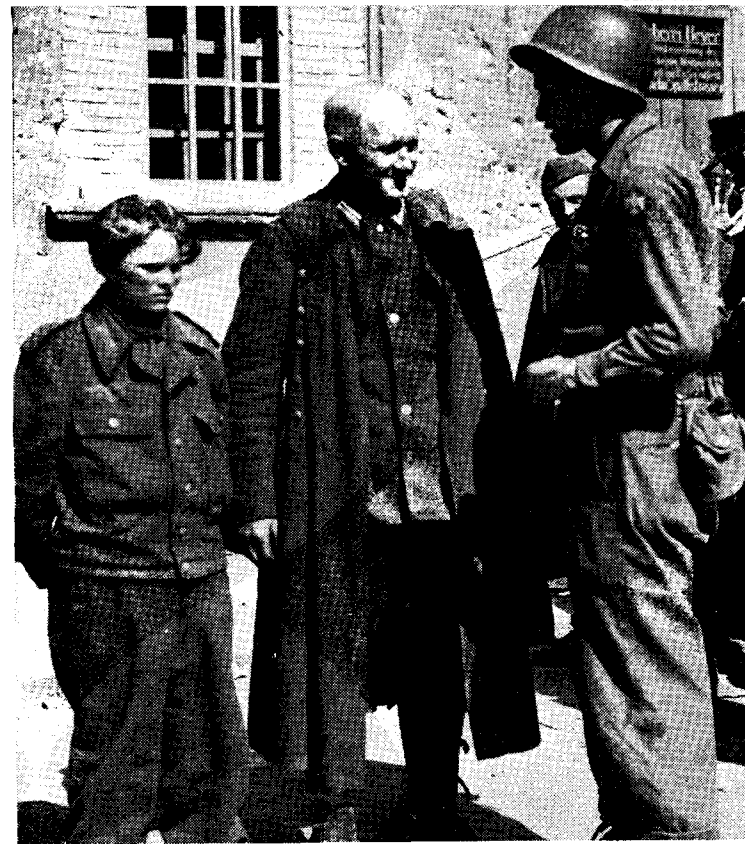
² See *Hitler's Final V Weapon* by Major Erwin Lessner, Collier's, Jan. 27, 1945.

³ See Martha Gellhorn's "We Were Never Nazis!" in Collier's, May 26, 1945.

The long lines of Nazi prisoners like this contain many disguised gestapomen, many political agitators. The author believes they should be kept out of Germany for as much as five or six years



Baby Nazis like this one will have to be re-educated; Zimmer believes American teachers will be needed for the job





Mary Clay spent most of her day lying by the goldfish pond in the garden—often staring into space for hours

Spanish Spaghetti

BY ANNE WORMSER

Miss Addie said she knew the way to a man's heart but Joe's new wife had new ideas—and a big surprise for Miss Addie

JOE had, of course, a perfect right to get married. Nor was he, as Miss Addie conceded, under any obligation to inform her ahead of time as to his intention. The telegram was hopelessly silly, Joe, in his right mind, would know she would "love having a sister" about as much as she would love having the hives. But a man was traditionally privileged to wallow in maudlin imbecility at such a time. Miss Addie could only trust that reason would, in due course, resume her throne.

Cleaning the house, filling the flower vases—she put quantities of sissy-looking pink things in Joe's room—she arranged her thoughts, settled upon the logical attitude. She would be polite and hospitable to Joe's wife, but she would give not an inch.

Admit that she was set in her ways (a person who had reached the age of forty-two without finding the ways she liked best and jolly well setting herself in them would have to be a plain fool), she was thinking first of Joe. Just as she had, since their parents died in the flu epidemic of the first World War,

thought first of Joe. He'd been only ten at the time, a dreamy youngster subject to digestive disorders and idle moods. She had, single-handed, raised Joe.

She'd wanted to do it. Joe was a dear little fellow, tragically young to be orphaned. She'd been more than willing to do her duty, more than willing to subordinate her own youthful interests. It had, for one thing, meant practically giving up her golf, and she'd been well on her way to a state championship.

She'd got him into the best schools and kept him in them until he graduated. She'd herded him around to the best doctors and made him do what they prescribed. She'd started him off with a good firm of accountants and boosted him into a partnership. She had, all the while, run the big house and run it right. They had a lot of nice friends. Joe had been happy; she had seen to it that he was, at the expense of considerable time, thought and effort. No little slick mealy-mouth was going to mess things up now.

Two years ago, Joe had been drafted, sent

to an airfield in Texas. He'd been given an instructor's assignment—some kind of mathematics—and had remained there ever since. He'd been made a technical sergeant, his stomach had stood up fine, and he had, it seemed, adjusted himself comfortably enough to the life. But he must have got lonesome, a touch weak in the head. And this woman had, with classic efficiency, moved in.

As why wouldn't she? Joe had just received a medical discharge, a dormant throat ailment had been aggravated by the alkaline dust of the locality. Joe, returning to civilian life, was a worth-while catch.

Miss Addie knew about the creature only what could be gleaned from brief mentions in recent letters. He had met her at a USO dance in Dallas, her name was Mary Clay Amberton, she had a dimple in her cheek and a dog named—believe it or not—Pupsie. It was enough. Miss Addie knew exactly what to expect: a kittenish Southerner, beginning to fade. Wily and devious under a façade of frills and simpers. Joe clearly had been maneuvered into matrimony.

Once installed in the Whitsett house, the woman, knowing exactly what she wanted, would begin at once to ooze her way into getting it. She would be an appalling nuisance and simply all over the place. . . .

Miss Addie caught herself up. There was nothing to be gained by getting into a stew. Joe, bringing his wife home, could be sure of kindness and hospitality for her. But let her make just one sly move, one little pass at running things, and she would find herself kindly and hospitably rocked back on her heels.

MISS ADDIE had her hair waved, brushed Kemper, Joe's setter, until his russet coat shone, and put on her best suit. They met the train.

Joe getting off, looked pleased and excited and slightly nervous. Miss Addie registered this fact, then braced herself and looked at his bride.

What she saw was a small, thin girl, very young, with a narrow face and still gray eyes.

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

YES

SAYS
JOHN J. McCLOY

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR

DO WE WANT PERMANENT

OPponents of universal military training for youth in the postwar years frequently raise the question as to why we should develop our military capability when our nation is dedicated to the maintenance of peace through an international organization such as that contemplated in the Dumbarton Oaks plan. They go further and ask the proponents of the training program to name the nation or nations we are arming ourselves to fight after we have demilitarized Germany and Japan and set up a world peace organization.

Though the two questions spring from the same approach, the second one is not constructive in that it is based upon a hidden or loaded assumption, much as is the well-known trick question, "Have you quit beating your wife?" The hidden assumption is that we must prepare to fight a *particular enemy* or not prepare at all. Stated another way, the second question carries the hidden assumption that we should do nothing about preparedness until another nation *becomes our enemy*, until another nation *attacks us*.

In still another respect it seems to be unfair. Those who urge it must realize that to provoke a discussion of possible war with another nation may harm our international relations. The balance of good relations between nations is delicate at the best. As the price of preparedness to defend our security against any aggressor or combination of aggressors which might hereafter wish to attack us, we in America should not have to single out particular nations and talk about them as possible enemies.

We do not think of ourselves as a fickle nation. But our international alignments in the past two hundred years should at least be thought-provoking to those who insist that, with Germany and Japan crushed, we can forget all about the problems of national defense until we see the whites of the eyes of the next enemy. In 1754, in the French and Indian War, we were aligned with the British against the French. In 1776, in our War of Independence, the situation was exactly reversed. In the War of 1812—the one in which our Capitol was burned—we again had the French for allies in our war with England. In 1846, we fought a war with the Mexicans over a large part of the South. In 1898, we fought the Spanish. The next year, in the Philippine Insurrection, we fought Filipinos whom we had freed from Spain. In 1914, we fought the Mexicans at Veracruz and two years later we were fighting them again on the Texas border.

Our Unpredictable Alliances

In the first World War, we and the British and the French and the Russians and the Italians and the Japanese fought the Austrians and the Germans and the Turks. In early 1941, we began our support of the British and French who were aligned against the Germans. The Finns were aligned against the Russians who were, in turn, in a treaty relation with the Germans. In late 1941, we began our fight with the Germans and the Italians. The Russians and the British and later the Turks became our allies. The Finns were fighting our ally, Russia, with German help. In the same year, we began our fight with the Japanese, and the Filipinos were on our side. In 1942, we were aligned against some of the French and fighting with others, and we had the Mexicans on our side against the Germans and the Japanese.

So, as to the question of who our enemies are now, we can tell today, but as to who they will be, the only answer that can be made is that we do not know.

This is not a specific answer, but it might give us some food for thought as to whether we *want* or *need* a specific answer now to the question in order to consider further the mat-

ter of preparedness. Perhaps the best approach to the first question is to set out, in McGuffey's Reader style, a few basic assumptions upon which both the opponents and the proponents of military preparedness can probably agree:

(1) There have always been wars. This does not imply that there always will be wars, but the statement is pertinent to our consideration of the matter.

(2) We do not want another war. We abhor war and as a peace-loving nation we will do all in our power to prevent it. We must at the same time realize that we are only one nation in an ever-contracting community of nations and we may or may not have all of our wishes.

(3) We in America have sought earnestly to avoid war. We have set the pace in scrapping our armament. We have set an example in disarmament. We have not gone in for territorial aggrandizement, at least (to stay strictly away from arguments at this stage), not in recent years. On the contrary, we have gone in for what actually amounted to unpreparedness, in the belief and the hope that war could thus be avoided.

Time to Prepare for War

(4) We have, twice in fifty years, become involved in wars transcending, in horror and ferocity, all preceding wars. In both cases, we were able to demonstrate to our enemies just how tough we can be—if *given time*.

(5) In both instances, we had some time to get ready. But while our allies suffered temporary defeat and devastation, we were in such paroxysms of haste that we paid dearly in lives and extravagantly in our national substance, for quick conversion from unreadiness to meet the enemy.

(6) In both of the wars of this century, our nation's participation probably made the difference in the outcome.

(7) This land of ours is a great and wealthy nation, rich in natural resources, rich in the productivity of our soil and in the capacity to produce all things that add to the comfort and pleasure of living in this world. As such, would it not be a natural objective for an aggressor to pick?

(8) And finally: Assuredly it is true that we will strive for peace and peaceful solutions of conflicts of national interest; that we will *do our part*, in collaboration with other peace-loving nations, to avert future wars. We in America want no more plagues like Fascism, Nazism or Bushido.

With these factors in mind, let us now look at the problem that we as a nation face. Obviously we are not all in agreement about what are the proper measures to solve it. But we do agree that, whatever those measures are to be, they *had better be good*.

The alternative, their failure and military defeat, with what military defeat would mean should another war come, is an unthinkable prospect. Worse than a repetition of this world-wide holocaust would be its repetition *plus military defeat* for America. Planning, in which this grim possibility is not given proper place, would seem to be far short of complete. Consequently, we should keep this point in mind as we look at the ways in which we might accomplish our objective.

I believe that the best possible way to safeguard our nation's future security is through the plan devised at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference or some similar plan. The Dumbarton Oaks proposal does not offer a magic formula for the postwar years. It is not a slide rule which statesmen can work when trouble threatens, and thereby automatically produce a peaceful answer.

It is a plan by which the *combined power* of the peace-loving nations will be pledged
(Continued on page 27)



Conscription?

NO

SAYS

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



ANYBODY who opposes the plan of the Army and Navy for universal military training in peacetime must run the risk of being charged with opposing national security, health, morals and democracy. Universal military training is the new infallible patent medicine which will automatically confer all these benefits upon us; and without universal military training we cannot hope to achieve any of them. The thesis of this article is that universal military training will not promote national security, health, morals or democracy; that, on the contrary, it will weaken or destroy them; and that, if we want national security, health, morals and democracy, we should keep universal military training out of this country and get rid of it, if possible, in the rest of the world.

In the first place, half the population of this country is female. If military training is necessary to make the young men of the United States healthy, moral and democratic, how can we be so brutal as to ignore similar benefits for our young women? Furthermore, universal military training is scheduled to begin at the age of seventeen or eighteen and to last one year. Can it be supposed that after sixteen or seventeen years of unhealthy, immoral and undemocratic life, young men can be made just the opposite by the armed forces in one year? If we want health, morals and democracy, we shall have to start earlier and do more, and we may at least raise the question whether the Army and Navy are the best agencies we could select to educate our youth in the habits we want them to have.

Take health. The Army and Navy are certainly not going to accept young men who are physically unfit. It is not their job to repair the defects which civilian health agencies have not cured. The Army and Navy are fighting forces, not health resorts. The Surgeon General reported, for the year 1941, that 43 per cent of the million men who had been examined under the Selective Service Act were physically unfit for general military duty and 28 per cent for any military duty. Thus the group which needs the alleged health benefits of universal military training most would not be permitted to take advantage of them.

The Question of Health

Nor does military training inevitably improve the health of those trained. It is doubtless true, as the War Department asserts, that the serviceman in this war is healthier than the civilian "because from the point of view of medical science, he is living in a more 'controlled' environment than in civil life, and because he is obliged to go to the doctor and, possibly, the hospital, for even minor ailments." The "control" which the War Department speaks of cannot permanently improve the health of a man who has some day to control himself. Venereal disease, which is a matter of morals as well as of health, has always been a major problem in military forces. That the civilian population is freer from it than the military is indicated by the Surgeon General's report that the Regular Army venereal rate was depressed in the early months of mobilization and has now risen to its peacetime level.

It is notorious that the incidence of psychiatric disorders has skyrocketed in the Army, not only in remote posts abroad or on the battlefields, but in the camps in this country. Many men, it is true, respond favorably to the regular hours, substantial food and outdoor life that go along with military training. Many others are broken by the herding, the impersonality, and the lack of privacy which characterize army life. To say that such men are weaklings and ought to be made to "take it" is to put a premium on roughness and

toughness, to elevate the heavyweight prize-fighter into the model for American youth.

What I have said about health is equally true of morals. This is certainly the first time in history that it has ever been seriously argued that barrack-room life is improving to the young. Soldiers probably commit fewer police offenses than civilians. There would be still fewer police offenses if soldiers received no furloughs and civilians were kept in concentration camps. But if we are going to measure morality by statistics, I suggest that some attention be paid to the only figures I have been able to find on the moral effects of military service. The 1923 Proceedings of the National Conference of Social Work records that by the latter part of 1922, 600 ex-servicemen had been incarcerated in penal institutions in the State of Wisconsin.

"This," the director of the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute said, "is an abnormal situation. The incidence of criminality is far above that ordinarily found in the civilian population for the age group concerned."

Whether military training is morally beneficial depends on what we mean by morality. The essence of morality is choice—free, independent choice. Geraniums, infants and idiots are not regarded as moral or immoral; they cannot make choices. Nowhere is a man so far removed from making choices as in the army.

Not a Democratic Way of Life

A soldier is not merely prevented from making moral choices; he is prevented even from choosing which pair of shoes he will wear. He is not taught self-discipline; he is taught discipline. He is not trained for the life of choice which is the democratic life for the individual and the community; he is trained to obey orders. The proper object of military training is, and must be, to train men to fight. I think it is generally admitted that German military training achieves this object. It is generally thought, however, that the beneficiaries of German military training are neither very good men nor very good democrats.

The notion that democracy is promoted by universal military training seems to rest on the vague impression that it is good for every kind of boy to associate with every other kind of boy. Perhaps it is. The American public school accomplishes this. This country needs fewer lessons on the desirability of free association among all classes than any other. If additional lessons are needed, they should be learned in some other way than through universal military training. Nobody argues that the present generation of German boys has been made democratic through military association.

Democracy presupposes the participation of the individual in the choices that are made for the group. The soldier has no more part in choices made for his group than he has in choices made for him as an individual. Militarism and democracy have always been opposed in history. They are also opposed in theory. You cannot put together a system which requires blind obedience with one which presupposes independent, individual action. A democracy must have military forces; and in those forces, obedience must prevail and personal aims must be sacrificed. But a democracy which deliberately embraces a military system as training for democracy is digging its own grave.

If universal military training can be justified, it can be justified only by reason of military necessity. Every community will try to preserve itself at all costs, even at the cost of the ultimate good for which the community exists. The financial outlay required for universal military training could not be

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A story about a boy whose poignant love for his dog taught him a painful lesson: that loyalty and affection cannot be demanded—or denied

THERE was a long-distance telephone call for you while you were out, David," his stepmother said. "It was Tom Fenton."

He had paused at the head of the flight of steps leading down into the basement; now he turned back into the kitchen, staring at his stepmother in disbelief. "Where is he?" he whispered.

"In New York," Frances Gordon wiped her hands on the red apron around her waist. She'd been baking when he'd come in, and the kitchen was warm with the rich sweet odor of pastry. "That is, he was in New York. He's on the train now. He said he was taking the two-ten." She glanced at the clock ticking on the wall. "It's three-twenty. He ought to be here in a few minutes."

David looked down at the package he was holding and was conscious of its coolness against the damp palm of his hand. He'd brought back a pound of meat, something special for Jeff, something to get the big Airedale to forget his broken leg and eat.

"Why didn't you tell him it's no use his coming here?" David's voice rose. "I don't want his two hundred dollars. I wouldn't take two thousand. Jeff's mine, and he can't have him. Why didn't you tell him that?"

"I did, but he insisted on coming anyway." His stepmother kept wiping her hands on her apron, even after the flour was off. "He said letter-writing wasn't any good, that he wanted to talk to you personally. He came all the way from Ohio, David."

"I don't care," David answered fiercely.

"Mr. Fenton told me that Jeff was one of the best dogs the Army ever had." His stepmother continued quietly. "He said he and Jeff trained together at a camp in Virginia and then they were shipped out to the Pacific as a team and for eighteen months were in the thick of it: Tarawa, Bougainville, Leyte. Did you know that?"

David nodded.

"Did you know that Jeff saved his life once?"

David compressed his lips firmly, recalling the half dozen letters Tom Fenton had written him since his, and Jeff's, discharge from the Army. He'd answered two of them; the first when Fenton had offered fifty dollars for Jeff; and the last when he'd raised his offer to two hundred. Fenton had said two hundred was all he had been able to save out of his salary as a store clerk, but he would be able to pay more later on.

His stepmother turned toward the stove and opened the oven door. The sweet smell of pastry grew stronger as she drew out a pan of brown cookies. She held the pan toward David smilingly and said, "For you, David. Watch out—they're hot."

David glanced down at the cookies. They looked almost as good as they smelled, but he shook his head. "I don't like them," he said curtly.

He saw the smile fade from his stepmother's lips, saw the disappointment come into her eyes, and he was glad.

"You're the first twelve-year-old boy I ever knew who didn't like cookies," she said. She was still holding the pan toward him. "Won't you even try one?"

"No," David replied sullenly.

His stepmother looked at him a moment, then turned with a little lift of her shoulders and placed the cookies on the stove. David bit down on his lip angrily and, as he had so often lately, tried briefly to compare his stepmother with his own mother. His stepmother wasn't as pretty as his own mother had been. She was little and thin and quiet in her manner; the sort who like to stay at home and cook and sew and work in her garden behind the garage.

His own mother was dead, and he'd found it nearly impossible to accept this woman his father had brought into their home. He wasn't able to understand his father's forgetting his mother for someone else. David could never forget his mother.

"What you decide to do about Jeff is your affair." His stepmother pushed a strand of hair nervously from her forehead. Her voice, for the first time, had an edge, a sharpness, to it. "Before he went to work this morning, your father said he wouldn't interfere in any way. Jeff is your dog."

"You're darn' tootin'," David said fiercely under his breath. He turned toward the cellar stairs. He'd been rude to his stepmother, but he could not help it. He disliked her at all times; today his dislike and resentment were strengthened by her apparent sympathy

for Tom Fenton—Sergeant Tom Fenton he'd been up until about three months ago.

It was cool in the cellar despite the sticky July heat outside, and David moved quickly past the laundry tubs to the big Airedale lying on a blanket in the corner, his left front leg bandaged in an ugly splint. As long as he lived David would never forget the one sharp yelp Jeff had uttered as he'd gone down under the car. Nor would he forget easily his own agony of fear when the driver of the car had driven him and a bleeding Jeff to the nearest veterinary.

Now David dropped to his knees beside the blanket and stared at his dog. Jeff had turned his eyes up, without moving his head. His tail had wagged once. That was the full extent of his welcome, and David felt a sudden dryness in his throat. Two years ago, before Jeff had gone into the Army, it had been different. Jeff used to go crazy with delight then, every time he saw David. He'd barked and wagged and licked a big welcome.

"What's the matter, boy?" David stretched out on his stomach and ran his hand down Jeff's back. "Don't you remember me?"

He'd feared for Jeff when he'd gone away; feared for his life and safety. It had never entered his head that he might lose him another way.

"I brought you some hamburger." He sat up and unwrapped the package he'd brought

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David forced the dog's mouth open. "Come on, boy, take it," he pleaded. "You'll starve if you don't eat"

The Lesson

BY EDWARD S. FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY



RUSSIA'S NEW DISTAFF

BY ELLA WINTER



The war—or something—has changed Soviet ideas on women, schools, sex, children and religion. Today they're not too far from those in Cincinnati

The box office sign reads: "Everything sold out for today." The kid's sign reads: "I've bought all the tickets for today." Russia is seeking to reform tough youths such as these

CARTOON REPRINTED FROM THE RUSSIAN WEEKLY, "CROCODILE"

WE'D been at it for three hours, the secretary of the Young Communist League and myself. I was in Moscow again after thirteen years and I wanted to know from the camel's mouth about the "changes" in Russian attitudes toward religion, sex, women, education and family life.

There had been plenty of changes. I'd seen that in no time just in normal business trips around the city, and I wanted to tie them up in a package, to get the official reasons and explanations for them. Had they been forced on people by the war, or had they been planned that way? Was Russia, as so many said, going to the right in these matters, or were the changes developments of Marxian theory in Stalin's era? But I was having trouble.

"What changes do you mean?" Nikolai Nikolaievich Romanov kept demanding, again and again.

I slid down in my chair and stared at the ceiling. So he wanted me to get specific, eh? Okay, here it is:

In the early days of the revolution, the first gory tales to come out of Russia were about "nationalization of women," and there was a general impression that the family was to be wiped out. Children were taken away from their mothers at birth, we were told, and given to the State to bring up. There wasn't any marriage, divorce was unnecessary and anyone who wanted could have an abortion—and did. There was free love, our

horrified ears heard, license, libertinism, promiscuity and, in general, immorality, if not chaos, in personal relationships.

Certainly, in the first decade of the revolution, before the consolidation of the Five-Year Plans, there was tremendous ferment. All kinds of experiments were being tried.

"Love must be changed," the stories and novels of that time seemed to be saying. The chains must be taken off old, unhappy marriages. People must be free. There was no illegitimacy, so it didn't matter whether a babe was born in or out of wedlock. In either case, the father had to pay for the child's upkeep till it was eighteen.

I had in those days trotted about to ZAGS, the office which registered births and marriages, deaths and divorces, and I remembered the solemn anecdote: "You are wrong when you say divorce takes only twenty minutes; it takes ten." There were thousands of women getting abortions, which were free, legal, performed at hospitals with the best of care, and you had to stay five days. There was the teaching of sex knowledge and hygiene all over the country, and the newspaper, *Za Zdorovuii Buit* (Toward a Healthy Way of Life), which gave an amazing amount of sex teaching for the layman. Court trials were held to point out some of the facts of life and social diseases.

It didn't matter if the family didn't have a cozy evening by the fireside; the family was not the first consideration. The central social

unit then seemed to be some group in the community to which the member of the family belonged by age, interest or occupation. Even babies were "clubmen"; if mother didn't want to stay at home at night, the infant could spend the night at one of the many all-night crèches or *yaslis* (nursery schools).

And what was the Russia I came back to in 1944?

Back to Grandma's Standards

Girls were being asked to wear long braids; co-education was being abolished. Girls' schools were teaching sewing, cooking, embroidery, dancing—not the rumba or jazz, but the polonaise, the stately, old-fashioned court dance of Empress Catherine's reign. Abortions had been made illegal; divorce was becoming more difficult than in many capitalist countries. Marriage was to be made a more solemn matter, and ZAGS was asked to have flowers and neat, fresh furnishings, so that people would "remember their marriage."

Instead of great apartment houses, the two-family house was to become the architectural unit. Family life was praised, encouraged, subsidized. Stability was the watchword—stability in marriage, in family relationships, between the sexes. No divorce could be obtained without a lower and a higher court passing on it at considerable cost, and unless

it was first announced in the newspapers. Announced!

"It's always been our private affair," one girl said to me in bewilderment. "I can't accustom myself to having it appear in a newspaper when you cease to want to live with someone!"

Little boys are asked to wear clean collars, to be polite, to hold coats for girls, to give up their seats in streetcars. There is a tremendous propaganda for Discipline—with a capital D. Every child, when he enters school, is given a four-page leaflet which consists of a calendar and twenty rules of behavior. Among these are:

Obeys the principal and your teachers without a word.

Always be polite to elders . . . be attentive and courteous.

Behave nicely in school, on the streets and in society.

Don't curse or use rough expressions; don't smoke or gamble.

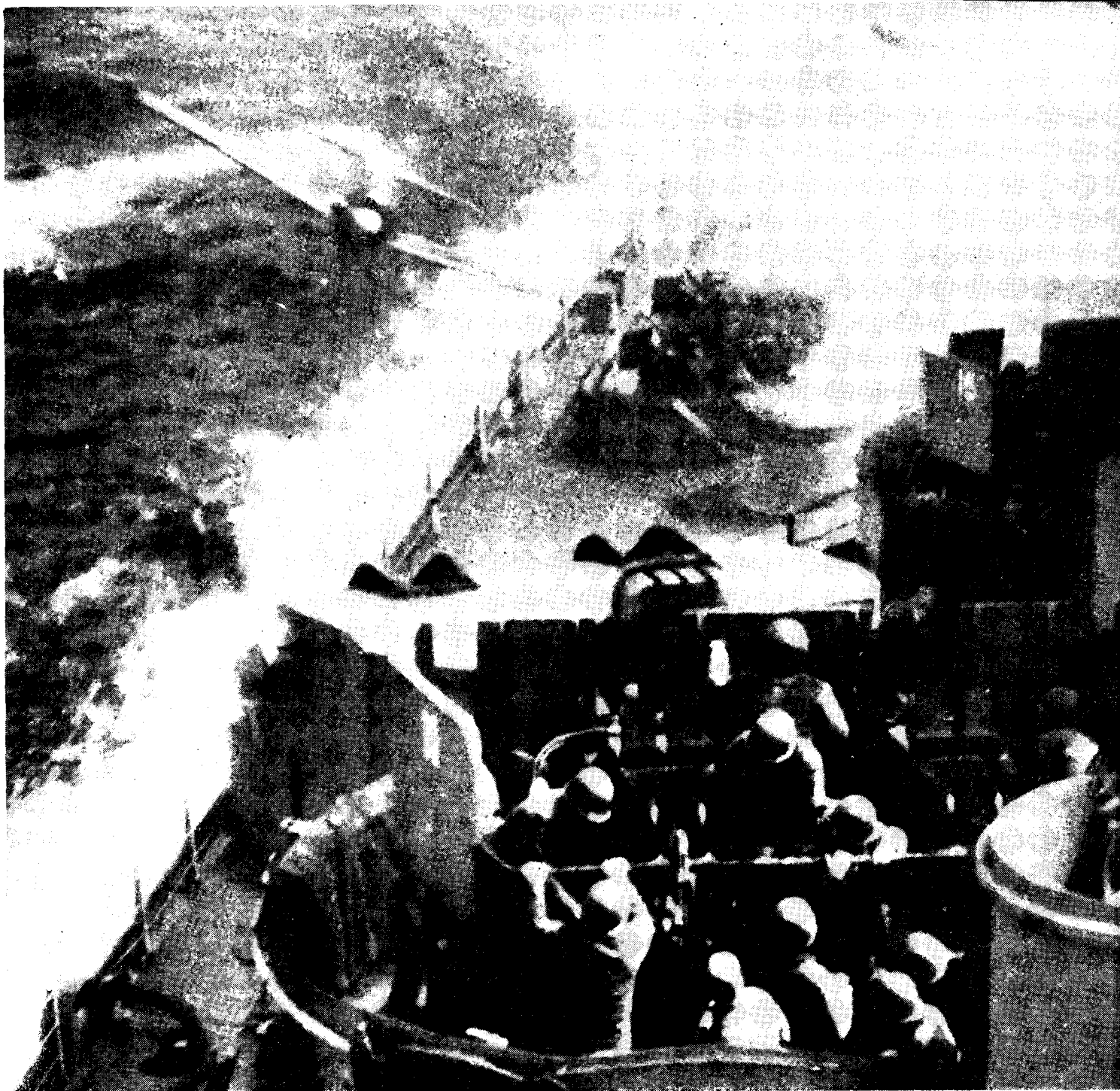
Keep your clothes neat and clean; take care of your shoes.

Stand up when teacher or principal enters or leaves the room.

Boys must take their hats off.

They are living up to these Emily Post "correct behavior" postulates too. Every time I went into a classroom, in a girls' school, boys' school, Moscow or tiny collective-farm school, Suvorov Military School in

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A Kamikaze pilot, trying to commit suicide, races in along the rail of a big U.S. warship. The rail touched his wing and he spun outward, crashing in the sea

baku. That fate awaits every other American air crew stupid enough to attempt to confront the body-crashing tactics of our unquenchably heroic fighters." The correspondents consulted a Jap-English dictionary. "*Jibaku*," it developed, meant self-explosion.

That night a B-24 pilot came back from a long-range reconnaissance mission with a hair-raising tale of a Jap who tried to crash his Zero fighter into the Liberator. The Jap, said the Yank pilot, swooped down as the nose, wing and waist gunners of the Liberator began pouring hundreds of rounds of .50-caliber bullets at the Zeke fighter, who fired not a single shot in return. The Jap took no evasive action, but kept coming in at an angle of about 45 degrees, on the starboard side.

When the planes were less than 100 yards apart and the American gunners could see the grinning face of the Jap pilot, the Liberator swerved and the Zero zoomed by so close that the Liberator was thrown into a sharp upclimb by the propwash from the Jap plane.

As the Jap Tells the Story

From that day on, Jap-controlled radios in Asia began reporting *jibaku* tactics. Always it was the same story: A dozen or more of Nippon's "spiritually unquenchable" pilots caught up with an American flight of heavy bombers and destroyed eight or ten or even twelve by body-crashing maneuvers. Often the Japs claimed wrecking more planes than had been sent out.

It was Tokyo Rose who first used the word Kamikaze. One day in October, 1943, she spent a solemn ten minutes warning Americans that a new "Special Attack Corps" had been created in Japan, that it was called the Kamikaze and that it would quickly end the war in Japan's favor. The Kamikazes, she explained, were Japs who would explode themselves and their enemies for the glorification of the emperor.

Two months later a plodding LST was returning from Cape Gloucester on New Britain. There were five or six ships in the convoy. A formation of about forty-five Zeros, hastily alerted at Vunakanau and Rapopo airfields at Rabaul, came out of the sun. They divided into two formations, one staying up at about 18,000 feet and lazily ducking shipboard ack-ackers, the other coming down to about 8,000 feet and bombing.

The Jap fighter-bombers dropped their explosives all around the convoy, hit the LST and then made for home. Three planes of the second formation suddenly went into a dive and came straight for the crippled ship. The forward antiaircraft gunners caught one directly in their sights and tore most of its port wing off. The Jap veered wildly for a moment and then the wing snapped off. The second diving Zero was shot down by a gun crew from a near-by destroyer. The third plane, aiming itself directly for the LST, came closer and closer. It seemed to be gliding down slowly through a cone of anti-aircraft fire. Apparently misgauging his target, the Jap crashed into the water less than 100 feet from the stern. And that was that.

Kamikaze came into full bloom last fall during the Philippines campaign. While General MacArthur's troops were fighting their way across Leyte, a flock of Divine Winds swept down from the skies and tried to make one-point landings on ships in the invasion force. This initial attack was definitely amateurish, for do-and-die pilots followed no standard procedure in making target runs. It appeared to be every man for himself. Each Kamikaze came in at a different angle to dive on the ship he had selected for destruction. The planes used were of several different types, apparently chosen at random, and carried many kinds of explosives, including mortar shells. The entire attack seemed a hastily cooked-up job.

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FLYING COFFIN CORPS

BY FRANK D. MORRIS and JACK TURCOTT

The Japs wrapped pilots in burial gowns and sent them on suicide missions against our ships—a hint of the tactics yet to come in our invasion of their homeland

AMERICANS in the Pacific frequently hear the voice of Radio Tokyo saying something like this: "When the stalwarts take leave of their parents, brothers and sisters to start on a Special Attack mission, the commander and all down the ranks drink to their honor and bid farewell by singing the song of the Honorable Special Attack Corps of the air. We should all make a habit of singing this song quietly to comfort the departing souls, as well as to encourage those who follow in their footsteps: "If cherry blossoms were but men, Then the loving butterflies are their wives. Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly In eight petals or in singles. With the dawn you'll be gone. Tomorrow another blossom shall fall. Bloom, cherry blossoms, spiritedly For I'll be following you."

These lyrics and the introduction sound like something Tokyo's Tin Pan Alley has pirated from Gilbert and Sullivan. Actually the song is a sales talk to Japanese youth, urging them to die for their homeland rather than see it invaded. After listening to the song once or twice, young Moto San is supposed to rush out to the nearest recruiting office and join the now famous Kamikaze Special Attack Corps.

The English translation of the word Kamikaze is "Divine Wind," and the name is supposed to have been derived from an incident occurring in 1281 when the Mongols were attacking Japan from the sea. At the crucial moment a wind of typhoon velocity, believed by the Jap defenders to have been sent by the gods, wrecked the invasion fleet. The term Kamikaze applies particularly to the suicide-plane pilots while the Special Attack Corps embraces all types of Jap do-and-die fighters on land, sea and in the air.

For months our Navy maintained a hush-hush attitude on the subject of Kamikaze but now the lid is tilted and we can find out some details of this latest wave of fanaticism which is sweeping over Japan in its final desperate effort to stave off defeat.

Up to May of this year, Divine Wind pilots, who deliberately crash their planes in suicidal attack on their targets, had not sunk

a single first-line ship. They had sunk a number of smaller craft and inflicted damage on other vessels but most were able to return to port under their own power.

One recent Kamikaze victim was the hospital ship U.S.S. Comfort, which was attacked and badly damaged while evacuating casualties from Okinawa.

The Kamikaze pilot, after making one pass at the mercy ship, apparently used the huge red cross painted on the starboard side as his point of aim, for his plane crashed through the superstructure directly above this symbol. This and comparable experiences hint that the Japs are employing Kamikaze technique in an effort to break down our morale as well as to destroy our ships. Just how much success they achieve, the future will decide, but so far, our High Command does not consider the threat unanswerable.

The suicide tactic is not new. One day in early 1943, a group of war correspondents sat in a tent in Darwin sweating out the return of a formation of Liberators. They were listening to Jap-controlled Radio Singapore rebroadcasting American dance records. The music stopped, and an announcer said in Oxfordian English, "Here's big news. Seven out of nine American four-engined bombers over Koepang were destroyed by brave Nipponese pilots who committed ji-

WOMAN AT BAY

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

The Story:

Ordered to Havana to obtain a manuscript believed to be held by the widow of ARMAND SEVIGNY, once active Vichy collaborationist, PAUL MACKINNON stepped smack into trouble: SEVIGNY's widow was NORMA TRAVERS, PAUL's ex-wife whom he had not seen since their divorce; the manuscript, containing damning evidence of pro-Nazism was wanted at any price by numerous people, among them BRUCE AITCHISON, American industrialist, and his friend MARIE GERAND. Knowing he was trailed by a man known only as RODRIGUEZ, but aided by LEON VIDAL, a reporter, PAUL found NORMA, accompanied by DENNIS CLARKE, who had fought in the Spanish Civil War with PAUL, and ADRIENNE BRISSARD, a small, attractive Frenchwoman. To PAUL's surprise, NORMA appeared badly frightened, told him she was being watched by a ship's steward, MANUEL ZAYAS, then begged PAUL to meet her in another hotel after she had transacted a secret mission. Believing she intended to pick up the manuscript, PAUL agreed, but arrived to find VICTOR MOLINA, a Central American diplomat, shot through the heart. To his further amazement, NORMA emerged from the closet, holding a gun. Wrenching it from her, PAUL determined to search her for the manuscript. . . .

II

PAUL MACKINNON waited morosely for Norma to get dressed again. When she came out of the bathroom, buttoning her jacket, her face was aloof, arrogant, brittle and controlled.

"Have you any other bright ideas?" she asked.

He looked sourly at her. He had no feeling one way or the other about making her undress, and had in fact stopped her before she finished. With the suit and blouse off, there was nothing left but brassiere and shorts, both skimpy and sheer enough to show him that not even a roll of microfilm was concealed underneath.

The manuscript was gone, as she had said, and Victor Molina was dead and Paul knew the obvious thing now was to call the police. But police meant investigation, and he did not like to think of what came next. If they told the truth, the police would surely hold Norma, at least temporarily, and his own position was neatly involved with hers.

He rose finally, his mind made up: he would not report this murder. For a little while, he and Norma were on the same side of the fence, and together they might make more progress than either could make alone.

"We better get out of here," he said. "There's just one thing I want to get straight. I don't think you killed this guy but we're going back to your room and you're going to tell me more about these papers and why they're so damned valuable."

"Am I?"

"Either that or I call the police and we have it out right now."

That rocked her a little. She blinked and MacKinnon said:

"I do you a favor—a sort of mysterious favor—and I get up to my ears in murder. I don't mind taking the rap for renting this room when the time comes, but I think I'm entitled to know why I'm sticking out my neck. And I think it's about time you started trusting me."

He made his voice reasonable, even a little disappointed, and Norma was impressed.

"Perhaps you're right," she said, and paused a moment. "All right. I will."

He took out the gun, finding it an automatic of Spanish make, and scanned the floor until he located the ejected shell.

"What about this?" he asked.

She said she didn't know. She said she'd had a gun similar to it on the boat but it had been taken from her room, probably by Manuel Zayas. When she added that she was sure it could never be traced to her, he asked her to point out the exact spot where she had found it. He wiped it carefully and put it back.

"All right," he said, and went over to open the door.

Norma was looking down at the dead man, and MacKinnon saw her lip tremble. She said something as she started past the still figure, a whisper that sounded like, "Goodby, Victor, and thank you." Then she came to MacKinnon and her eyes were wet.

"Walk down," he said, and told her where his car was parked. "The stairs are closest to the side door," he said. "Use that."

He opened the door and glanced into the hall. When he saw it was empty, he nodded and she went quickly through.

He gave himself three minutes, then walked to the fourth floor and back to the elevator and rode down.

When MacKinnon stepped from the car on the main floor, no one paid any attention to him. He turned right at the end of the alcove, and followed a service corridor that brought him to an open door that gave on an alley.

A truck was unloading on the left but he squeezed past this and continued to the street. Across from him there was a bookstore, flanked on one side by the ground-floor windows of an office building and on the other an open-front grocery store. The half-dozen pedestrians who passed as he stood there gave him no more than a glance so he turned right and started briskly down the street.

THE clock in the lobby of the Habana Hotel said five o'clock when MacKinnon came in with Norma and stopped at the desk while she asked for her key. He was relieved to see that neither Denny Clarke nor Adrienne Brissard was around, but not until he had closed the door of Norma's room could he start to relax.

"Is there any more of that Scotch?" he said.

Norma nodded and opened a drawer. She put the bottle on the bureau and said there were glasses in the bathroom. Then she slipped off the jacket of her suit. "I have to wash," she said. "If you want some water—"

"Do you want a drink?" When she said no, he poured his own and got some water from the bath; then he sat down by the window and drank gratefully.

He had a cigarette going when Norma came out and she looked a lot better. She had no make-up on now but her lips were red and her face was alive and glowing from the scrubbing she had given it.

"There," she said and sat down on the love seat.

MacKinnon drank some more and gave her a cigarette. When he sat down again she leaned forward with her elbows on her knees, staring past him out the window. It was quiet for a little while, and finally she shook herself and looked at him.

"Where shall I start?" she asked.

MacKinnon was a little surprised at her attitude and tone of voice. She seemed now to harbor no bitterness, but had apparently decided to bury her personal animosity before the greater importance of a mutual understanding.

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They found Norma sitting all alone in the gathering dusk. She sat on a stone bench smoking a cigarette and looking off across the garden



Young
in

OLD May Lothrop had always loved the sun. These hot summer mornings her old bones clanked as she rolled out of bed, but she moved quietly and left Phinney well covered in his muttering sleep. She pulled on shoes—they might have been Phinney's for there were long years of sharing between them, and they had no great differences in size. Then she dragged an old coat over her strong shoulders and went out to the kitchen.

A hay smell, a dew smell poured through the open kitchen window. Old May sat down to wait for the coffee to boil. She wanted to be outdoors as soon as the sky turned pink.

Through the large window, across the table, she could see the woodhouse, now a chicken coop, the smokehouse and privy they didn't use any more, and behind was the thirty-year-old orchard, every twig of which she had watched grow. Starting briskly at the back door was the immense garden.

The morning light was thin and weak. The sun, quivering in haze, became an orange ball, then a yellow one, and May could hold herself in the house no longer.

Her cotton nightgown trailing, she tasted the wet air in her lungs, down deep in her stomach.

The garden couldn't be touched. Too wet. But she feasted on it, said "Good morning" to it. To have a garden and an orchard like this, she had argued Phinney into moving out from the city long ago. She had raised two sons on green corn and lettuce and carrots, had poured milk into them from the neighbor's cows—hustled two city-frail, active little boys into the big, solemn men who lived with their wives and drove out, solemnly, to visit them, an odd Sunday afternoon a month.

On every inch of that garden were drops of May's sweat. How she worked! How she loved and believed in sweating! Suddenly she dived into the saw-edged tent of squash leaves and yelled her husband's name.

"Phinney! Will you look! Look!"

He heard her. She knew he couldn't help hearing. But she kept on yelling.

Phinney leaned his face out from the bedroom window with a look both amused and sour, his bush of gray hair shoved across his narrow, clerkish brow. May spoon-fed him doses of her life's excitement, and he took them calmly, albeit resignedly, as a man who had spent most of his years behind a counter and now was eager for little more than his newspaper, ball games on the radio—all a Chinese wall built against the hundred and one odd jobs May thought up to plague him between breakfast and bedtime.

Over her head May waved a yellow-warted club.

"This squash you missed when you picked last night. Such a big one!"

A stream of smoke from his first cigarette blanketed Phinney's head. He was sixty-two, looked older, felt younger. If allowed, his sleep was endless as a child's.

"And what're you going to do with it?" he asked her. "A bushel basket full under the porch—"

"None whoppers like this one. I'll give it

to Earnie or Willie, whichever one comes first next Sunday."

As if both didn't arrive like dice from a box, on the dot. And scooted home together, Earnie first saying, "Well, time we're moving along." Then Willie, then Edith and Josephine, the two wives. "Yes, time we got home." There were no grandchildren. Wouldn't be any.

"Cut it up and throw it to the chickens," was Phinney's advice for the squash, and he licked his few upper teeth with his tongue. Half so much garden, he reasoned, and May'd have half so much planting and hoeing and weeding. But he'd argued with her thirty years; all that time, the hoe in her hands, like the scythe in Father Time's. And it was her weapon against him, for May hated rest like a preacher hated sin. But the chickens got fat, and the Petrowski's hogs got fatter. Only May kept her leanness, like a crow; she worked that garden, sprayed the orchard, worked at canning and cooking and preserving as if preparing for famine.

PRESENTLY Phinney heard May rattling into the kitchen. Breakfast was their cornerstone for the day. Besides a platter of eggs and sausage or bacon, May fixed French toast or waffles, and then cooked enough along with it to piece out Phinney's hunger until midnight. A custard or a pie, a meat loaf or a stew pot of chicken. Except at breakfast, Phinney ate when he liked, dipping into the oven or icebox.

The breakfast dishes usually waltzed on the table all day unless Phinney, smote by conscience, heated up water and gave them a douse. He was a better housewife than May; he liked sweeping, didn't despise dusting. He even liked filling a vase with flowers. . . .

"There's that funeral I have to go to this morning," May announced.

The sun warmed the dining room and she peeled off her coat.

Phinney was eating a second dish of stewed plums.

"What funeral? Not me. I'm not going to nobody's burying but mine—or maybe yours."

"It's that Mee man. You've heard me mention him."

"Mee man? What kind of talk is that?" asked Phinney.

"Mee's their name. You know. Down there on the Clarenceville road. They've lived in that garage-house they never got farther with. Two kids and a wife cooped up like rabbits all the time. He had bad lungs, but he didn't get better and didn't get better—and now he's dead."

May hunted for her glasses, then hunted upstairs in her closet for what she called her Sunday dress. She hadn't worn this dress for months. There were rip holes under the arms, but May was impatient with mending and she would keep her arms to her sides, quiet and dignified, like at a really sad funeral, like at a funeral of someone she deeply loved.

Mrs. Petrowski, her nearest neighbor, was going with her. May slithered through fence wire and cut across the field where the lady-

like Petrowski cows, tied to stakes, ate round velvet islands in the weeds.

"You look nice," was Mrs. Petrowski's judgment of May, not too sure of herself in her eyeleted white, which was too tight in the bust. A great, ugly woman with a kind face, Mrs. Petrowski spoke with a Polish accent and a lisp.

May's thin white hair was bun-tight under her hat. At the last moment she had fancied white button earrings. She looked gay.

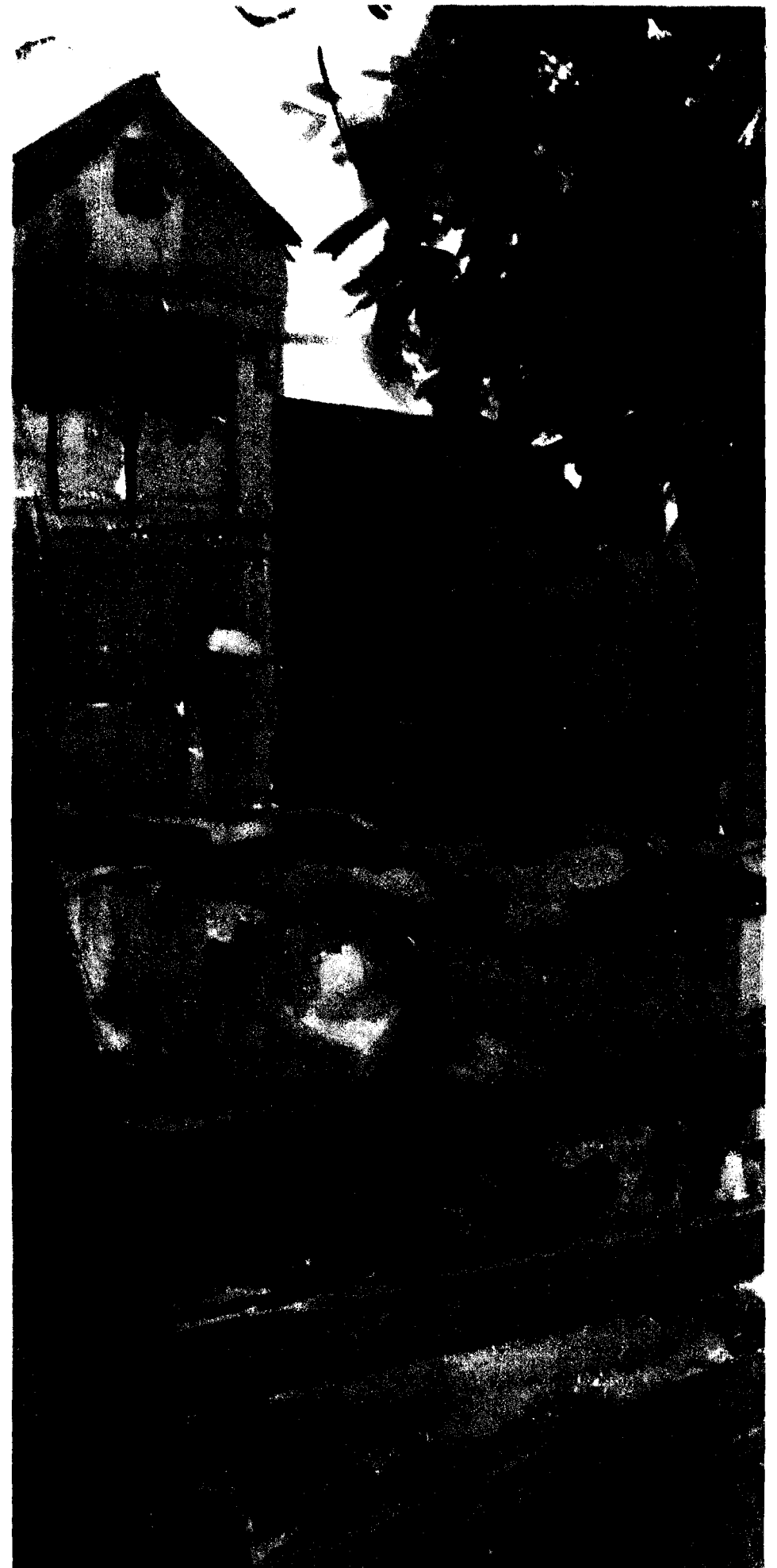
They rolled along to Farmington church in the Petrowski jalopy. The car sneezed and chugged, the road chattered with gravel.

Mrs. Petrowski announced she was fresh with a new "scandal." But May found it hard to listen although she learned very little about the square mile of country neighbors unless Mrs. Petrowski told her. It was because the Petrowskis sold milk, had dealings with everybody, rich and poor.

It seemed that the Mees were a young couple. Mee had been in a sanitarium—for "years," some people said—and had come home, finally, discouraged, resigned to his end. But the young wife, vividly pretty, was of different stamp. And, secretly, she had a lover. She had been decent, had kept her secret until Mee coughed his last. Now all was known, for, with shocking haste, she had escaped that pitiful rabbit hutch of a home, gone off to an unknown place.

"It's dreadful," May said. "Her not waiting for the funeral—that's shameful." She seldom was judge or censor, and all human action, not easily accountable, made her truculent, not against morals, but men. "But what about the children?" May asked, trembling. Mrs. Petrowski had told her of the small boy and the girl, about nine.

"That's what's so awful," Mrs. Petrowski said; "she's deserted them. She couldn't



walk out on her husband, but those little kids—she was cruel enough to do that.” . . .

The funeral was pathetic but one that people had to attend. While there was not a strange face, all of them were a little uneasy, not too eagerly nodding to their friends. And only one too expensive basket of flowers, bought by desperate subscription.

“No relatives?” May nudged Mrs. Petrowski.

“Aren’t any—”

The two Mee children, a boy and a girl, scrubbed and in new clothes, had front seats to themselves, except for one woman who sat a little apart.

“The poor little things,” said Mrs. Petrowski, fumbling with her purse and handkerchief. “They don’t know what it’s all about.”

May stared at the braids, blond as oat straw, on the back of the little girl’s head. A black ribbon from her white straw hat lay

on the narrow, unfleshed back—so upright, so frail, but seemingly untouched by grief. May, firm in age, hard work and a lifetime behind her, to see youth so soon made sad, so soon made afraid, reached down in her emptiness—always it had been there, around her heart—and wanted to cry.

“The girl knows,” said May, suddenly. “The girl knows what it’s all about.” Said this, not seeing her face, but knowing, as if by a mirror, what the child’s face had written on it. “What’ll happen to her?”

“That’s Mrs. Ulgenmeyer with them—she lives across the road—she’s looked after them. But if the mother doesn’t come back—”

“Orphanage!” supplied May, horrified.

Mrs. Petrowski wrinkled her eyebrows. . . . May was still thinking, talking about the girl on the way home. “She’s not the crying type,” May said. Nobody hated tears more than she did. “I cried only twice in my life”

—but she did not say this aloud to Mrs. Petrowski. Each time she had cried when the doctor had stood over her and said, “Fine boy, Mrs. Lothrop!”

Dead memories turned in May’s head. Always she had wanted a little girl, and had been frantically unbelieving when the doctor had said “Boy.”

“Girl!”

“No, no—now, Mrs. Lothrop—you love boys—”

She loved babies, yes, but a grown girl, a girl eight or nine years old, beginning to sew and wanting to roll out piecrust—that she had always longed for. “They’ll say I’m too old—an old, foolish woman—” But she knew she wanted that girl. . . .

It was the last of the peas. May had pulled the vines and sat in the summerhouse, tweaking the pods. The peas fell like shot into the bucket, then like rain.

When she had finished, she lay back on the wicker settee. The summerhouse was watertight, grapevines scrambling up the lattice sides, and beside the settee there was Phinney’s old patented leather chair with a button in the arm, which, if hammered, shot out an ottoman.

Phinney now left the house with a heavy quilt.

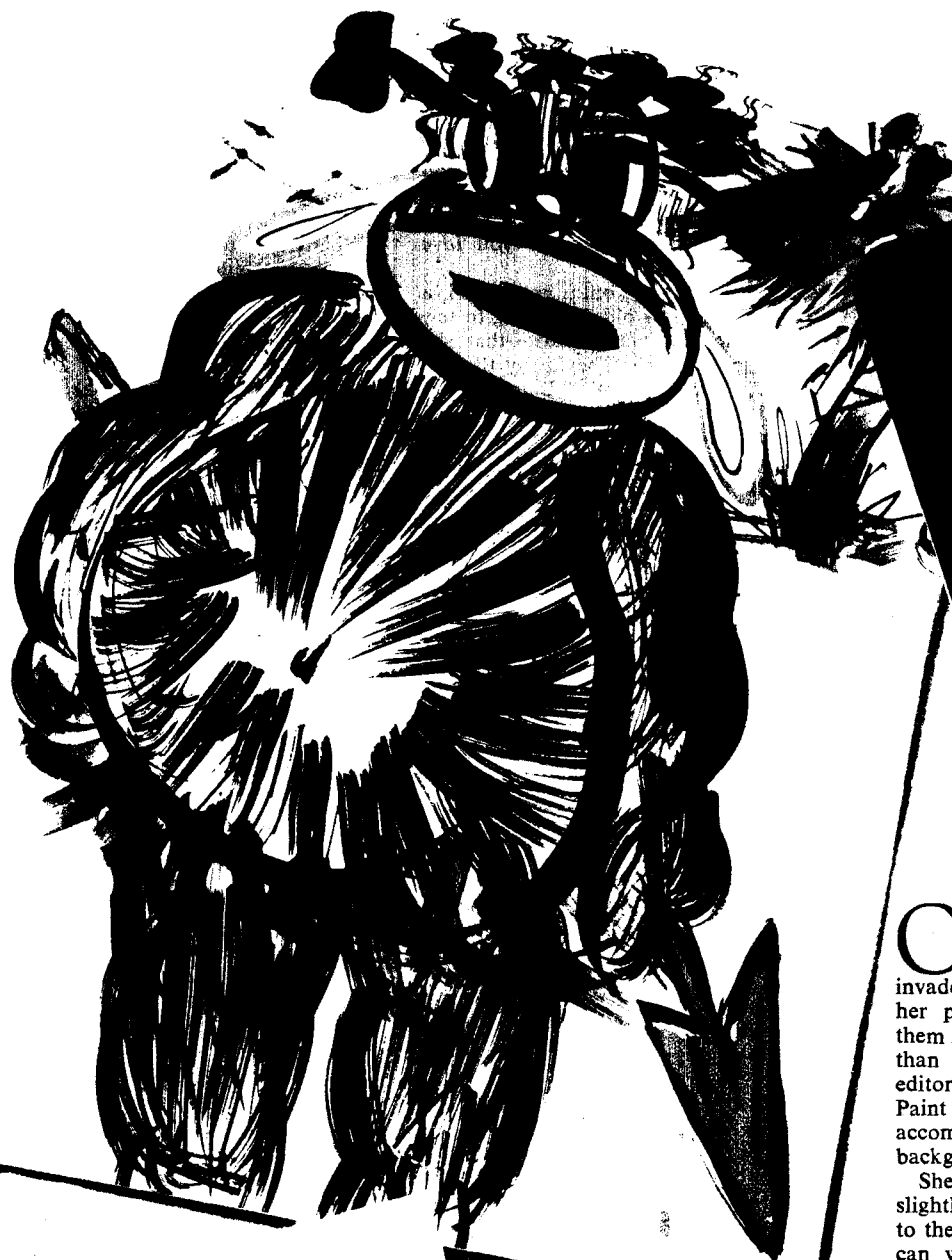
“What’s that for?” May whined.

“I been watching you,” he said. “You need covering up. Catching a cold?”

(Continued on page 30)

Standing at the side of the house May saw something that, perhaps, she was not supposed to see. The Petrowski boy had his arms around Andy and she knew it was serious





Easel Rhythm

By Lowell Brentano

ONE Saturday last April, Gladys Stackhouse, art supervisor of elementary groups in Huntington, Long Island, invaded Fifth Avenue with twenty-four of her pint-sized Rembrandts. Crowded with them into New York's Hall of Art were more than 150 psychologists, teachers, critics and editors, who marveled at Miss Stackhouse's Paint Orchestra, sketching pictures to the accompaniment of stories and a musical background.

She arranges her charges in rows, one slightly higher than the other, with stools to the left of the easels, so that the audience can watch them work. Then Miss Stackhouse suggests a situation or tells a story to stimulate the pupils' imaginations. (Incidentally, the Huntington kids are bringing home better report cards. They have dis-

covered that the more they know of every subject, the better their ideas.) A pianist plays a selection—or a record is played—in keeping with the desired mood. Before the children can paint, they must absorb the rhythm of the selection, then carry it over into their brush strokes. Landscapes and figures take shape immediately. The youngsters complete pictures in anywhere from 1½ to 6 minutes, depending on the complexity of the subject and the length of the musical accompaniment.

A few skeptics at the concert implied that the youngsters were beautifully trained seals. Miss Stackhouse challenged them to pose an original problem. A strange pianist from the audience volunteered to provide the music. A well-known juvenile author prompted the children: "Suppose you were visiting your

Above and below center, two more versions of the cannibal theme



Two orchestra members evolved hoop-skirted ladies above and far left from rhymed history of early New York and playing of Paderewski's Minuet in G



Paint Orchestra, like Miss Stackhouse has trained, is made up of kids aged 9 to 14. Conductor Marshall Kreutzer tells story, beats time for kids

grandmother's farm, and a boy who was what would you do?" The painting was music from Carmen, and the painting went to town on the possibilities of that this new technique encouraged and spontaneous expression.

Veterans of several years started to use kids all know exactly what they are doing and why. Fat little Sammy Sauerwein explains, "We hafta draw with our arms from the shoulder—just like a baseball pitcher."

Blond Elizabeth Hammer speaks excitedly: "Do you remember the first time she had us looking for hidden ideas? After she showed us how to scribble to all four sides of the paper without too many crossings, she'd take her brush and put in an eye or a wing or some legs. Suddenly we'd see we'd

painted an animal. . . . It seemed so simple, it sort of gave us confidence."

"I like to draw figures," confides Elizabeth Ragie. "Everyone says they're the hardest. But Miss Stackhouse taught us how to 'zip' out the lines. In twenty minutes she had us painting people!"

It was not until January, 1944, years after the Paint Orchestra had been functioning successfully in the first six primary grades of Huntington schools, that it came to public attention. Miss Stackhouse exhibited her Paint Orchestra at a church function, and it proved a smash hit. The minister prodded Miss Stackhouse into writing the United States Commissioner of Education. Almost overnight, art and educational circles wanted to know all about the Paint Orchestra.

Max M. Pochapin, who has pioneered the

popular art movement, placed the orchestra under the sponsorship of the Hall of Art. His enthusiasm has already made it possible to expand the idea. Miss Stackhouse has been handicapped by lack of funds for material and personnel. Although colored chalks and show-card paints can and have been used, the best results are obtained with specially developed quick-drying inks, coated papers and novel felt paint brushes.

The Hall of Art plans to make all these items available, and to function as a training center. An instruction manual and a theme book, together with phonograph records and sheet music, are in preparation. Miss Stackhouse will conduct courses for teachers.

People enjoy doing things together much more than working by themselves. The Paint Orchestra satisfies two universal cravings: to

"belong" and to be applauded. It succeeds because it also turns work into play. Instead of scheming how to avoid class, kids fight to get in.

Its enthusiasts further claim that the technique combines art instruction, musical therapy and visual education, all in one package. It has been most successful with the nervous, imaginative type of youngster who gets into trouble if he has nothing better to do. They believe, too, that it will uncover many potential painters, whose talent otherwise might remain dormant.

Miss Stackhouse hopes to introduce the technique into convalescent and rehabilitation hospitals, for grownups like the idea also. She has often taught groups of adults, and has had them painting away after twenty-five minutes of instruction. ★★



Eileen Frohm, 11 years old, is inspired by a reading from the book Tom Twist and the playing of Aloha Oe to produce the cannibal above. At right, Sammy Sauerwein scrutinizes 13-year-old Mary Oprey's version of the same suggestion. The text tells how Tom Twist swims five miles ashore from a tempest-wrecked vessel and lands on an island populated by hungry cannibals who, after feeling of him, decide he is too tough to eat

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER-PIX

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and surgical incisions, thus make unnecessary scenes like this where a wardroom had to become a temporary hospital

THE MAGIC AMINOS

BY J. D. RATCLIFF



BLACK STAR

Aminos may save lives of starved soldiers who are too weak to take regular food

They're one of science's newest chemical discoveries—the building blocks of proteins, most essential of foods. Their use may solve many of the world's nutritional problems

NEWSPictures tell grim stories of Jap and Nazi efforts to starve captives to death. Hollow-eyed Filipinos, bloated-bellied Greek babies, living skeletons from prison camps attest to this supreme Axis atrocity.

A good part of this human wreckage can be salvaged by a new method of chemical feeding, which is the biggest nutritional news since the advent of vitamins. Relief agencies have been ordering these chemicals, called amino acids, by the ton. They can be tolerated by stomachs too weak to hold other foods and they go to work instantly, giving new strength, new vitality.

In a moment, we will see more of the magic aminos. But first let's find out what happens to a man when he starves. There are three essential foods: fats, carbohydrates such as starch and sugar, and proteins. The body stores fat in dozens of places, particularly in bay windows. The liver is the storage bin for the carbohydrates. The body has no means of storing proteins, the most essential of all foods. Plants can make their own proteins. Man can't. He has to have a steady supply from meat, milk, eggs, grains.

The proteins are the tissue builders—makers of red blood, visceral organs, muscle. When the dietary supply of proteins is cut off, the body simply starts consuming itself.

Note one curious twist: A man starves more quickly on a diet of starch and sugar than he does on no food at all! These carbohydrates supply energy to keep going, and thereby hasten protein depletion. The Germans were well aware of all this. They supplied conquered people with potatoes, but few protein foods. The result: nutritional wreckage wherever the Nazi shadow fell.

The chemicals which promise to save this situation are called amino acids. There are 23 known aminos and they are the building blocks of the proteins. At least eight of

them are essential to human life. When we eat a lamb chop or scrambled eggs, the digestive processes of the body first break them down into the aminos they contain.

These acids then pass through the wall of the intestine into the blood stream. The blood is simply a conveyor belt that supplies the materials needed for tissue building. When you cut your finger, the aminos in the blood supply the vital elements needed to build new tissue. Liver and kidney cells, which require constant replacement, may require an entirely different set of these chemicals.

Any protein, then, is built up of this group of 23 vital chemicals. Strung together in one pattern, they make your breakfast eggs, in another the shapely legs of a movie starlet, in a third the protein in a loaf of bread.

Although the first amino acid was discovered 125 years ago, their vital role in human nutrition has been built up within the past decade. Only within the past few months has their use in hospitals become widespread. They are being used to treat burns, ulcers, bedsores—places where there is breakdown of tissue. They hasten healing of amputation stumps and surgical scars. In all these instances the aminos supply building blocks with which to build new tissue.

If protein is injected into the blood, death is apt to follow swiftly. But injection of amino acids is quite possible. Or they may be fed by mouth. They are, in a way, nothing more than predigested protein foods. It is for this reason that they will be of such great value in treating people who have almost starved to death in Nazi prison camps. When these people are too weak to tolerate other foods, they can take amino acids. Almost within a matter of minutes, these vital chemicals are in the blood, at work building new tissue, giving new strength.

Many of the aminos have been synthesized. When made by such artificial means, their cost is almost prohibitive—as much as \$450 a pound—but they can be made from natural sources at tremendous savings. Any source of protein—cottonseed, skim milk, packing-house refuse, fish scraps—are potential sources of amino acids. When these substances are digested in boiling acid, they break down into their component aminos, which are then extracted and packed for hospital use.

(Continued on page 42)

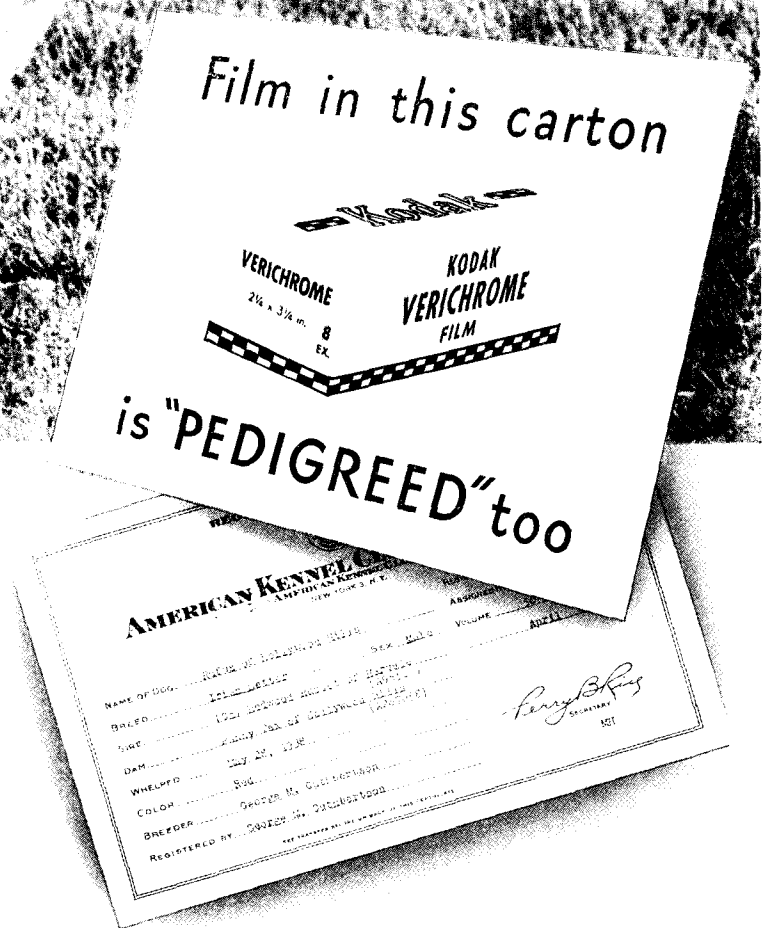
Collier's for June 9, 1945



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Milky Way



DO WE WANT PERMANENT CONSCRIPTION?

Continued from page 14

to enforce better behavior among nations which threaten to run amok. If a future Hitler or Mussolini realizes that the combined power of all the nations dedicated to preserving peace in this world is really going to be used for that purpose, and if that combined military potential is so great that it cannot be overcome, then he is not likely to be so foolish as to start something that will surely end in defeat and disaster. And, further, if he does start something, the fire can be put out swiftly by force before it becomes a conflagration.

In other words, the Dumbarton Oaks idea is one with teeth in it, designed for the very practical world in which we live. It is based upon the availability of military power to enforce its objective of peaceful settlement of differences.

Now if we are to join with other peace-loving nations in such a world organization, shall we not be obliged to have the military potential to give life and strength and meaning to the decisions made by that organization? Unless we have the required military potential capable of going into action on short notice, will not the words of our diplomats be hollow and meaningless? Here is where military preparedness would seem to fit in.

Military strength, amply sufficient for the purpose and cause of preserving peace in this way, might be kept available in a large standing army. This would be one way. Or it might be kept available in a well-trained citizen reserve.

An Army of Trained Citizens

It is foreign to our American policy to burden ourselves with a huge standing army—large numbers of men taken for long periods from productive effort in our nation's economy to stand and wait in peacetime for a war which we hope will never take place. By maintaining a large standing army, together with other peace-loving nations, we would have enough combined military strength to discourage or stamp out aggression in its beginning. But a preferable way to have potential strength in sufficient size would seem to be to give every man thorough and intensive training in his youth and then release him to go ahead with his trade or profession or job, thus leaving the regular armed forces relatively small. Then the citizen would be ready—in reserve but not in service—to do his duty capably, efficiently and with a decent chance of survival, if the emergency should ever come.

So, to summarize, Dumbarton Oaks is a means by which it is hoped we shall attempt by active steps, backed by force if necessary, to keep the peace in a world where lasting peace has never yet been achieved. Americans might not all agree that universal military training—applicable democratically to all young men alike—is the preferable way to build up this reserve strength, but at least it has its points. It seems to fit the idea of our role in a Dumbarton Oaks plan better than a large standing army would.

We do not control or seek to direct world affairs. That would be contrary to the principle that other peace-loving peoples have their rightful part in shaping them. We do want to influence world affairs in what we believe to be peaceful directions, with due regard for the rights and views of others. Thus our first care will be to avoid wars by all honorable means. But in this attempt to outlaw war, we shall never gamble with our national security.

To go back to those aforementioned eight points of agreement: The inevitable conclusion that any future aggressor could not miss is that the United States should be attacked and defeated first. Failure to do this has twice cost the aggressor his war. We know—and we may be sure that he will know, too—that distance has been a saving factor for us in the two World Wars. We also know, as does he, that modern implements of transport and warfare no longer make distance the barrier that it was, even in the early days of this war. Unless we blind ourselves to reality,

we will realize that distance will be an even less formidable obstacle in the future development of planes, rockets and ships. So, the question of which nation an aggressor would attack first deserves a lot of consideration by all of us who love our country and want to hold on to it.

If such an attack should come—and it could come from anywhere on the globe—and if our situation is then similar to our state of unpreparedness in 1940 when France fell, what would be our prospect of a successful defense? What would be our course, despite all that we might do as a member of a world peace organization?

Again, the answer seems to be: either a large standing armed force or a well-trained citizen reserve ready to mobilize and move quickly.

Now, the taking up of arms in the nation's defense is something that has been recognized as an obligation of every able-bodied man of fighting age in this country from the very beginning. Aggression threatening our national security we would resist to the best of our ability. The question really is whether or not the resistance will be trained, organized and effective, or untrained, disorganized and ineffective.

The answer to this question also will determine whether, in case the emergency should come, these young men will be able to meet their well-trained adversaries in combat with a better chance of survival.

What it seems to boil down to is whether or not our able-bodied manpower, ever the bulwark of national defense, is to be always ready to discharge that traditional obligation. There is nothing new about the obligation. There is, however, a plain need that those who may be called on to discharge it should be trained and fitted to do so.

The need for training is—and will be—greater than ever before in view of the rapidly increasing intricacy of implements of warfare. Perhaps no lesson emerges more clearly from the experience of this war than that modern techniques in warfare require intensive training on the part of those who use them. While it is beyond the scope of this article to describe the details of a training program that would be adequate for the future, it may be stated that the training should be intensive, well-balanced and carefully planned. It should include basic, specialist, and small and large unit training, and a sufficient period devoted to combined field maneuvers.

Ready for National Emergency

Improved training techniques developed in recent years and proved in this war should be employed and further improved. The prime object of the program should be that, at the end of the period, the trainee—skilled in at least one of the necessary specialties of a modern army and trained in the use of that specialty in teamwork with others—would be able capably and confidently to discharge his duty to his country in time of national emergency.

Universal military training is not offered as the sole or automatic answer to the problem of preparedness. The vast reaches of science in modern war are just dawning on us. Manifestly our research and development program would have to go forward, so that, if another war should come, our men would not be handicapped with antiquated or obsolete equipment or thought. Likewise, the nation's readiness for industrial mobilization ought to be maintained. As with the case of manpower, a state of readiness in reserve is indicated all around.

But whatever the nature of the implements, wherever the scene of combat and whenever it may come, men—well-trained men and alert—must use the weapons. There never was and never will be a substitute. Men—well-trained and alert—must plan and direct the execution of our national defense program. Men—well-trained and alert—must be the keystone of our national security.

THE END

Continued from page 15

less than three or four billion dollars a year, a sum equal to and perhaps greater than the cost of the whole educational system. Far greater costs are involved in the departure from the tradition of our country and in the imposition of militarism upon it.

Still, if universal military training is necessary, we must have it. We can go further and say that if we have to have a very large standing army after the war, conscription is the democratic way to get it. Of course, if we have to have a very large standing army after the war we have lost the war. We will have failed in our principal object, which was not merely to repel the assault of the Germans and the Japanese, but to organize a world free from fear. We are hardly free from fear if we are so afraid that we must have, in addition to regular troops, a million boys a year being trained to fight.

Whom are we going to fight, and when? Under the Selective Service Act we have drafted some thirteen million men and can draft every man in the country. Where would the danger come from six months, a year, or two years after this war? Our present enemies will be crushed; our present allies will be impoverished. We are now the strongest, richest military power in the world. No one now believes that the war will cost us as much of our strength as it has cost our major allies or enemies, all of whom went into it weaker, poorer and earlier than we.

Old Men and New Weapons

John J. McCloy, Assistant Secretary of War, has said that peacetime conscription is not concerned with the next few years, but with wars that may come twenty, thirty or forty years from now. If Mr. McCloy is right, we shall be training men now to fight when they are thirty-eight, forty-eight, or fifty-eight years old. They will be obsolescent then, also their training and their weapons.

General Charles de Gaulle, in *The Army of the Future*, published in 1934, argues that under modern conditions of military action and equipment, "the era of picked soldiers and selected crews has arrived." Conscription, he adds, was "a costly conception . . . and an emergency conception," suitable "when armament consisted of a single type of portable weapon and a single kind of gun."

History is on the side of General de Gaulle. There is no evidence that conscription protects countries from sudden attack, as witness France and Poland in this war. There is not even any evidence that conscription helps countries win wars. England, without peacetime conscription, has won every time out in a general war; France, with it, has won seven and lost five.

The proposal for universal military training after the war is, in effect, a proposal to keep the country on a war basis indefinitely. But if the country is to be on a war basis after the war, we should all be on a war basis, and not just the eighteen-year-old boys. Why should we discriminate against the young? Why should not industry be on a war basis, and labor, and the consumer? Why should we not continue the WPB, the WLB, the OPA, and the War Manpower Commission? Why should not the scientific men of universities be kept on a war basis?

The greatest problem of this war has not been the mobilization of millions of soldiers; it has been the mobilization of scientific research and industrial production. It is safe to assume that the greatest problem of the next war will be the same, and that if we must be constantly prepared for war, it is upon science, labor and industry that the burden ought to fall. Reliance upon masses of men with obsolescent training has led to the practice of fighting the last war, thus sending country after country down to defeat when confronted with new military technology.

The argument that our military experts insist upon is that peacetime conscription gives a country a head start in military encounters with other nations. What kind of country is it that wants a head start? Listen to the words

of General MacArthur, describing the military program adopted by Congress in 1920. He said: "This system places ultimate reliance for the nation's defense upon a citizen army, the great proportion of which must be organized, trained and equipped after the beginning of any emergency. Thus it deliberately contemplates a delay of several months between any declaration of war and the time large-scale operations could be initiated, a circumstance that gives convincing proof of its nonaggressive intent." The inference is that only an aggressive nation could desire any other system.

The Dumbarton Oaks proposals commit the United States to membership in an international organization devoted to the maintenance of universal peace. Proposal Number Four of the Principles commits the United States to refraining from "the threat or use of force in any manner inconsistent with the purposes of the organization." But peacetime conscription in the United States would be the greatest threat of force ever devised. If it costs us our fellow men's faith in our intentions, it may prove the greatest obstacle to durable peace.

It would seem sensible for us to go to the peace table unarmed, except for the ten or twelve million soldiers we shall have left after the war, and demand the abolition of peacetime conscription everywhere. This is what Woodrow Wilson did in the first Paris draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations; the course of history might have been different if he had stuck to his point. If we now propose to outlaw conscription, we shall be giving the world, in General MacArthur's words, convincing proof of our non-aggressive intent. And what would we have to lose? If our proposal broke down, we should still be the strongest, richest, most heavily armed nation in the world. If there had to be a war at the end of the peace conference, who would be in a better position to fight it than we? If an armament race begins the day the treaty is signed, who will have more of a head start?

Violation of Our Traditions

But if we cannot make the effort to procure the abolition of conscription everywhere, we can at least save ourselves from the cost, the inefficiency and the danger to our institutions which universal military training would visit upon our country. The proposal to fasten universal military training on the United States is a militaristic proposal to establish here the kind of system from which millions of immigrants fled to this country. It is an antidemocratic proposal; for those who are urging adoption now boldly say that the reason why they are doing so is that after the war the country will be pacifistic and will decline to have anything to do with peacetime conscription.

Those who take this view do not trust democracy. They admit that public opinion now, in the midst of war, cannot examine military issues objectively. Now it is treason to contradict a general. Those who insist upon adopting peacetime conscription at once argue that in addition to being abnormally conditioned in war, democracy is also abnormally conditioned in peace, and is therefore never reliable. Or they argue that the normal condition of democracy is hopelessly pacifistic.

"It is a historical fact," said Mr. Stimson, urging peacetime conscription in 1917, "that in times of peace, our citizens have habitually paid no attention to even the most self-evident necessities."

Our faith in democracy ought to be stronger than this. I am glad that churches, educational organizations, farm groups and trade unions are insisting that a decision on peacetime conscription be postponed until after the war. A step so repugnant to our tradition should be taken only when it is irresistibly clear to a calm and informed majority that there is no other way to save the country.

THE END

Flying Coffin Corps

Continued from page 18

Our fighter planes and ack-ack from the ships under attack disposed of most of the Divine Winds before they could connect; but a few got through the barrage and sank two small warships and damaged other ships.

Lieutenant General Masahige Arima was credited by the Japanese with being the spearhead pilot of the Special Attack Corps. According to Radio Tokyo, he took off on his last flight at dawn on October 15th, the day one of our task forces appeared in the eastern waters of the Philippines. The broadcast of his epitaph concluded: "General Arima set an example to the endless number of Kamikazes who followed in his wake. The spirit of Arima is the spirit of the Special Attack Corps."

All through the Philippine reoccupation, waves of Kamikazes tried time and again to pierce the Fleet's defenses by crashing down on the decks of ships. As the attacks continued, the pilots staging them seemed to be improving in quality. It soon became evident that later suicide pilots were better trained for their job and that the original willy-nilly plan of attack had been replaced by a well-organized, well-planned system. Most of the Kamikaze planes are now of one type, the highly maneuverable Zeke, and their cargo of explosives also has been standardized—500-pound bombs.

The Japs at this time were bragging about the Kamikaze. Radio Tokyo practically exhausted its flowery vocabulary in singing the praises of the Special Attack Corps in an effort to recruit more Kamikaze pilots. The favorite sales talk was a recital of the names inscribed on a tablet in Yasukuni Temple, the names of Kamikaze pilots who had made good.

In Praise of the Impossible

A Jap who volunteered to be a Kamikaze did so because he was told that only by exploding himself to kill the enemy could he exemplify to the highest degree the spirit of Shintoism and prove to his ancestors how willing he was to give up his life for his emperor god. The Kamikaze is the most highly revered of the Jap warrior classes, and when the corps was originally organized, there was considerable rivalry among the younger and more daring pilots for the honor of being tapped for membership.

A pilot became a Kamikaze after impressive rites at a battalion shrine. There he worshipped the emperor god and then made a solemn pledge before other Kamikazes that he was willing and anxious to die for Hirohito. This was followed by lectures on the importance of cleansing the soul of sin and defilement by purifying himself before the emperor's all-seeing eyes. Then came a bit of practical instruction on how to crash-dive a ship's deck or a building, and the Kamikaze was sent to his post to await his first and last mission.

The early Kamikaze pilot wore any one of several costumes, depending on what part of Japan he was from and his family's station in life. The garb, however, was always a burial gown. The pilot put this on just before the final prayer to the divine spirit of the emperor and his imperial forbears. Then, before climbing into his plane, he strapped on his only weapon, a short dagger, which was given to him by the emperor's representative as a symbol of his spiritual greatness and also for the more practical purpose of disemboweling himself if something went wrong.

Every Kamikaze was warned, however, that nothing was to go wrong, that the equivalent of a Kamikaze shoofly squad would fly far overhead in a twin-engined Betty bomber to see what the suicide pilots were doing; and every Kamikaze was cautioned that any divergence from his instructions to crash himself and his plane on an enemy ship would be regarded as treason to the emperor. That meant that the renegade Kamikaze dishonored his name and his ancestors and, if he were captured, his family would be forever disgraced. To them and to the emperor

he would be a dead man, never to return to his country, and his family would be cut off from all the benefits that go to the dependents of a national hero.

One unsuccessful Jap pilot captured at Leyte would have disemboweled himself had he been able to get to his dagger before he was pulled out of the water by an American boat crew. He struggled with his captors, but was overcome after almost all of his red, yellow and black silk burial robe had been torn off him. His plain gold-handled dagger, of course, was grabbed by an American as a souvenir. The early Kamikazes received diamond-studded daggers from the emperor, but so many men later became suicide pilots that it was impossible to give them anything but unjeweled daggers. The high praise given the pilots apparently also attracted some women, as there were reports throughout the Southwest Pacific that our pilots had seen bob-haired Jap girls flying suicide planes.

For a time the Kamikaze propaganda was effective. The recruiting curve rose sharply for a while, but then leveled off and started to toboggan. The propaganda became hotter, but the suicidal ardor of Japanese youth cooled to the point where it soon was evident that other means would have to be used to swell the thinning ranks of Kamikazes.

The obvious solution was to "create" volunteers on an "or else" basis, and apparently that's what the Kamikaze high command

background were several inscriptions, farewell messages from the mayor of his home town, from his family and close friends. One inscription, signed by the pilot himself, was his pledge to die as a good Kamikaze. The simple flag turban was his winding sheet.

Spasmodic attempts are made to revive the white-hot frenzy of the early Kamikazes. Sixty-three girl students of a junior high school in Iwate prefecture pricked their fingers and with their own blood painted ten Rising Sun flags and sent them to the north-eastern army headquarters. Accompanying the homemade flags were poems written by the schoolgirls expressing their determination to emulate the Special Attack Corps.

The gist of one poem: "Maidens though we be, may we humbly follow our great heroes who soar and fall so nobly."

The honored pilots replied in kind: "Your sincere patriotic feeling impressed us deeply. Each of us shall wear your flag in his cap when he rams an enemy warship."

One Kamikaze training center is located at an army air base and the body-crashing students live at a near-by hostelry which local inhabitants have nicknamed Special Attack Corps Hotel.

Listen to the hotel proprietor, Kozo Kawaguchi, describing his fatalistic guests: "As almost all of them joined the colors from unfinished student life, they are all very young men. Their dormitory life is as cheer-

Once a Jap plane, its wing lights on, sneaked into a formation of American planes circling over Tacloban airfield and waiting for a signal to land. The Jap flew round and round with the American planes and then peeled off and crash-dived a ship. The blaze lighted up the whole harbor and made a perfect outline of scores of near-by ships which were immediately attacked by other Kamikazes.

In a recent statement, however, Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz expressed his contempt for the Divine Winds. "For some months," he said, "the Japanese have been employing aircraft on a gradually increasing scale in suicidal attacks upon our forces in the western Pacific. The enemy has expended a large number of planes and personnel on missions of this nature with negligible effect on the continuing success of our operations."

"Effective methods of meeting and destroying these suicidal attacks have been developed and will continue to be employed to increase the toll of Japanese aircraft shot down by our aircraft and by antiaircraft guns. The suicide attacks and the so-called Kamikaze corps are products of an enemy trapped in an increasingly desperate situation. Back on their own inner defenses, the Japanese have resorted to fanatical methods which from a purely military viewpoint are of doubtful value."

As we tighten the noose on Tokyo, don't be surprised if this suicidal tendency increases drastically and becomes a dominant theme in enemy defense strategy.

Already entire cities and provinces are being organized into Kamikaze units. In the words of Foreign Minister Shigenori Togo, all of Japan must be "turned into a huge ball of fire" and "all Japanese must tackle the war in the manner of the *jibaku* corps."

All Out for Suicide

This trend has been clearly discernible in each successive island invasion. In the Iwo Jima campaign, a branch of the Special Attack Corps was hastily organized, and if you can believe the Jap report on same, every man in the Iwo garrison "begged" to become a member. Each of the Special Attack Corps troops chosen wore the insignia of his outfit, a square white patch on the right breast pocket with cherry blossoms rampant. Each member was pledged to kill one hundred Marines.

When our forces invaded Kerama Retto, the defenders of that island tried to discourage landings with a variation of the airborne Kamikaze, a weapon dubbed by the invaders "bangboats." It was a small speedboat capable of thirty-five knots, operated by one man and carrying two depth charges. Hundreds of these boats were later found hidden in caves adjacent to the beaches. Attacking in groups of three boats they were supposed to glide alongside the invasion ship and drop depth charges, set for rapid detonation, at vital points. The attacking boats, unable to escape before the blast, were sure to be blown up with their victims.

A few bangboat sorties were attempted but they resulted in miserable failures. This was too bad, in a way, for the volunteer enlisted-man boat pilots, for they had been promised promotion to sublieutenant (posthumously) if their mission was completed.

Again at Okinawa the Japs introduced another suicide gadget, the Baka bomb, an Oriental version of the Nazi robomb. It is a miniature rocket plane nineteen feet long with a wing spread of sixteen feet and loaded to the gills with explosives. This cute little missile differs from the robomb in that it has a pilot, another Kamikaze addict.

The Baka bomb is slung from the belly of a twin-engine bomber and carried to a high altitude. At the proper time a form of bomb release starts the parasite on a practically vertical dive, and the pilot cuts in the rocket propulsion to increase speed. Whizzing down at hundreds of miles per hour, he has about as much chance of maneuvering and hitting the target as a drunken hummingbird has of attacking an eagle. The Baka bomb experiment at Okinawa was another flop. The English translation of "Baka" is "stupid."

THE END



quietly started to do. Propaganda by forced feeding, however, seldom produces the desired results, and although the genuine Kamikaze volunteer may complete his trip to glory, it isn't a safe bet that the drafted "volunteer" will give his all, emperor or no emperor. He may start that long last dive only to pull out just before crashing into his target.

That was the routine followed by one Kamikaze pilot in an attack on one of our ships some months ago. Seconds before his plane should have hit the deck, it suddenly leveled off and, clearing the ship's side, pancaked into the water alongside. The plane sank almost immediately, but the Jap pilot got clear and was fished out by the crew of the vessel he had intended to sink.

Standing on deck, his clothing dripping into puddles, he expostulated: "Hell—I joined the air force to fight and to die if I had to, but I'm not crazy enough to commit suicide. That's why I pulled out of my dive."

Such incidents indicate the "blossoms" fabled in the Kamikaze theme song are wilting on their cherry-tree branches. The breast-beating and back-slapping whoopedoo and ceremonial feasts incidental to the Kamikaze's departure a few months ago are also fading. Now in the rush to get Kamikaze pilots into the air and eventually into an unmarked watery grave, many of these morbid formalities are dispensed with or at least toned down.

Recently after a Divine Wind attack on one of our ships, the body of the pilot was extricated from the wreckage of his plane. The corpse wore no ceremonial robe, but twisted around his head turban fashion was a Rising Sun flag. Scrawled across the white

ful as that of any middle-school dormitory. When their families visit them, bringing homemade presents, this hotel serves as a last meeting place. During these meetings the heroes jestingly tell their kinfolk that an enemy aircraft carrier will be their 'fiancée' or that an enemy battleship will be their 'lover.'

Our military authorities consider the entire Kamikaze program just another manifestation that the Jap knows he is losing the war in the Pacific. They point out that the quality and quantity of enemy pilots are obviously down to barrel-scraping level. Our leaders realize—and the Japs must realize it sometime—that it is neither economical nor efficient to train a flier for a single mission on which he probably will lose both his plane and his life. The fallacy of this type of aerial warfare is accentuated by the increasing lag in Jap plane production which Radio Tokyo bemoans daily, but the enemy appears committed to continue it.

Koroso Harra, the Kamikaze supply chief and director of the Mitsubishi heavy industries, has announced that Japan's assembly lines are running overtime making wooden suicide planes. From now on, he said, Jap air activity would be mainly based on suicide tactics.

It would be silly to insist that the Japs have not caused more than minor damage to us through the Kamikazes. They have. We have lost ships and men and supplies. In the Philippines they have hit ships at night. Our blazing transports lighted up the skies early in the Leyte campaign. Japs have crash-dived bridge decks of warships, killing key personnel and damaging ships which had to be taken away for repairs.

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Young in Heart

Continued from page 21

"No, silly." May kicked out her legs. "If you did a little work, you'd be hot as me." "You've been all a-twitch since you got back from that funeral."

"Well," May said, closing her eyes—easier for confession: she and Phinney could wear the same shoes, but often the same thoughts did not fit so well. "Well, you know—I got sharp pangs, just thinking of what'll happen to that girl."

She hadn't wanted to tell him. Always he was scornful, or he asked too many questions, or he just sealed up, grumpily, which meant he was sore at her. A lifetime of crazy hustling, and now he had all the grand laziness a man could ask for. That was his idea of being retired, and he wanted her to share it with him, affirm his enjoyment of it.

"All right," Phinney said. He had listened. And he knew she had something more, there in her mind, back of her eyes, that she hadn't told him.

"Phin—let's take that girl."

"You're an old fool," he sighed. But he grinned. If not eager, he hid the main fact. He was puzzled. "Why don't you take up smoking or something—if you don't think you can fill up the odd moments."

"I hate odd moments."

"Are you just sorry for this kid?"

"I'm sorry for ourselves, Phin." He was giving in. "Now, of course, we wouldn't take her permanent—just until some kind of arrangements are made. I just can't stand cruelty. And the poor child's just the age to know what cruelty's like. It'll mark her, Phin, mark her the rest of her days."

"What'll the boys say?"

He meant Earnest and Willy—their boys. "They've cheated us out of grandchildren," said May, angrily. "Those two—and their prig wives!"

"Earnie's always slipping me a ten spot—" Phinney said.

"But that's for extras." May shook her head. "We never ask for it. No, it'll be Edith and Josephine who'll object. They'll wither up with jealousy—but they wouldn't have babies themselves. Oh, no! Edith's not well enough—kidneys bad, she says. And Josephine—well, I don't believe she can."

"It's not like you," Phinney said, "saying unkind things."

"I say what's true—that's why it sounds bad." May kicked off the quilt. She wasn't going to wait another minute. She wanted to see that child again. And Phinney did not yell at her. . . .

May had a long, hot walk down to Clarenceville. But she wanted to go alone and hadn't asked Mrs. Petrowski to drive her down. She spotted the Mee house easily enough, though she had never seen it before. It was a one-room, tar-roofed affair that had never been painted. Crinkled, worn blinds were drawn to the window sills. Like an old bird nest, the place was, thrown into a field. May knocked on the back door, saw the house was empty and walked around to the front.

Across the road stood the Ulgenmeyer place and the little girl sat on the front porch, minding her baby brother. The girl seemed to recognize her, for she smiled, slowly. It was a plain, pinched little face, spattered with freckles, the pink lips like a newborn colt's.

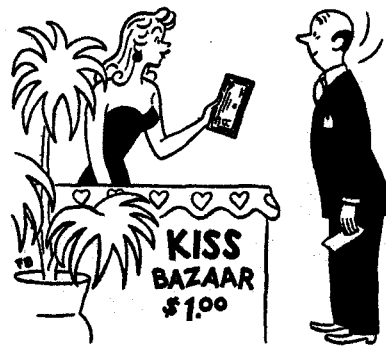
Mrs. Ulgenmeyer was a good soul, a woman May could talk to. May sat in a white painted chair in the sweltering kitchen and sipped a glass of thin lemonade.

"The boy—I'd be glad to keep him," Mrs. Ulgenmeyer told her, wistfully.

A flock of years between her and May. They talked about babies. Mrs. Ulgenmeyer had never had any. They talked about husbands. And Mrs. Ulgenmeyer became uneasy and excited.

"A man," May said, trenchantly, "never has any feeling for a kid until he gets used to it. I'm quite sure—if you just went on keeping the boy, keeping and keeping him—after a time your husband'd be crazy about him."

"It's the county nurse we'd have to talk to," said Mrs. Ulgenmeyer. "But we wouldn't be allowed to adopt—"



"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

"No, no," May said, impatiently. "Nobody's saying a word about adoption."

"And if the mother made any claim, we'd have to give them up."

"I have my doubts." May looked grim and victorious; "I'd fight, tooth and nail. I'd even go to court. It can be proved the woman's not a respectable person!"

The lemon seed slid to the bottom of May's emptied glass.

"I'd like to take her back with me—keep her tonight," May said.

Mrs. Ulgenmeyer nervously stood up, then sat down again. "She's a quiet thing. Would you—would you maybe ask her if she wants to go with you? She's been staring and staring at the house, not saying a word—and never a tear!"

"What'd you say her name was?" May asked. "Andrienne? That's pretty!"

Out in the dust of the road, May took the girl's hand.

"No," the child said, and it was then, and only then, that a suspicion of fright or grief winked in her calm blue eyes. "No, I can walk by myself."

And she would not let May carry her cardboard box of clothes.

ADRIENNE was too long a name for such a mite, Phinney said, and his resistance broke down before those grave blue eyes—sad, they were, and they troubled him. He pleased May by trying to make the child laugh. He was afraid she would never smile, even though she accepted him, the house and, with a quivering "Good night," the room next to theirs over the kitchen.

Phinney called her Andy. She called him Uncle Phin.

For May she had no name. There was a shape on her lips, a murmur in her throat, but never a sound. But it was May the girl followed about, almost in a dream, as if in wonder. Then she began to beg to help, sweet and eager to follow an order, delighting to be told things, frightened only of the old cold-eyed turkey cock in his pen, but excited to bring May the warm eggs from the chicken house, to have her arms loaded with garden stuff to carry into the kitchen. She wanted to go along into the back woods to help pick wild raspberries; she scratched her hands and fought mosquitoes without complaining.

Making the jelly was a day's fascination, and she asked questions about pectin-making from green apples, as if she were a scientist. May noticed she forgot nothing when told once. She liked to run fast. Had strong legs. And unlike May, as May soon discovered, submissive under her surprise, Andy was a born housekeeper, dusted, chased cobwebs—and lo! "loved" washing dishes.

Only one unusual thing happened their first week together: May jerked awake in the middle of the night, thought she heard a stifled cry through the wall. She rushed to the next room, found her in the big bed. The child held her tightly with thin, damp arms.

It was "Mummy! Mummy!" that May had heard her call.

"You were thinking of your mummy?" May whispered.

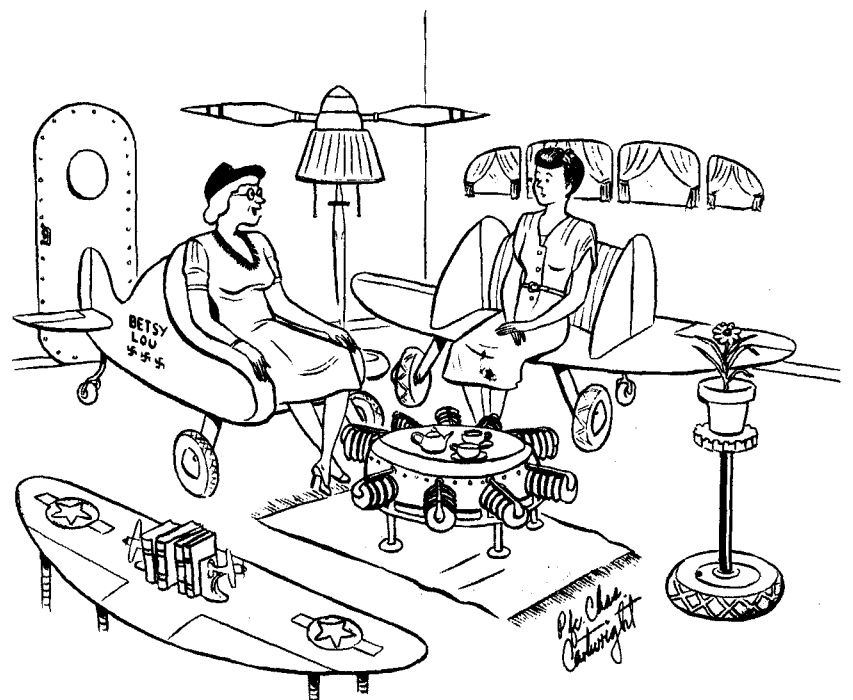
"No, no—it was you I called."

EVERY night after that, until she was a big girl, May went in and kissed Andy good night. And in daytime, as well as at night, May was Mummy to Andy.

Andy had so much to forget, May was always thinking, and she wondered if a child's forgetting was easy. But the years passed, and though Andy saw her old home frequently, she never pushed through the weeds to try its door or to try a peek through a window. No claims were made and eventually the house "went back" for taxes. Andrienne was sent down frequently to visit her brother at Mrs. Ulgenmeyer's, but never was a question asked, either about the house or her mother. And soon those first years of Andy's life seemed gone, as if they too were a poor, neglected little house, dragged off to an odd corner of a field.

There was only one bit of friction—it happened the first Sunday Earnest and Willie drove out with their wives. As was the custom, the two sedans were parked under the box elders in the drive.

Down the stairs May had thumped, the rips in the armholes of the Sunday dress still not sewed, her hair like a clipped turnip on her burnt brown head. Grim, May was, ready to sit through the "talk" they'd pretended to



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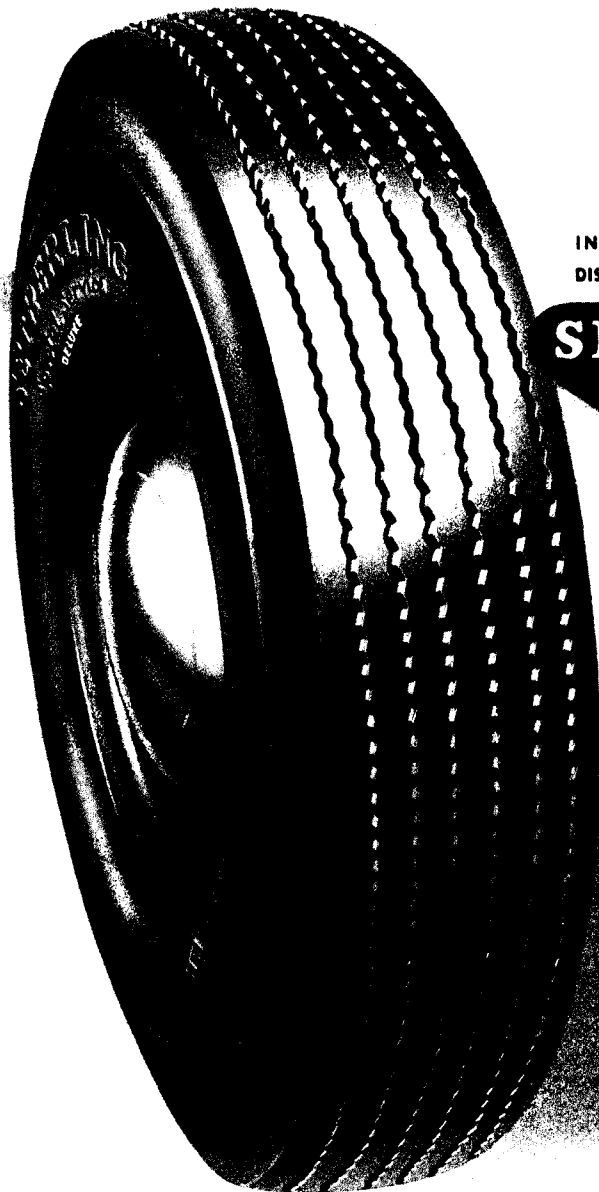
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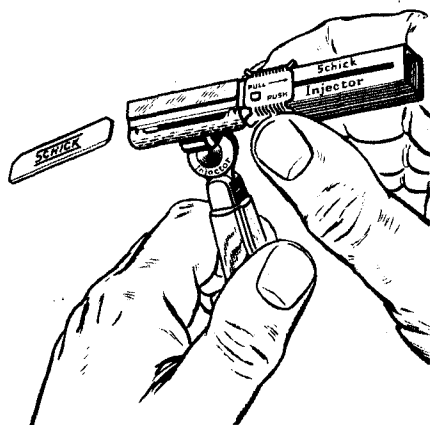
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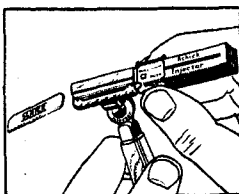
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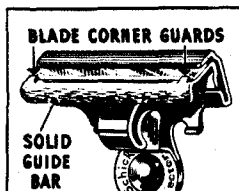
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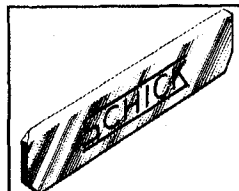
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come for. It was all they meant to her, that they'd come with her boys; after an hour or so, she'd do what for them made the waste of time and gasoline worth-while—bounce out into the garden and load up the cars with vegetables and fruit.

Andy served them big raisin cookies and grape juice. Then, with nothing more to do, sat off in a corner, quiet and attentive.

Edith and Josephine, all white silk and nail polish, sat on the living-room chairs, their skirts smoothed under them, and looked amused—"Well, will you look at what this fool mother-in-law of ours is up to now," they seemed to wink at each other. But May always knew she was something of a freak, the way Edith and Josephine came to the house, all dressed up, slapping her with little questions, cackling and chuckling as if at a circus.

"That your new maid, Mother?"
"Yes," May said, cheerily; as if embarrassed, she introduced her. "This is Andrienne. She's come to make a lady out of me, I guess."

It was Earnest, a successful lawyer, who asked May about Andy.

"But you won't have any claim on her—"
"I'm making no claims," May said, almost spitting. "I'll let matters take their course. But Andrienne chose to come with me. And if her mother comes back, what the child'll have to say will bear some weight, won't it?"

Earnest fussed. "I don't see why you and Pa can't seem to settle down and take life easy. You never let up working."

How could she argue with him, show him that what he called work meant life to her? That his dried-up Edith, a nervous hen at thirty-five, was past living, had never touched living with her fine, bare hand.

"It's human—and a youngster's got rights—has got to have schooling and fun—and love!"

"Aren't you satisfied to have raised one family?"

Oh, ho! So that was it. Jealousy, maybe. May stopped her sputtering and grinned.

"I keep thinking," she told Earnest, "everybody's a family—all of us. When you realize that, the young and old aren't strangers. There's nobody that doesn't, somehow, belong to somebody else—"

Which was, probably, a little too mystical for Earnest. He was a bit too self-centered, well-fed and contented behind his fat cigar.

It was Phinney who chuckled when the cars left the drive. "Earnie slipped me this," he showed May. "And this." It was an extra five. "For the girl," he said.

TEN years passed. May and Phinney were in their middle seventies. That was old. "How old is old?" May often asked Phinney when he complained of his joints and his back, asked her own back when it would not snap up quick from her crouch over the squash vines.

"Lord, Ma, I expect we're really old," Phinney said. But he laughed.

"Just your excuse for sleeping more, that's all," May cracked out at him. "You should talk, you! Andy does all the work. You just slump around, most of the time, like a hen with the pip, sleeping on your feet."

Their argument was gentle as a stream in midsummer. Argument and laughter. Above all, youth was always present, like the stout green stalk of a raspberry cane, bearing no fruit, but stronger and straighter than the withered, berry-weighted parent-cane, fruitfully and splendidly dying. None of them had been sick or troubled. It had been ten years of work, good food and fun.

Young people gathered around Andy so easily. Every summer they came, troops of young people. Croquet. A new tennis court some of the boys from the high school rolled out beyond the box elder drive. And in winter—baskets of Northern Spies brought up from the cellar house, endless poppers of corn, cider and doughnuts.

"We've turned the place into a damned country club!" Phinney sometimes growled. But he was still able to enjoy the summer-house in the heat, and the polite high school boys brought him more cigarettes than he could smoke.

Now Andy was eighteen. And pretty. Not the most brilliant in her graduation class, perhaps, but the wisest.

This present summer most of the boys who came to the house were in uniform, or were soon to leave. They had to have a last game of tennis with Andy. The house was always neat and spotless now, smelling of lemon oil polish, made cooler and brighter by slip covers and doilies that Andy liked to make. And flowers. Andy grew flowers as May did vegetables, in multitude.

Dawn was still May's getting-up time, but if the dew were unusually drenching she would wait a while before venturing out. Would, instead, watch the sunrise from the kitchen window.

This morning May heard a jingling of harness, the sound of heavy bottles of milk jouncing in the wagon. The Petrowski boy was turning out on the road, next door, starting delivery. He'd be at the back porch in two minutes; it was his first stop.

As she waited, May thought how July and August had tooted by like an express train—and here it was, the first of September. No more school for Andy. She had not taken the college preparatory course.

"What are your plans for her now?" Earnest had asked May and Phinney, just this last Sunday.

May was undisturbed. "We're going to keep her home for a change—and enjoy her!" May didn't like the idea of Andy's going into town, maybe finding a war job. Not this year—

Earnest hadn't mentioned it, but May knew

there, slightly taller than the tall Andy, his arms around her slim figure. He kissed her.

A ten-minute talk they had. May slipped back to the kitchen, and, gravely, sat down. Andy, when she came in, brought the two bottles of milk. She washed them carefully and put them in the icebox. Then she spoke.

"Jimmy Petrowski's delivered the milk for the last time," she said. "This afternoon he's taking the train to camp."

"Oh," May said, reaching to the top button of her nightgown. "So he's eighteen."

"Nineteen," Andrienne said.

May saw the sun through the window at last, the orange bright ball—a wet, wet, hushed morning.

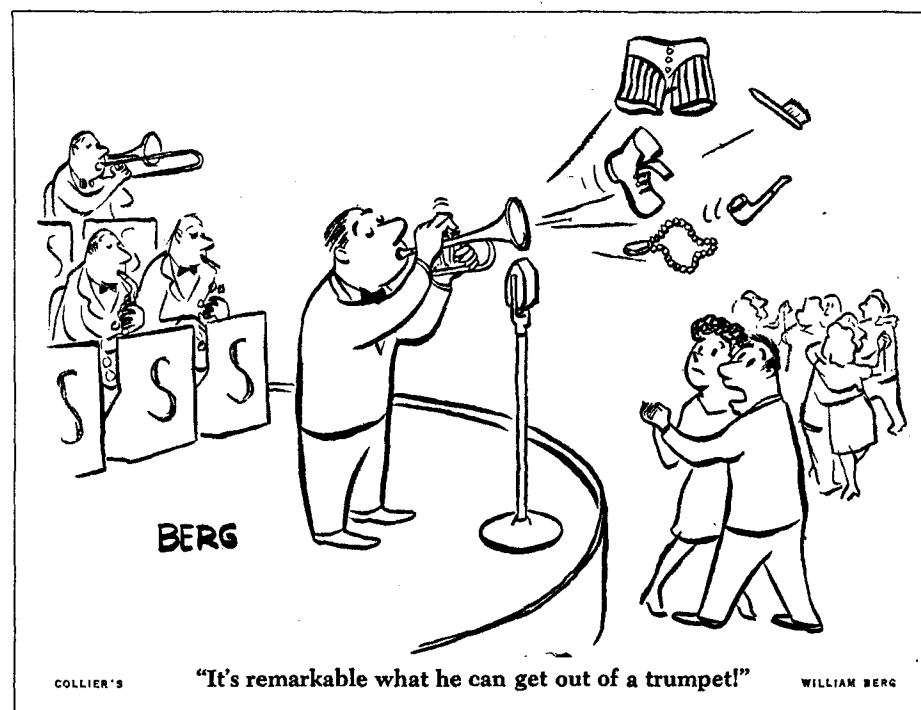
"Mummy," Andrienne said, "I want to marry him. We'll wait six months or so. But if Jimmy goes overseas, I want to marry him and go to stay with him, wherever he is."

"You'll marry him here," May said. The sun was brighter, brighter, now yellow, and the gray wet on the henhouse slid off in quick and heavy drops. "On his first furlough, we'll have a lovely wedding." There was only the tiniest lump in her throat.

"You knew all about it?"

"Mrs. Petrowski—she knows everything. She's been hinting for months."

IT TURNED warm in the afternoon. Under recent rains the grass had turned spring-green again. May brought the hoe with her into the summerhouse and laid it down on the



what he was thinking. "Now she'll be running out on you—get herself a husband."

May didn't like that "running out." That wouldn't be Andy's way of putting it. Even if she were a girl of solemn decision—had made her mind up to go that day from Mrs. Ulgenmeyer's, had stayed, had loved and served.

Overhead there were little quick sounds. Andy was getting up. It was early for her, but May had learned her movements—the scrape of slippers on the bare bedroom floor. Softly Andy came down the stairs. May heard the front screen open.

THIS was a change in pattern and May was curious. Carrying a cup of coffee with her, she peered down the hall, then went to look from the living-room windows. Not there. Not on the porch. Then May went out through the back door. She saw Andy had run through the slippery grass and was waiting for the milk wagon by the mailbox on the road.

The horse was not turned in. The milk wagon stopped and the Petrowski boy jumped down.

May was almost blinded by surprise—but it was not unpleasant; it was curious and moving and she felt a bit ashamed. It was something, perhaps, that she was not supposed to see, or know.

The Petrowski boy in his white duck uniform was a familiar figure—but he stood

floor. She groaned and coughed as Phinney impishly blew smoke into her face. She threw herself on the red felt pad on the old settee.

May told him about Andrienne.

"The Petrowski boy's a fine kid," was all Phinney managed to say.

He did not nap. He was restless, and finally he got up, picked the ripest grape he could find and popped it into his mouth. He saw that May lay flat, eyes open. He saw that she was smiling.

"Well, now, old lady, what now? What now?" He was gentle with her, but it had been a long time since his old hands had touched her. He thumped her on the chest, then patted her still round cheeks.

"Stop that," May said.

"Our baby's going—our girl'll soon be gone," Phinney said.

"But that's what it's all been for," she said, irritably.

"What are you talking about?"

She laughed. "Don't look so broken-hearted," she said. "This is what it's all meant—"

The hoe rattled on the floor, his foot having kicked it.

"Andy's the kind of girl," he said, "who'll have a family—kids—"

"Yes," May said. "Yes!"

Then she closed her eyes. Her old bones hummed in her tired arms and legs, and she knew she would have a lovely nap.

THE END

You wouldn't think it Possible!

It's something out of the ordinary —
that's what people say about Schlitz. Its freedom from bitterness, its smoothness and delicacy of flavor, make a magic combination for perfect enjoyment.



JUST
THE *kiss*
OF THE HOPS
...no bitterness



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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

If you've ever had a younger brother—or sister—this story will hit you between the eyes

MY BROTHER'S

Keeper

BY NORMAN KATKOV



I GOT the sweat shirt and the corduroys off the hook in the closet, thinking that it would be something if I had Honey to ride with me later in the day instead of going out on the solo jaunt I'd been taking for the last six months. There are two things I look forward to on my days off from the News: A big breakfast; and later in the day a long drive up Summit Avenue, then along the river to Fort Snelling, over the Mendota Bridge and out No. 218 toward Owatonna.

Working on a morning paper from six till two five days a week isn't conducive to good breakfasts and rides in the sun, so those two items were musts for me. When I woke around noon, the wind was trying to prove that the guy I'd paid to insulate the house for us was a liar. It was really blowing and, when I raised the shades, it looked like dawn: low skies the color of my sweat shirt and the trees genuflecting to the blow.

In the bathroom I had myself a long, warm, full tub, spending five minutes soaping myself and fifteen minutes soaking my twenty-nine-year-old bones. I felt good, see? The breakfast was there when I got to the kitchen, but Ma had dessert waiting for me, too. On her face. She looked the way she did the day the black limousine brought us home, and she knew finally Pa wouldn't be around and she'd have to sleep alone.

I drank the orange juice before I asked her. When I did, she leaned back against the sink and started to cry.

"What is it?" My spoon was making fox-holes in the oatmeal.

"Harry!" Just the one word, then she

started pulling the dish towel across her chest, the way I used to pull chest expanders.

I knew Harry was taking an obstetrics quiz at the university today. "What did he do?" I said, but I was afraid to hear it. I'd been listening as far back as I can remember, and doing things to square him around for that long. There are things you can do for a brother and things you do for your ma, and then, after a while, you reach the saturation point. I didn't care if Harry was the best medic they'd had in twenty years, and it was nothing to me if he'd been promised Mayo after his internship; I'd still have to pay for the bacon and eggs in this house.

Ma was still crying. I got up, took the towel from her hands and sat down in the chair with her on my lap. "Ma, tell me."

"He hit one of the teachers at the university. He came back about ten o'clock and left the books on the table"—she gestured toward the living room—"and ran out."

"Did you call Honey?" I'd never get accustomed to saying her name and thinking of her with Harry: dancing with him, kissing him—married to him. You get stuck just once in your life. Sometimes you pick the wrong girl, and sometimes you pick a bum, and sometimes you pick the right one and bring her home to introduce to your family and let your brother steal her away.

I wished then that he had slugged me instead. The darned fool had seven weeks to go for the M.D., and he had given Ma the seven hardest years of her life building up to it. I knew what a caper like that called for at school. The university was no better or

worse than any other state school: filled with guys who liked a soft, quiet life, and run by lobs who were great educators and probably whipped dogs when they were kids. Talking out of line could get you a year's suspension; slugging an instructor was worth your academic life.

"What do you think, Ken?"

"Ma, I'm through with him."

"Kenneth!" She started to say it normally, but her voice rose higher and higher until it was like the wind outside, beating against my head like that Minnesota breeze against the storm windows.

THE doorbell rang and I almost ran to the front door to get away from her. Honey was outside, pushing against the door, her polo coat as much protection against the wind as my promises were against Ma's crying. She was for me all right, that Honey. She had brown hair and combed it the way the debutantes did the year Brenda Frazier ran second to Hitler in the papers. She never wore a hat, and in a white silk blouse and skirt, her eyes big and blue and frightened, she reminded me of a marionette with Harry the puppeteer.

Inside she ran to Ma who had followed me into the living room and the two of them started a duet on me. I got them on the couch.

"There's no sense to this," I began. The hell there wasn't. When someone breaks your heart, you cry, and this kid was using a hammer and chisel on them.

"All right. All right. Wait," I said, my hands out like a basketball player's. "It hap-

"I presume you have another print, Mr. Kessler." Dr. Ferguson's face turned the color of his coat, but he was too smart to tear the picture

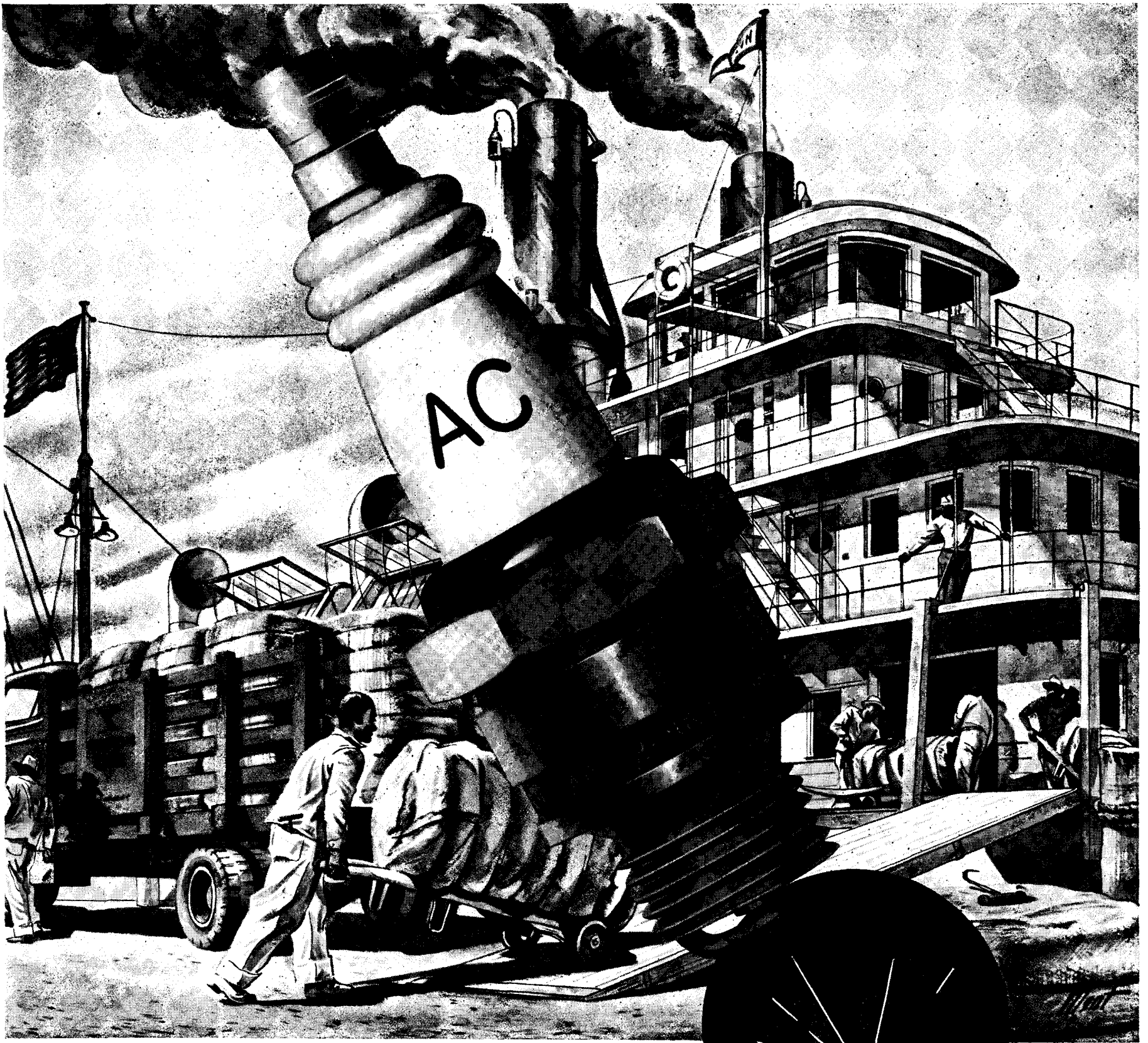
pened two hours ago. Let me think, look around, see where I am. We'll work something out."

They believed me, too; that was the payoff. I'll tell you why: While this kid had gone to school, I'd been a copy boy, paying the rent, and later the only college I had was the police station, and the only graduation I'd had was the day they gave me the raise and told me I could be police reporter as long as I wanted. I knew why I was going to try and get him out of this jam, too. One reason was Ma herself—the way she'd dreamed about this kid being a medic. The other reason was one she'd told me the other night: The kid belonged in a white jacket the way cranberries on the plate belong with turkey.

I went into the bedroom and got into a suit, shirt and tie. Then I called the university and learned who was teaching obstetrics. Harvey Ferguson. I'd heard of him. Lived in the Crocus Hill section and delivered those thousand-dollar babies to women whose families were lumber and flour and railroad in the Twin Cities.

When I came into the living room, Honey was smoking, and Ma was sitting holding the towel and trying to count the leaves on the elm in front of the house. I was putting a

(Continued on page 46)



CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Today's "Mississippi Mule" is the less picturesque but more reliable motor truck—speeding the cotton crop from plantation to cotton gin—from warehouse to freight yard or levee—from boat or train to textile mill. Two out of four of these trucks are equipped with AC Spark Plugs, specified by engineers and owners alike for utmost reliability. Thousands of them are kept efficient and reliable by the famous AC method of cleaning and regapping every 3,000 miles. You can enjoy equal spark plug satisfaction by following the same practice, replacing worn plugs promptly with AC's of correct Heat Range for today's fuels.

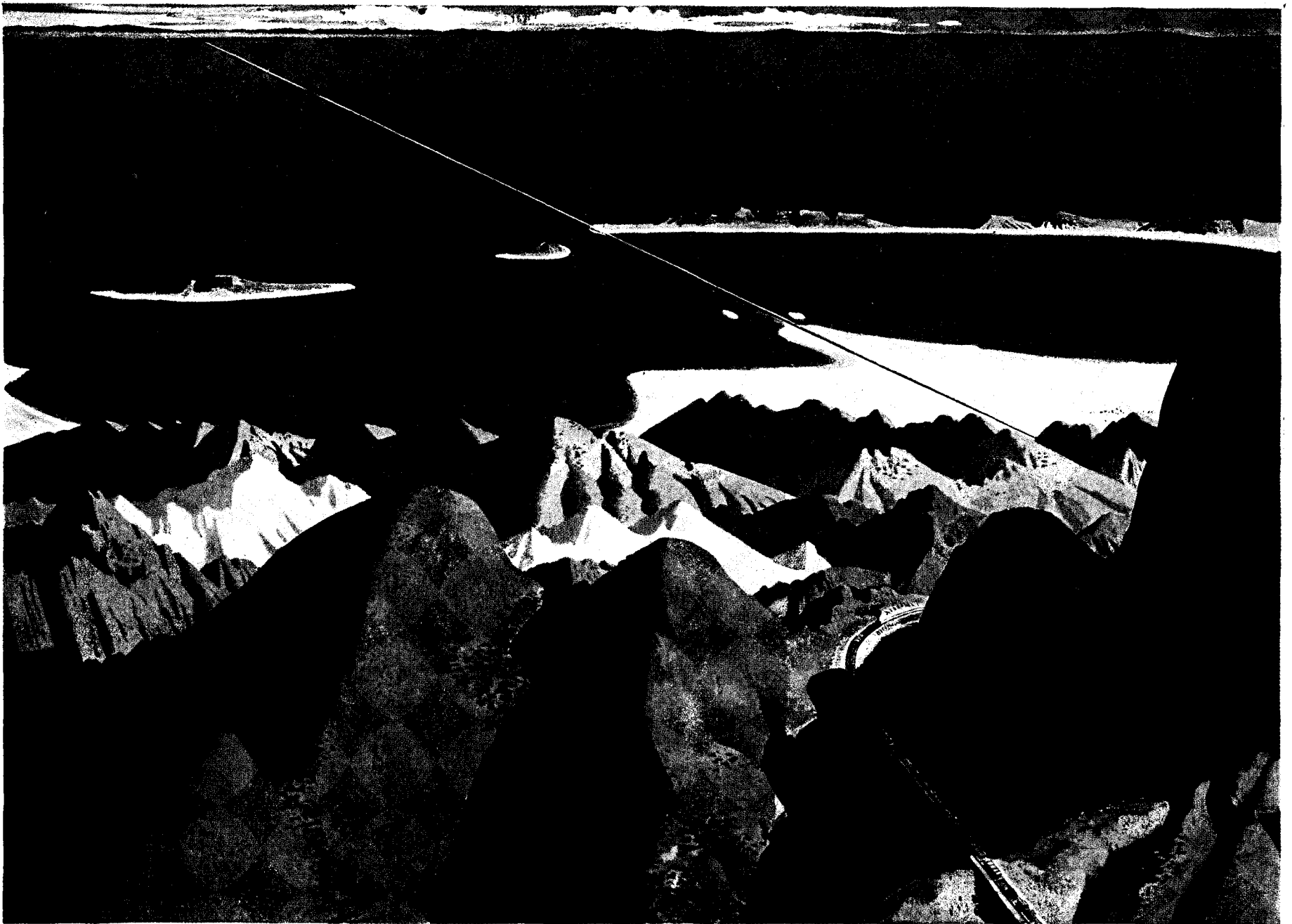
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SPARK PLUGS—have them cleaned regularly AIR CLEANER—have it rinsed when your car is lubricated FUEL PUMP—have it checked thoroughly at 35,000 miles OIL FILTER—have it checked when your car is lubricated DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—have them repaired promptly.

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WAR TRAINS "go to sea by rail" ***on Southern Pacific's Overland Route (DESTINATION TOKYO)***

Just west of Ogden, Utah, Southern Pacific's OVERLAND ROUTE leaves the land and heads boldly out to sea toward a distant shore—thirty miles away!

This is the spectacular Lucin Cut-off—a causeway across Great Salt Lake. Southern Pacific built it to save 44 miles. It was, and is, an engineering wonder of the world.

Great Salt Lake fought its conquerors with savage fury. Sudden storms tore away the pilings as fast as they were driven. In one place the builders had to dump 75,000 carloads of rock before they found firm bottom for the roadbed. But the job was done. It cost \$8,000,000.

Eight million dollars to save 44 miles!

America can be thankful now for the courage and vision of the men who built the Lucin Causeway. It is one reason why America's railroads were able, when war came, to do a transportation job which would have seemed impossible before Pearl Harbor.

* * * *

After the war is over, we hope you'll come West

on Southern Pacific's historic OVERLAND ROUTE. You'll ride the swift streamliner *City of San Francisco*, the famous *Overland Limited*, the *San Francisco Challenger* or the *Pacific Limited*. You'll "go to sea by rail" across Great Salt Lake, climb the High Sierra near mile-high Lake Tahoe, and glide down through the mining towns the Forty-Niners built, to San Francisco.

But that must wait. Southern Pacific trains are war trains now.

Our 100,000 men and women know that Southern Pacific serves the main West Coast ports of embarkation from San Diego to Portland, and more military and naval establishments than any other railroad. Night and day they are pushing the war trains through . . .

On our SUNSET ROUTE from New Orleans through the Old South and Texas; on our GOLDEN STATE ROUTE through El Paso and Southern Arizona; on our SHASTA ROUTE down through the evergreen Pacific Northwest, past mighty Mt. Shasta and Shasta Dam; and on our OVERLAND ROUTE, as we have told you here . . .

Night and day we will roll the war trains through until the enemy is defeated.



S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

Headquarters: 65 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California

Spanish Spaghetti

Continued from page 13

She wore a perfectly plain gray flannel suit and her brown hair was smooth and clubbed into a net at the back. Far from simpering, her face wore no expression whatsoever that Miss Addie could discern.

"This," said Joe, "is Mary Clay," as one would say, "This is the Koh-i-noor diamond."

Miss Addie said, "Hello, Mary Clay. I'm glad to meet you."

Mary Clay extended her hand in a neat, economical movement. For a split second, something flashed in one smooth cheek. Mary Clay, it seemed, was smiling.

Kemper greeted Joe with enthusiasm. When he had finished, Mary Clay touched Joe's arm. "Let's get Pupsie," she said. Her voice was faint and flat and uninflected.

They went to the baggage car. Pupsie was a half-grown hound, sleek and mournful. At her first sight of Kemper, she looked as if she were about to faint. Kemper assumed the air of one who is not aware there is another dog in the vicinity. Mary Clay bent and murmured something into Pupsie's ear, and Pupsie recovered sufficiently to lick Mary Clay's face in a thoroughgoing way.

In the car, Joe and Miss Addie pointed out items of interest. Mary Clay held Pupsie on her lap and smoked a cigarette. Following directions, she looked out of one window, then the other. Once she said, "Oh, my," and another time, "Think of that!"

When the car drove up to the house, she leaned forward. "Why, Joe," she murmured, "it's nice."

Joe said eagerly, "Do you like it, baby?" "Sure do," she said. "I always wanted to live in a house like this."

You did, did you, said Miss Addie to herself.

They got out of the car. Mary Clay turned to Miss Addie. "It's got an upstairs," she explained, in her faint, flat voice. "Lots of the houses down home don't have upstairses."

Joe laughed suddenly and swooped down and picked up Mary Clay. As he carried her up the steps, she put her arm around his neck and looked into his eyes.

"Joe Blow," she murmured. "My old sweet Joe Blow." The dimple came into her cheek and stayed here. Joe's face got a limp look, as if it might come apart.

"Dinner," said Miss Addie, shuddering slightly, "will be at seven."

AT DINNER, Joe told about the wedding. "The old lady finally consented to come," he said. "And then she sat there with the tears running down her cheeks."

"Didn't your mother want you to marry Joe?" Miss Addie asked Mary Clay.

"She kept telling Mary Clay I was too old," Joe explained.

"Oh," said Miss Addie.

Mary Clay took a sip of coffee and a puff from her cigarette. She gazed at Joe over the smoke. "I like a man knows how to treat a girl," she said finally. "A young fellow figures you to wait on him hand and foot."

"Joe has excellent manners," Miss Addie agreed. "In fact, he's not such a bad all-around guy. Oh, he might need to be pepped up once in a while. Put a little ginger in him."

Mary Clay yawned. "Excuse me," she murmured. "Seems like this air makes me drowsy. . . . Pep Joe?" She turned her unwinking gray eyes on Miss Addie. "Joe suits me like he is. I never had any use for a big-mouth man."

Joe roared. "Get it, Addie? How's that? I suit the kid just as I am."

Miss Addie laughed with him. But Mary Clay just knocked the ash from her cigarette and took another sip of coffee.

It was as if, Miss Addie decided a few days later, one had braced oneself to meet a tornado, only to find that the wind has died down entirely. Mary Clay was, for anyone to see, no part of a schemer; it was fantastic to picture her trying to take over the lives of two people so much older, smarter and more experienced than she as were her husband and sister-in-law. One could as easily impute such an objective to Pupsie, who had, by the way, been under the piano, in complete silence, most of the time since arriving.

Life was, in fact, very much the same as it had been before Joe went away. In the daytime, Joe at the office, Miss Addie was busy with the house and garden and her volunteer war activities. Mary Clay spent most of her day in their room or lying by the goldfish pond in the garden. At breakfast, and in the evening when friends dropped in, she sat and smoked, joining rarely in the conversation. She came as near as possible, Miss Addie mused, to being not there at all.

But now and then she unobtrusively performed small chores, drying glasses or raking the lawn. Miss Addie, who had judged Mary Clay unfairly before even seeing her, knew that she must be fair now.

"Mary Clay," she said, "would you like to take over some of the jobs? As a regular thing, I mean. Help run the house?"

She was sitting at her desk by the living-room window, her marketing lists before her.

Mary Clay, in shorts and sweater, was passing through on the way to the yard. She paused. "Run the house," she murmured hesitantly.

"Exactly. We'd divide up, sort of operate on a partnership basis. After all, this is your home, you know."

Mary Clay took a quick breath. The dimple flashed in one narrow cheek. "Sure would," she said, and her faint little voice sounded actually animated. "Always figured I'd get a kick out of foolin' around my—my own house."

"Then I'll type out my schedule," Miss Addie said briskly. "With the servant situation what it is, I'm getting along with a cleaning woman one day a week, the gardener half a day, and only the flat work to the laundry; the way they do Joe's shirts is a caution." She paused.

Mary Clay was looking around the living

room as if she'd never seen it before. "It's mighty fine," she murmured.

After a moment Miss Addie continued patiently, "We wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday. Vacuum every other day, and the bulk of the marketing Friday."

Mary Clay, with an obvious effort, brought her attention to Miss Addie's words. "Think of that," she murmured. "Fixin' out the week." She hesitated, a ripple of inquiry touched her features. "Miss Addie," she said, "is every week the same?"

"The same what?"

"Do you ever take a notion you'll market Monday and wash Tuesday?"

Miss Addie looked at her sharply. The narrow features were as blank, the gray eyes as level as they had ever been. She braced herself. Inevitably it would be necessary to shape Mary Clay, and face in the process a certain amount of disorganization, but doing one's duty frequently involved the distasteful. She sat slightly more erect.

"There's a right way," she said pleasantly, "and several wrong ones, for everything to be done about a house. If you know the right one, it's plain crazy to stumble around with the others."

But Mary Clay, it seemed, had already lost interest. "Sure is," she agreed vaguely. "What's today—Tuesday or Wednesday?"

Miss Addie sighed. "Thursday," she said. "I keep the vacuum cleaner in the hall closet. The little round brush is for the upholstery."

AND then Mary Clay fooled Miss Addie again. For it turned out that Mary Clay, while slow, was competent enough, and she was manifestly and rather appealingly proud of her accomplishments.

"I rooted up bulbs today, Joe," she would announce. "They had whiskers." Or, "I did up the breakfast-room glass curtains."

Miss Addie pointed out, scrupulously politely, anything that wasn't right. "A bit more starch next time, Mary Clay." Or "Watch the wing chair in the sun. That chintz fades—the wretched stuff."

Joe grinning and leaning back in his chair, assumed a sultanlike sloth. "There's nothing better than having a woman slaving over your comfort," he pronounced, "unless it's two of 'em."

Mary Clay would gaze at him in that way

she had and say, "Joe Blow," in the flat, faint voice. "My old sweet Joe Blow."

The situation, Miss Addie realized, was working out far better than she'd have believed possible.

And then, in all good will, she made her mistake. One day she saw Mary Clay reading a cookbook, and it seemed that there was a hint of wistfulness in her air. "Mary Clay," she said on an impulse, "would you like to get the dinner tomorrow night? All of it?"

Mary Clay put the book on the table, turned slowly. "All?" she said, as if unbelieving. "You mean—whatever I want? By myself?"

Miss Addie, who naturally had not had in mind any such sweeping arrangement, saw that it would be ungracious to back down. "By yourself," she said. After a brief inner struggle, she added, "I won't even come into the kitchen."

Mary Clay lifted her head slowly. "Sure would," she said, on a deep long breath.

"Right," said Miss Addie. "Go ahead."

The next day was Saturday. Mary Clay and Joe went to market immediately after his return from the city. They were gone several hours, arriving finally in a mildly hilarious mood.

"We went to a cocktail lounge," Mary Clay explained with a giggle. "I always feel scampy, drinkin' in the afternoon."

She went back to the kitchen. Joe kept going in to help her and was ejected with laughter and scuffles. It occurred to Miss Addie not very originally, that men never did entirely grow up.

A few minutes after eight, Joe came into the living room and informed Miss Addie, ceremoniously, that dinner was ready.

Miss Addie sat down and spread out her napkin. "I'm starving," she announced cheerfully. "I can hardly wait to see what we're having."

Mary Clay came in from the kitchen. Her face was flushed and her hair slightly ruffled. She carried a large covered bowl. "It's a recipe from down home," she said somewhat breathlessly. "I surely hope you all like it."

She took the cover off the bowl, revealing that whatever was in it was bathed in a mysterious-looking sauce. "Spanish spaghetti," she explained. "Different from Italian."

Miss Addie helped herself with as much enthusiasm as she could summon. But the first taste revealed that it was very highly seasoned. The basic ingredient, possibly from long cooking, remained anonymous.

There was, to clinch digestive disturbance, an imitation Italian grated cheese, a salad made of fruits suspended in a sweetish gelatin, and a red wine which, for some unfathomable reason, had been iced drastically.

Miss Addie squared away and ate as much as she could. Joe ate even more. Miss Addie watched his face redden as he did so.

Mary Clay ambled back and forth, pouring wine and bringing fresh supplies of heated and buttered sour-dough loaf. The meal was rounded off with something Mary Clay, dimple flashing, described as "buckaroo" coffee, and which, if spilled on the table, would probably have removed a layer of wood.

Joe sat back. "That was swell, Mary Clay. Wonderful."

Miss Addie cleared her throat. "Delicious."

Mary Clay looked down. A wave of pink washed over her face and neck. "Surely am glad you enjoyed it," she murmured, and there was a slight, unmistakable quiver in her voice.

THE next morning, near the end of the leisurely Sunday breakfast, Miss Addie turned to Joe. "Well, Joe," she said in a light tactful manner, "how are you feeling?"

He looked up from the paper. "Why, fine. I feel fine."

Mary Clay was drinking coffee and smoking and gazing into space. Miss Addie said, a little more loudly, "I wondered if you'd had any of your old trouble." She turned to Mary Clay. "This brother of mine has to pamper his interior. It's liable to turn around and bite him."

Mary Clay said "Oh," and fed Pupsie a bite of buttered toast.

Joe said again, impatiently, "I feel fine."

Mary Clay murmured something to the effect that it seemed like what a person craved

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"Japan now in position to make short jab in almost any direction and hit Americans"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for June 9, 1945

37



"SA-A-Y! YOU'VE GOT A NERVE!"

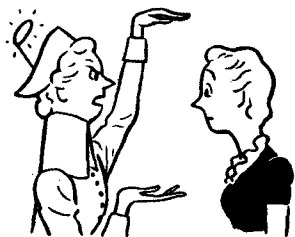
War Conscience: Listen, sleepy, I need nerve in my business. I'm your Wartime Conscience, and it's m'job to keep you on your toes!

Woman: Why—what've I...?

War Conscience: Just this. You're dozing when you ought to be writing to your soldier overseas.

Woman: Are you insinuating that I don't write him? Because I do! I send him a l-o-n-g letter every week. W-e-l-l, every other week.

War Conscience: Exactly! Every other week... when you should be sending him a brief, bright V-mail every DAY! That



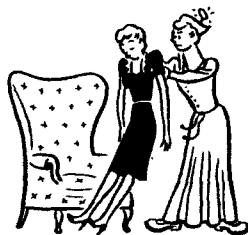
would cheer him up 60 times more than long-winded, less frequent letters.

Woman: V-mail? Every day?

War Conscience: Yes, Glamour, V-mail because it's surer and reaches him faster. And every day, because he's starved for all the day-by-day details of life at home. That's why he wants lots of letters, rather than a few long letters.

Woman: Gee, I should've realized. But I'll have to start tomorrow. I couldn't pos-

sibly be bright and shining today, after pacing the broadloom all night—just because I had coffee for dinner last evening.



War Conscience: Oh-Ho—so coffee keeps you up nights? Ever heard of Sanka Coffee?

Woman: What's so different about Sanka Coffee? It's still coffee, isn't it?



War Conscience: You bet your soldier's next furlough it is! Wonderful tasting coffee—the tops de la tops for flavor and aroma. But—and revolve this under your new hairdo—97% of the caffeine's been removed. It can't keep you awake! One week of drinking Sanka Coffee and getting your sleep—and you'll be my first assistant in charge of V-Mail.

SANKA COFFEE
97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP
A product of General Foods

MUSIC! LAUGHS! DRAMA!
TUNE IN THE
New Kate Smith Hour
SUNDAY, 7 P.M. E.W.T.
CBS Network

and enjoyed was pretty near always good for them.

Miss Addie set her jaw, forcing down a feeling of frustration. "But, undoubtedly true," she said pleasantly, "if we had remained in our savage state. Unfortunately, civilization seems to mislead us here and there—to cultivate likes and desires that do us actual harm."

After a moment: "There was some savages at the Chicago World's Fair," Mary Clay contributed. "When I was a kid."

Miss Addie got up from the table. "Joe can't eat highly seasoned food, Mary Clay," she said abruptly. "If you insist on feeding it to him, you'll make him sick."

Joe said, "Skip it, Addie," and looked acutely uncomfortable.

Miss Addie was already wishing she'd used a more fortunate choice of words. Mary Clay looked up for a moment into Miss Addie's face, her own gray unwinking gaze as blank as it had ever been. Then she looked at Joe, and Miss Addie got an absurd notion that the narrow little face was for a moment almost hard.

Which she saw at once had been an illusion, for all that Mary Clay said was, "Gimme a light, honey," and leaned forward for Joe to light her cigarette.

The incident was not referred to afterward. Everything was, outwardly, as it had been before.

But as the days passed, a change, gradual but unmistakable, appeared in Mary Clay. In the first place, she took to napping, instead of a quick forty winks after lunch, most of the afternoon, although she wasn't always asleep. Often, Miss Addie noted, she'd just lie, gazing at the ceiling.

She continued with all the duties Miss Addie had previously delegated to her, but she didn't do them quite as well. Little things, like peeling great thick slabs off the potatoes, or chipping one of the good plates, or leaving a rectangle of dust under the highboy. Little things, but if Miss Addie mentioned them to her, although she'd nod and murmur some kind of response, Miss Addie got the curious feeling that Mary Clay hadn't heard a word she'd been told.

One day Miss Addie, collecting towels for the laundry, went into the bathroom connected with Joe's and Mary Clay's room. There was considerable disorder. Miss Addie frowned; surely by ten o'clock in the morning, Mary Clay could have tidied the bathroom.

THE next morning, at ten-thirty, Miss Addie found herself again by the bathroom's closed door. After a moment's hesitation, she opened it and looked in. This time, it was worse.

The tops were off various jars and tubes, there were splotches here and there of the make-up Mary Clay used on her legs in place of stockings. A small black brush, presumably used to apply mascara, lay in a gray puddle. There were on the floor a brassière, a pair of panties and a hairbrush, all tumbled together with a rumpled bathmat. Here and there on the washstand and the bottom of the tub, bobby pins had rusted, leaving ugly little stains.

This was what Joe was coming home to evenings. Miss Addie fell to and cleaned it up. Thereafter, as far as Miss Addie could tell, Mary Clay never cleaned the bathroom at all. She even managed to add items to the hodgepodge. Shoes and hair ribbons and slips, nightgowns and even outer garments would droop from a towel rack or be jumbled onto the floor. Two or three times a week, Miss Addie cleaned away the mess, while Mary Clay drowsed by the fish pond.

Throughout all this, Mary Clay was unfailingly pleasant, and apparently unaware of her own shortcomings. She still told Joe, at dinner, of her activities during the day. "I dusted the books on the hall shelves, Joe," she would say, and Miss Addie would muse grimly on the fact that a good fourth of them had been put back upside down.

It was a kind of stalemate. The washing machine brought the situation to a head.

Before the servantless days, Miss Addie had taken only the mild academic interest of the good housekeeper in the washing machine. Now servantless, well-nigh laundry-



"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

less, she had come to love and depend upon it with a positive fervor.

Mary Clay, although she admired it, had had some trouble with it. The first time, she'd pumped water out onto the basement floor. On another occasion, she'd uncovered the whirling container before it stopped whirling, and clothes had been flung, in a centrifugal shower, around the room. Irritating—true, but not irretrievably harmful.

BUT one day, while Mary Clay was laundering Joe's shirts and underwear, Miss Addie, upstairs, heard a loud, terrifying noise. It was a tortured grinding note, punctuated by shrill high shrieks. She flung herself down the cellar steps, rushed into the laundry room.

Mary Clay was leaning against one of the stationary tubs, smoking a cigarette. Aside from the fact that she was soaking wet, she looked calm, peaceful, even virtuous. She looked on with an air of detachment while Miss Addie ran over to the tub and yanked the plug from the wall.

Then: "Wasn't it doin' right?" she inquired politely.

Miss Addie closed her eyes, opened them slowly. "It didn't sound quite normal," she said at last. "I expect I'd better look at the inside business."

She took a screwdriver from the tool rack, removed the central rotating mechanism—revealing several bobby pins, twisted and bent, no longer useful for the purpose for which they were intended, but still unmistakably bobby pins. The screw connection would have to be rethreaded. A procedure which would stretch out into weeks, possibly months.

This was the end. Mary Clay would simply have to stop doing housework. It was just a whole lot too much more trouble than it was worth.

Mary Clay had been watching Miss Addie with an air of mild interest. "My," she said now, "you surely do know a lot. Takin' it right to pieces like that."

"It's not difficult," Miss Addie said wearily. "You just hang out the things that are ready. I'll finish the others by hand."

Mary Clay picked up the basket and skipped up the basement stairs.

Miss Addie slowly straightened up—and slowly stiffened. There had been, in Mary Clay's flat little voice, a new note—an oily note. Her admiring words were a shade too admiring.

Wily and devious, achieving her ends with deadly efficiency, under a cloak of flattery. A lazy Southerner, getting out of work by manipulating someone else into doing it!

Miss Addie felt fury sweep her. How near Mary Clay had come to putting it over! Why, Miss Addie had been on the verge, the very brink of suggesting, with tact, for a horse-laugh, that Mary Clay leave all the housework to her sister-in-law.

The word "sap" crossed Miss Addie's mind, followed by the word "sucker."

Very well. Joe could pamper—slave, if he liked. But in Joe's sister, Mary Clay had a tougher adversary. I'll fix her, Miss Addie promised herself. Good-for-nothing little sloven, cheap little scheming double-crosser....

She caught her thoughts up sharply. There was nothing to be gained by getting into a lather. She must be polite to Joe's wife, even kind. But implacably, unshakably firm. . . .

Mary Clay cut off a bit of meat. "Lovely roast," she said. "Sure do enjoy a nice piece of beef."

"Rare, too," Joe agreed. "Addie's some cook."

FOR a moment, compunction held Miss Addie's words—but only for a moment. She said, smiling sweetly, "Well, kids, I have something to tell you. I'm leaving, if my reservations come through, on Wednesday's streamliner. Sally Norris wants me to come to Phoenix to spend the winter. I'll get the jump on my sinus."

Joe's mouth opened and hung that way. "Why, Addie. Isn't this rather sudden?"

It was. Sally Norris was an old-time school friend. Her last letter had contained a sincere but not particularly hopeful invitation. Miss Addie had received, a half-hour previous, the prompt response to her own telegram.

She said now: "I guess I've been in a rut, the way I keep sticking around here. Now you've got a wife to look after you, seems as if it were time I stirred myself."

"A rut," Joe repeated dazedly. "Well—I guess you have."

Miss Addie stole a glance at Mary Clay. She was quietly chewing roast beef. After she swallowed, she said: "Arizona's a real nice state. Pret' near as nice as Texas."

Again Miss Addie was near to faltering. For the hundredth time she searched her own motives. And then for the hundredth time, she renewed her decision. She was not leaving just to get out from under, or from an extension of a childish they'll-be-sorry-when-I'm-gone motive.

Joe was married to Mary Clay—indolent, worthless, self-centered Mary Clay. Joe would have to decide for himself whether or not a faint voice saying something fond, a flash of a dimple, an admiring presence, compensated for his home life in a turmoil. It was possible Mary Clay would grow to a responsible maturity; it was also possible she wouldn't, that the marriage itself would be wrecked.

It was out of Miss Addie's hands. Joe had made his bed, he'd have to lie in it. (A future bed would probably be made by Joe, for that matter.)

"You've got a wife to look after you," she said again. And Heaven help you while she's doing it, she added in her mind. . . .

They stood in a row, seeing her off. Mary Clay and Joe, holding hands, flanked on either side by Kemper and Pupsie. Miss Addie kissed Joe, patted Mary Clay's cheek, smoothed the two canine heads. She got on the train and settled herself in her seat.

She was a little tired. Besides her own packing, there had been a good deal, it seemed, to be done around the house, plus the mass of written instructions she'd conscientiously prepared. Mary Clay had, incidentally, upon receiving them, turned them this way and that, rather as if she were trying to decide which were the bottoms of the pages and which the tops and sides.

But Miss Addie was content. She had done right. Kill or cure, sink or swim, Joe and Mary Clay would have to take it from here. It would have misled Mary Clay, hopelessly confused her outlook on life, if she'd been permitted, by craft, to win such a victory. She'd have to learn that one didn't hold a marriage together simply by staring at goldfish and dropping bobby pins all over creation.

Miss Addie picked up one of her magazines. Then she put it down slowly. There was a queer little incident, actually a trifle, but it was puzzling her.

THEY had been standing on the station platform, the three of them. The baggage-man had approached, asked her a question about her checks. She had gone with him to the baggage room and, returning, had seen Mary Clay, hands on Joe's lapels, looking up at him, the dimple deep in her cheek.

"Joe Blow," she was saying, and there was a warmth in the faint voice, "my old sweet Joe Blow. Know what we're goin' to have for supper tonight? Spanish spaghetti!"

She had turned quickly then, hearing Miss Addie's approach. The dimple had disappeared, and her eyes had steadied to their customary unwinking stare. Then: "Here comes the old train," she had said more loudly than she usually spoke, and had, in what was a strangely evasive, even apprehensive manner, dropped her eyes from Miss Addie's.

I wonder, mused Addie. I wonder. She picked up her magazine, settled back to enjoy her trip. It could mean of course, nothing whatever. . . . One heard that there was golf in Phoenix the year around; it was going to be pleasant to give golf a real whirl again.

And then, to the rumble of the wheels, Miss Addie began to laugh.

THE END

"HOW BIG IS YOUR PIGGY-BANK, POP?"



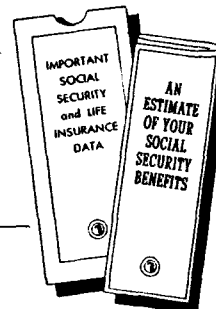
Yes, Dad, stop for just a moment and think about your own "piggy-bank." Like every father, you are trying to fill one so you and your family can face the future with financial security. The home you're buying . . . the War Bonds you hold . . . your life insurance . . . your savings account . . . they're all going into your piggy-bank. Yes, your Social Security payments, too.

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Beads...



Flippers...

...how much do you know abo

Maybe you didn't realize that an automobile tire has such things as "beads" and "flippers."

It has—and a lot of other parts too. And over at the right you'll find an explanation of what some of these parts are, what they do, and how the Goodyear way of making them means extra miles to Goodyear users.

As a matter of fact, a tire is a mighty complex unit. You need more than 100 different materials to make a tire—in addition to the rubber.

Producing a finished tire from these materials is a long, difficult, and complicated process. And there's a lot more to that process than just a line of fellows operating the controls of clever machines. Few things you buy require so much human skill and experience in the making as tires.

That's why, even if all tires were made with exactly the same number and kind of materials, there'd be a difference in tires.

That's why there **IS** a difference in tires.

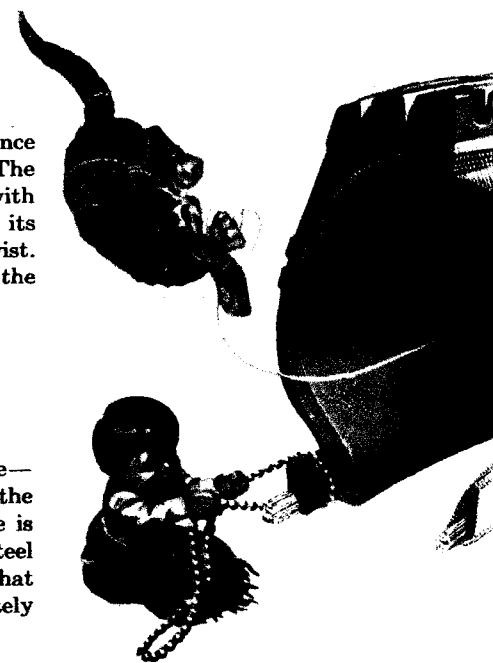
Behind every Goodyear tire on the road today is the *extra* skill and experience gained in making not just more tires, but millions and millions more than any other manufacturer.

That's why Goodyears are different—why Goodyears have consistently given more and safer mileage than any other tire on earth.

We believe you've recognized that difference. Otherwise, it wouldn't be true again this year—as it was last year and *every* year for the past 30—that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind."

The "Cord" in a tire can make a difference of thousands of miles in that tire's life. The cords must yield and recover instantly with every flexing of the tire. Goodyear makes its own cord—low-stretch, patented Supertwist. We believe it's the finest cotton tire cord in the world, bar none!

The "Bead" is the foundation of the tire—the rigid base that grips the rim and locks the tire in place. The bead of a Goodyear tire is low-set, solid, reinforced with flat, tough steel wire "cables"—a Goodyear development that banishes rim-cutting and chafing and definitely means longer life and mileage.

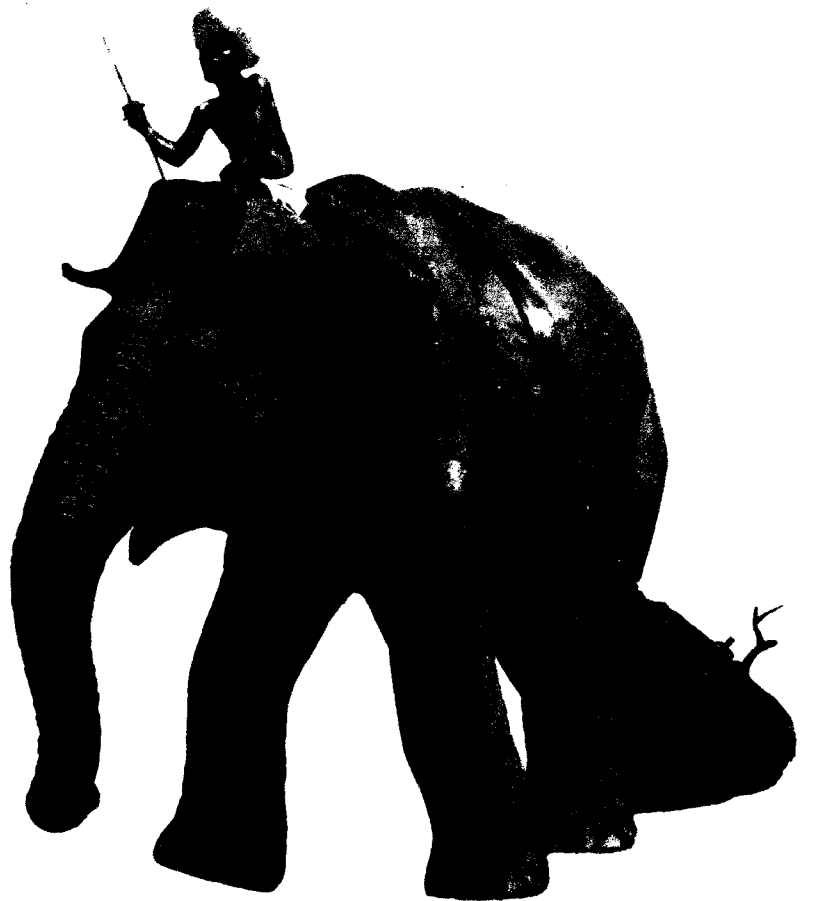


GOOD,

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR

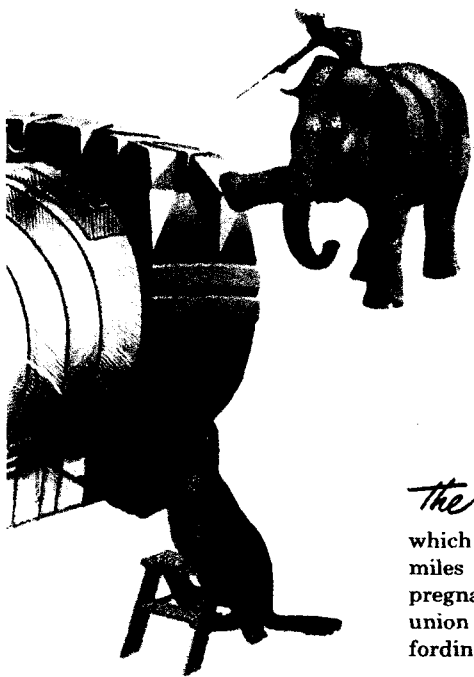


Cords...



Treads...

t the ones in your garage?



The "Tread" on a Goodyear is made of extra-tough rubber molded under pressure. The number of tread designs tried by different makers must run into the thousands. None, we believe, has equalled Goodyear's for cool running, traction, nonskidding, and long wear. The All-Weather diamond tread has been basically unchanged — and unsurpassed — for 37 years.

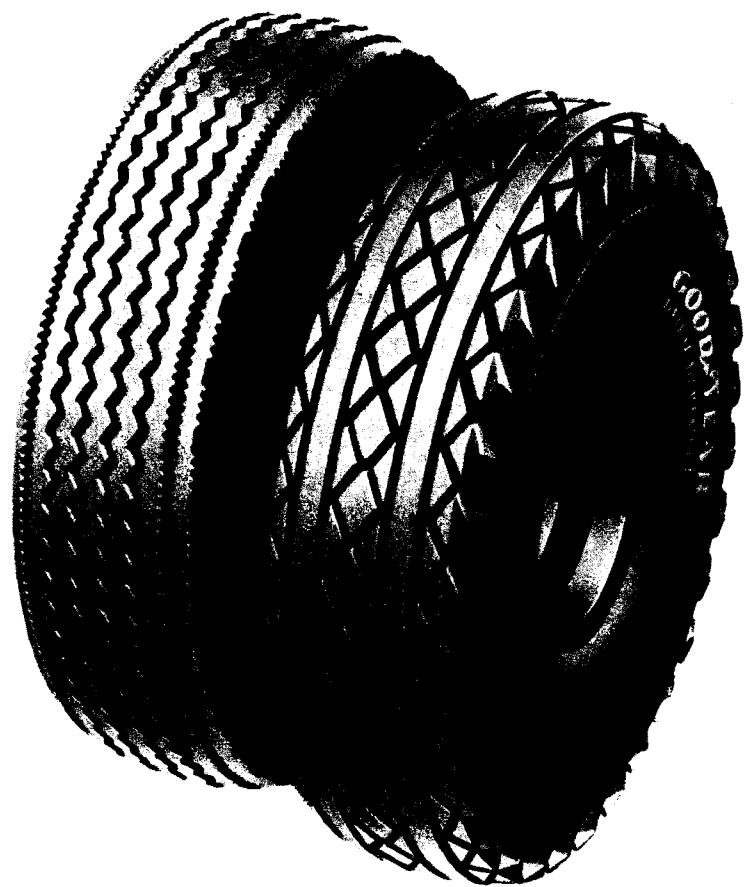
The "Flipper" is another Goodyear idea which has meant a lot of extra, trouble-free miles to Goodyear owners. It's a rubber-impregnated strip of fabric which makes a better union between the bead and the sidewall—affording added protection against inside breaks.

GOODYEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

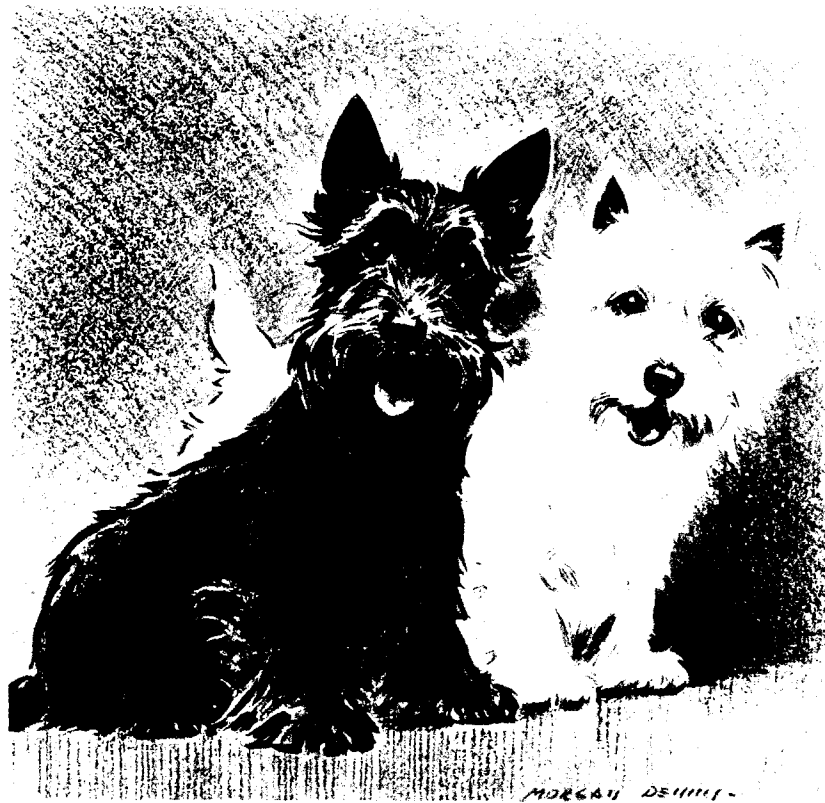
Two versions of the world's finest tire:

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All-Weather, Supertwist—T.M.'s. The Goodyear T. & R. Co.

Very Encouraging!



Blackie: "The news is encouraging, Whitey—but I'm waiting for a definite sign that normal times are returning."

Whitey: "You'll have that when there's a more plentiful supply of all good things."

Naturally, it will be some time before a full-scale return of BLACK & WHITE is possible—because this famous Scotch cannot be made in a hurry. Meanwhile, we are doing everything within our power to distribute the available supply as fairly as possible.



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Any Week

Continued from page 4

A LADY in Terre Haute, Indiana, signs her communication merely "Butterless Gertie" and she is beefing because a drugstore out there serves one pat of butter with lunch but uses five pounds a week to shine up the metal parts of the soda fountain. We had thought of telling Mayor Fiorello (Butch) La Guardia about this but decided against bothering him. We know what The Little Flower would say. "Look here, you drugstore in Terre Haute," he'd say. "Cut it out. See?"

ACCORDING to an announcement from Spivy's Roof, which has "elevator service for those unable to fly," the place is open for the summer and offers "a splendid view of Lexington Avenue if you care to lean over a ledge." This is in New York City. Also, they have "reinstalled the cocktail hour, but will not serve more than six drinks to a customer. After six drinks he's not the same," Spivy states.

WE JUMP from Manhattan to South America via Mr. Maurice B. Mumford of McLean, Virginia. He says Colonel Juan Peron, Argentina's dictator, visited a small outlying grade school. As he entered the schoolroom, the following questions were answered by a little girl as follows: Who discovered America? "Colonel Peron." Who was the great liberator of Argentina? "Colonel Peron." Who is the greatest man in Argentina? "Colonel Peron." At this point, the colonel cleared his throat and said, "Come, come, this is all very flattering but we mustn't depart too far from the facts. After all, everybody knows Columbus discovered America and the great General de San Martín was the liberator of Argentina." The little girl jumped up and pointed her finger at the colonel. "Communist!" she screamed.

WE HAVE received a circular asking us to help win the war by preventing red-pine rust. Looking over our schedule we find that we can devote fifteen minutes a day to this patriotic task—from five-fifteen to five-thirty. All we need is a red pine and set of instructions. But we have had to turn down an invitation to speak at a rally of The Future Society of which Mrs. Coley Harden of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, is Peeress, which title, we guess, amounts to being the chairman or head person. Mrs. Harden told us that "anything we cared to say about the future, within the limits of security, would be all right."

WELL, that's the business. Next Week:
W. D. . . . G. W.



The Magic Aminos

Continued from page 24

A new development, not yet adopted commercially, promises to drive the cost down still further—maybe to a point where the aminos will be available at a few cents a pound. Research men at Resinous Products & Chemical Company of Philadelphia have found a synthetic resin which extracts aminos from acid solutions, thereby eliminating expensive chemical processing. Packing-house wastes, dissolved in acid, are passed over the resin. The aminos adhere to the resin and can be flushed off quickly, simply.

If this new process works on a commercial scale as it has worked in the laboratory, it may have a tremendous impact on world nutrition. It is quite possible, for example, that a loaf of bread could be made to have the nutritional value of steak. Bread—and most other cereals, for that matter—lack some of the essential aminos. They are, therefore, incomplete protein foods. If these missing elements could be supplied cheaply, world nutrition might be hoisted to new high levels. Even in the United States an estimated 20 per cent of the people subsist on a diet deficient in proteins.

Pioneer work which built up the picture of the amino's role in diet was done chiefly by two investigators: William C. Rose of the University of Illinois, and L. Emmett Holt, Jr., of Johns Hopkins.

Rose found that rats would thrive and grow when amino acids were the sole source of protein. For as long as three generations, some of his animals subsisted entirely on a pure chemical diet. After this preliminary research, both Rose and Holt went on to work with human beings. Finding which of the 23 known aminos were essential in human diet was delicate business.

This determination rested on a study of the body's nitrogen balance. Proteins are about 16 per cent nitrogen. Thus, if you measure the amount of nitrogen consumed in diet and contrast this with the amount thrown off in body wastes, you have a good

picture of what is happening to proteins in the body. If a man is in positive nitrogen balance, it means he is getting all the proteins he needs and that the body is burning the excess as fuel. If he is in negative balance, it means that he is excreting more than he is eating, that his body is consuming more than he is eating, that his body is consuming its own tissue. Slow starvation is under way.

Subjects under test got a mixture of amino acids, with one missing. If they stayed in positive nitrogen balance, the missing acid wasn't essential. If they went into negative balance, the body was raiding its own tissue to get the missing acid. This amino was vital. By this process of elimination, the researchers found that 8 of the 23 aminos were essential in human diet.

New Hope for Suffering Humanity

It took years to build this solid platform of fact under the problem. When it was completed, clinical work could start. The aminos, which had been chemical curiosities for over a century, could be given jobs of human healing not done by other substances.

One of the first groups to get under way was the one in Detroit, consisting of Doctor Melville Sahyun, research director of Frederick Stearns & Co., and two clinicians, Doctors Samuel Altschuler and Helen Schneider. This group shrewdly reasoned that failure of surgical wounds to heal might trace to lack of vital amino acids in the diet. It seemed reasonable to suppose that when one or two of these essential tissue-building blocks were missing, the body was unable to heal itself.

To test their theorizing, they selected a group of patients with gaping surgical wounds—the supreme headache of every hospital. For weeks or months these wounds had failed to heal. Thus, patients were in constant danger of infection and death.

The investigators fed this sickly group all the essential aminos mixed with tomato

juice. Miraculously, sometimes in as little as 96 hours, wounds began to close.

The next patients were those with arm and leg ulcers, some of which had persisted as long as thirteen years. These, too, healed rapidly, the aminos supplying the materials needed to build new tissue.

After this preliminary work, a group at New York University—Doctor Co Tui, a brilliant, Chinese-born research man, and Doctors Arthur Mullin Wright and J. H. Mulholland—went to work on the aminos.

Why not use the aminos to build people up preparatory to surgery? In many instances patients were so badly run down that they could not withstand the shock of surgery. This was particularly true of patients with stomach cancer and those with gastric ulcers. In many cases these patients hadn't been able to eat properly for weeks or maybe months.

Where they could tolerate the bland aminos, these patients were fed by mouth. When they couldn't, they got them by vein, or by tube passed through the nose, on past the stomach, and into the entrance of the small intestine. Patients who had been losing weight switched over to positive nitrogen balance. Within a matter of a day or so, they were gaining both in weight and strength.

Another question naturally occurred: Why not use the aminos on bedsores? After all, a bedsore was nothing more than a breakdown of tissues—sometimes as large as a soup plate. Under routine hospital treatment—radiation, gentle massage, sulfas to control infection—these sores always persisted for long periods. But when patients got amino acids, healing began almost immediately.

Perhaps the greatest contribution of the New York University group was the evaluation of the use of amino acids in treating burns. When large areas of the body are burned, there is a huge loss of nitrogen—in urine, feces, seepage from burned areas. While this is going on, patients may lose as much as three pounds of body weight a day. If this process is permitted to continue, the patient goes into shock, dies. As a rule, any burn involving over a third of the body surface is considered fatal.

One of the patients treated by the N.Y.U. group had over half her body involved. Fed almost half a pound of a mixture of all necessary amino acids a day, this patient went into positive nitrogen balance immediately. To get an equal amount of protein nourishment, she would have had to eat five pounds of steak a day, or be given a total of five quarts of plasma, which is also a good source of protein. In her condition, neither of these things would have been possible. But with the amino mixture supplying building blocks for new tissue, she made an uneventful recovery.

The N.Y.U. group found that the amino acids were valuable in treating stomach ulcers, in some cases working such complete cures that surgery was not necessary. They also found that feeding of the aminos cut hospitalization after surgery in half.

There seem to be jobs for the aminos just

about everywhere the eye looks. They have been helpful in supplying food so desperately needed by premature infants; and in feeding children with persistent diarrhea. Where people are unable to tolerate other foods because of nausea and vomiting, they can usually retain the aminos.

The most bizarre use so far suggested for amino acids is in preventing tooth decay. A Boston research worker noted that one of the aminos slows the rate of starch decomposition in the mouth. There is a direct correlation between the rate at which saliva breaks down starch and the rate of tooth decay. This idea is brand new and has yet to be investigated.

Another obvious use for the aminos is in feeding toothless old people, who cannot chew meat. Mixed with fruit juices which help kill the rank taste of some of these acids, they should be a valuable source of nutrition. There is preliminary evidence that these chemicals may play an important role in treating tuberculosis and diabetes. They also offer a means of feeding allergic people who are sensitive to proteins.

Full studies of all the clinical uses for the amino acids are barely under way. For the time being, the biggest use for the aminos is in feeding starving Europe. These chemicals are still too expensive for mass feeding but will be widely used in treating life-or-death cases—where the patient is too weak to tolerate any other kinds of food.

Essential Industry for Health

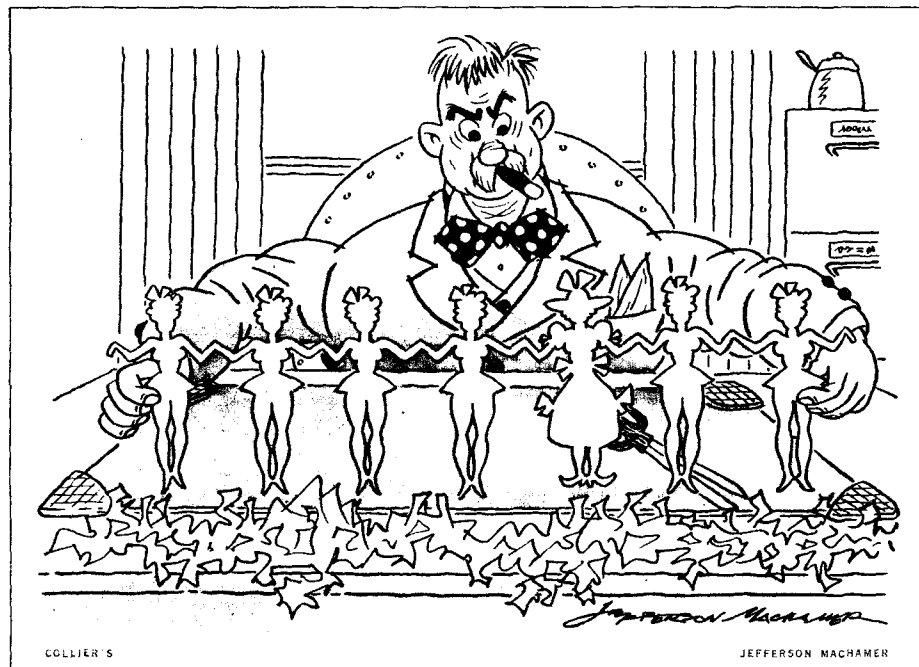
The aminos have captured the imagination of research workers everywhere. They have become the most sensational development on the nutritional front.

A certain amount of fear attends all this activity. There is a real danger that the aminos will be promoted in the same way that vitamins have been ballyhooed. People may be persuaded to gobble amino-acid pills along with the other medical hors d'oeuvres on their bathroom shelves. On the face of it, such an idea is preposterous. Our daily requirements of vitamins are tiny—measured in milligrams. Our daily needs of aminos are measured in ounces, and capsules would have to be as large as horse chestnuts.

For years Sunday-supplement writers have teased readers with talk of food pills—pellets to take the place of chicken dinners. Such a thing now appears to be quite within reasonable bounds. The pills would be large, and hard to swallow. But there is every indication that humans would thrive and grow on chemically pure starches and sugars to supply energy, amino acids to build new tissue, vitamins and other chemically pure foods.

A tablespoonful or so of such a mixture at each meal would supply all bodily requirements—and it wouldn't require red points. Yet the day when such chemical fodder will replace steak and French fries is probably a long way off. For this, we can be thankful.

THE END



COLLIER'S

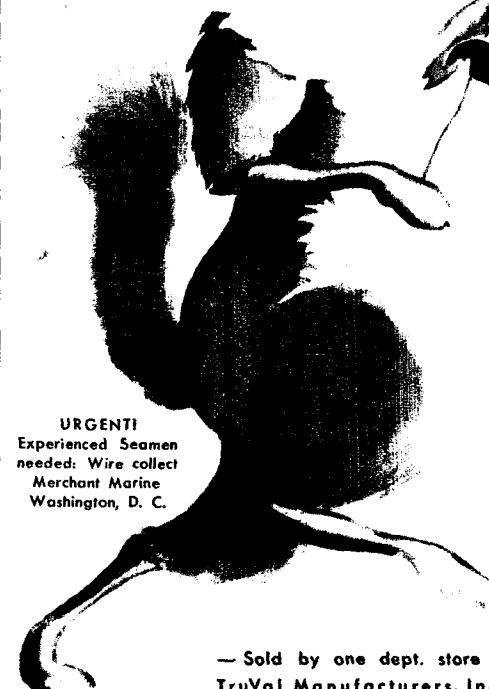
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BY DUGAL O'LIAM

Ann Curtis, a freshman at the University of California, has been called by competent critics the greatest woman swimmer in the world. Since she breaks a record almost every time she dives into the water, it looks as if she's proving it

A RESTIVE man with hair like the tail assembly of a lyrebird silently eyed six girl swimmers poised above the Fairmont pool in San Francisco. A gun barked, six geysers erupted in the cobalt water, and the Pacific women's 150-yard medley championship was on.

The time for silence was past for Charley Sava, mercurial mentor from Crystal Plunge. He had a champion going and when Charley Sava has a champion going, he scorns inhibitions.

"Turn it on, Marian, turn it on," he howled, and down in the third lane Champion Marian Falconer turned it on. A pleased smile dented Sava's swarthy features, but suddenly he seized his twin firelocks in both hands. "Hey!" yelled he. "What goes on here?"

In an outside lane, a leggy kid was boiling along a yard ahead of the pack. She was 14-year-old Ann Curtis and she was swimming with the nonchalance of a neighborhood pest who'd come along merely for the bath. At the end of the breast-stroke fifty, with a four-yard lead, she made her turn in an explosion of extremities and windmilled off in a backstroke that resembled a McCormick reaper fording a creek. The agony faded from Sava's face as his champion flipped over, smooth as a seal, and then pulled into a one-yard lead with the free-style fifty coming up.

"Whew!" whewed Sava, who observes the cardinal rule of the Swimming Coaches' Guild by dying horribly during every race. "For a minute that kid had me worried. . . ."

The joyous note died in his oscillating Adam's apple. The kid, grinning broadly, was inching up on Miss Falconer inexorably as a glacier. Now she was only a hairbreadth behind and she didn't seem to be hurrying.

"Turn it on, champ," Sava was pleading. "Puh-lease turn it on . . . now!"

Then, momentarily, he was stricken dumb. When he found his voice again he was screaming, "Come on, you little seal. . . . Come on, Ann,

baby. . . . You've got her. . . . Come on, Curtis. . . . My gosh! What am I saying?"

Two feet from the finish, the kid and the champion were cheek by jowl, but the judges hoisted official hands above Ann's white bathing cap.

Miss Falconer found Sava leaning against a pillar, staring into space. "I'm sorry, coach," she began, "but . . ."

"It's okay, baby," Sava said mistily. "You were licked by the greatest swimmer in the world."

It wasn't alone the fact that Ann Curtis had beaten his champion that told Sava she was destined to be the world's greatest, as far ahead of her field as Helene Madison had been ahead of hers.

"It was her absolute nonchalance," he says. "She never hurried, even when she was behind. She just kept paddling, holding her form and pulling up an inch at a time. That's timing and that's guh—uh. . . . I guess when you're talking about girls, that fortitude."

A Sensational Record Holder

Since that autumn day in 1940, Ann Curtis has been named the Girl Athlete of 1944 and has cracked a dozen American records. She scored the third grand slam in swimming history by winning the 100-, 400-, 800- and 1,500-meter races in the Outdoor Nationals at Kansas City last summer, and set the first world records by an American girl swimmer in thirteen years. This year she swept five events at the National A.A.U. meet in Chicago. She now holds more American and world records than any other woman.

Nineteen years old now and weighing 155 pounds, with a disposition as even as her swimming stroke, the modest University of California freshman already has more than fulfilled Sava's most extravagant prophecies. That she would completely dominate women's records was indicated last June when she cut eight seconds off the 800-meter and 800-yard world marks established eight years before by Rangchild Hveger of Denmark and labeled by experts as safe for years to come, if not forever.

But so-called impregnable records have a way of being broken, and experts explain that improved equipment caused their miscalculations. In swimming, however, equipment is limited to the native gifts of the swimmer. There's nothing a swimmer can take into the water to aid him beyond a stout heart and a slightly psychopathic contempt for the worst pangs of strangulation, so when Ann Curtis breaks records that have endured for a decade, it's because she's great in her own right.

Probably because swimmers were fashionable last year, the (Continued on page 73)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CURT GUNTHER-FPG



The Next Best Thing to a Leave

is a LETTER

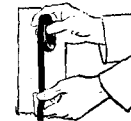
★ Home is heaven to men overseas. And a letter is a five-minute furlough at home. So however busy you are, find time to write that man in the service. And when you write, remember these 3 rules: 1. Short, frequent letters are better than occasional long ones. 2. Write cheerful newsy letters about familiar places and faces. 3. *Use V-Mail*, because V-Mail gets there quicker, saves space for vital supplies that help speed Victory. Why not read this magazine later and write a V-Mail letter now?

HOW THE MARTIN MARS BOOSTS MORALE

Mighty morale-booster is the Martin Mars. Each trip

she carries thousands of letters . . . and if loaded only with V-Mail, she could carry the unbelievable total of 260,000,000 letters! Looking ahead, this great capacity of Mars-type planes will mean greater payloads, lowered costs, for overocean airlines. Already designed, commercial cargo and passenger versions of the Mars await only Victory to become reality. So tomorrow, for speed, safety, comfort and economy, plan to take trips or ship goods via Martin Mars!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, Md.
GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA COMPANY—OMAHA



1 At Fleet or Army Post Offices, V-Mail letters are photographed on strips of film—reduced to postage-stamp size.



3 At overseas bases, microfilm is enlarged, cut into individual letters, sealed in envelopes by machine.



2 One V-Mail pouch carries as many letters as 57 regular pouches. Ton of ordinary mail reduces to 14 lbs. of V-Mail.



4 V-Mail reaches them quickly, saves cargo space for equipment they need. Get V-Mail paper at stationer's or post office.

Martin

AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable



Aircraft Since 1909



V-MAIL VIA MARS! Making as many as 14 trips each month between California and Honolulu, the huge Martin Mars speeds mail, supplies and priority passengers to the Pacific. A number of 82-ton sisterships will soon join her to serve our lengthening battle lines.

No curative power is claimed
for PHILIP MORRIS... but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

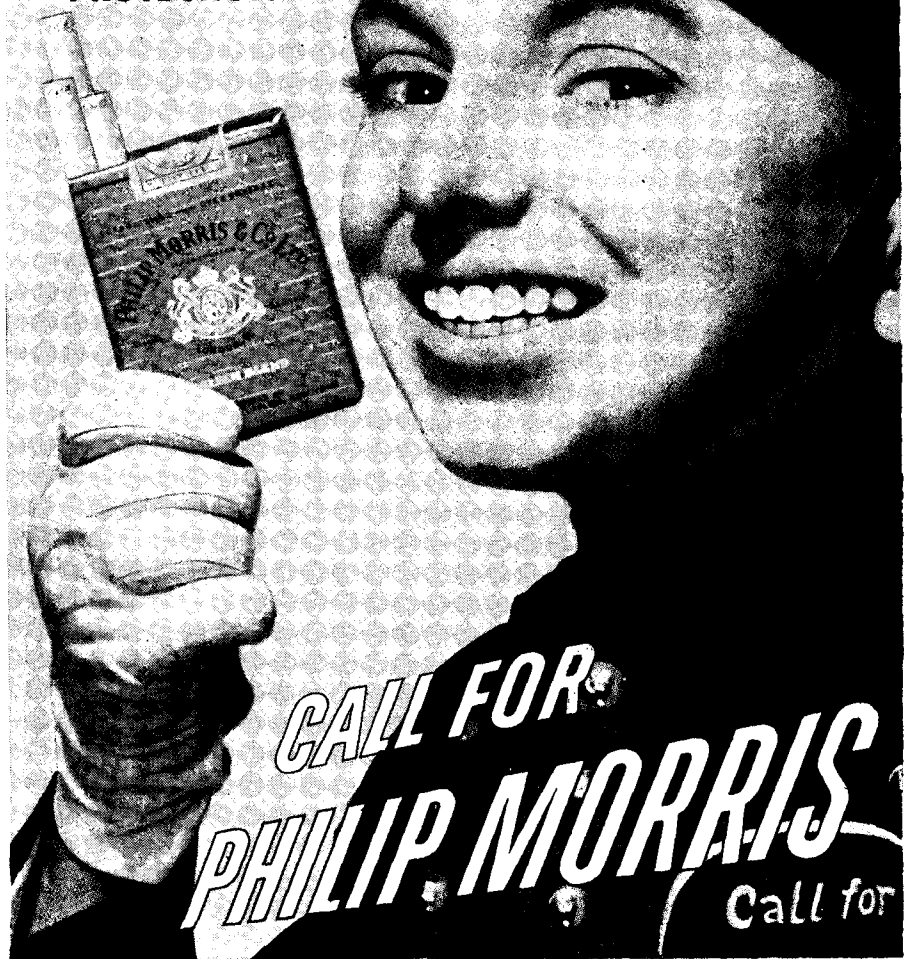
PHILIP MORRIS

are scientifically proved far less
irritating to the nose and throat

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS,
substantially every case of irritation of the
nose or throat—due to smoking—either
cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading
medical journal.

FAR
FINER PLEASURE
plus
FAR MORE
PROTECTION



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for

My Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 34

scarf around my neck when Ma came over to me and kissed me, and then she gave up altogether, the towel dropping to the floor, while she cried against my coat. . . .

Driving toward the Loop, I tried to think of where to start and figured the newspaper's morgue would be the best place. I had a hunch, a pretty good one, and if that little punk was going to be a medic, it would have to work.

This is what I was going on: Harvey Ferguson had lived in St. Paul all his life. Any man or woman who grows up in one town and spends his whole life there has been out of line once in his life. It may not have been anything that carried a jail sentence, and it may not have been anything that was occasion for more grief than driving drunk, but if you've been around a town long enough, you've slipped once; you've done something that you and the mirror kept secret between you—or thought you did.

WHEN I got to the office, the afternoon crew was sitting around the room. I waved at the lot and went on into the morgue. We had two old guys in there who kept the place as clean as a gypsy camp. I dropped my coat on a chair and went over to the personal files.

There wasn't much in Ferguson's envelope. The clips we had on him amounted to this: He was thirty-nine, had been thirty-four when he was elected to some obstetrics society, youngest guy in the state ever to make it. He'd been president of the Minnesota Chapter of the National Association of Obstetricians, and recording secretary of the Minnesota medical group. He belonged to the Gopher Club, the Lakeview Golf Club, and the Athletic Club. He'd married Ann Archer. I remembered her now: a homely girl, loaded with money, who got a million bucks for every birthday. We had a couple pictures of him: a short guy, a ringer for George Raft, only no hair, just a little above the neck. I got a sheaf of copy paper and took down what I wanted.

I spent a half hour on the phone talking with Paul McDermott, the county coroner, a guy in the medical school that liked to ride ambulances with police reporters, with the anesthetist at St. Paul's biggest hospital, the room clerks at the town's two biggest hotels, three night-club operators, and finally with the pro at Lakeview.

I learned this: The only place you could find Harvey Ferguson without his wife was in the delivery room in the hospitals. And even then she waited in the next room with the prospective fathers. It might not mean a thing; it might mean Harvey liked a little stray stuff once in a while.

I needed Bill Mears, my city editor. Between us we could stand on Seventh and Wabasha, the busiest corner in town, and say hello to three out of five people who passed there. On the phone, his wife told me he was down at the office developing pictures of their kid.

I found him in the darkroom, bending over some film he had in the soup. I told him about Harry and Ferguson. He straightened up and reached for the towel behind him.

"I got half a mind to let him take it, Bill."

"No, you haven't."

"Bill, I'm sick of doing things for that punk. Tuition, microscopes, instruments, books, money for dances, clothes. I paid my way; let him pay his."

"Sure," he answered. "The rags-to-riches kid himself, aren't you?" He came close enough so that I could see the tiny hairs in his nostrils in the dim light. "That kid is a doctor, Ken. He was born to be a doctor. He's strung tighter than a drum, he's under pressure, and once in a while he gets out of line. Maybe too often. He's got you and he's got his mother, and if he was absolutely a wrong guy, strictly bad, he'd still be worth saving for the things he'll do for other people." School was out. Bill went back to the soup.

"Bill, come on out for coffee."

"I can't. Wait around a half hour."

I told him I'd be back and went for my coat. Cutting across Courthouse Square to Wabasha, I stopped Frank Nye of the Chamber of Commerce. This guy collected dues from ninety per cent of the men in St. Paul. "Frank, you know Doc Ferguson?"

"Sure. Swell guy the doc is."

"What do you know about him?"

"Nothing much. Damn' fine doctor, see him at the club all the time. He and his wife are always together. Damn' fine couple."

I lighted his cigar for him and tried to fit the few pieces I had. Two people had told me that the doctor and his wife were always together. Ferguson didn't look like the kind of guy that loved his old lady that much. I walked down Wabasha to Seventh. Weeping William, the newsboy, was on the corner, and he started the song and dance as soon as he saw me.

"Whatsa matter, you no like Willie? No tickets fights, shows, football, nothing. Willie like you all the time, say best friend, Kenzie." That's the way he talked. This joker could buy and sell ten like me. He had 20/20 vision with dollar signs in front of his face, and he never used a ticket. He sold them.

I gave him two for the fights at the Auditorium Friday night. He grinned, showing his four teeth, and banged me on the back with his gloved hand.

"Long time quiet here." He shook his head. "St. Paul dead, no action, ten o'clock sleep."

"Willie." I had just thought of something. This guy was on the corner sixteen hours a day. He knew them all, too. "Willie, you know Doc Ferguson?"

He grinned at me. "Sure, long time. Five year, six year, seven. Him good doctor, babies, lots of money, boy, oh, boy!"

"How do you know him, Willie?"

"See him all time here. He got other baby down there." He pointed down Seventh Street to the middle of the block. "There ever' night. Meet girl, she dance, beautiful, nice legs; sing, too. Boy, oh, boy! Oh, baby!" He rolled his eyes for me.

Sooner or later, I said to myself, sooner or later everybody gets out of line. "Where is she, Willie?"

"Go far. Cops come, send away, leave town, she gone by-by." He held a dirty glove to his lips and blew a kiss at the trolley wires.

I almost kissed him. It took me five minutes to get to my car. I drove the four blocks to Seventh and Jackson and ordered corned-beef sandwiches, pickles, potato chips and orange pop from Max Gelbmann in his delicatessen.

YOU should know something about St. Paul. It's a clean town. The citizens want it that way and the police run in that way. When a town stops Du Barry Was a Lady, even Boston can take notice. Our chief, Jack Tising, was the cleanest of the lot. Thieves crossing from one coast to another always went by way of Kansas City. He could smell them, and he loved corned beef, kosher.

When I got there, his secretary said he was busy, but I didn't have to knock on his door. I'd been police reporter from the time he'd been a detective, and we'd worked a lot of stories together. He was bawling the brains out of some dick when I walked in.

Tising waved his hand at a chair and jerked a thumb at the cop. "Kennie, I got no cops any more. I got sawdust heads like you throw balls at out at the state fair. What's in the bag?"

I pulled out the pop and handed him the corned-beef sandwiches. That mick face was as warm as a steam radiator when he saw the pumpernickel. He ate a pickle and bit into a sandwich while I opened the pop. I ate, too. I didn't say anything until there were only bread crumbs left and a half quart of orange pop. Then I told him all of it. He listened, smoking brown Mexican cigarettes.

"I seen him around, Ken, but I don't remember him with that dame. Jerry Ames, her name was. She came down from Superior, Wisconsin, to dance here at the Grove. She was on the stuff, and some doc that was stuck for her was getting it for her. Wait a minute."

He flicked a button on a call box, and I heard the smooth, university-trained

voice of John Foster, his morals chief. Jack told him to bring up Jerry's file.

Foster came in with the file, and we shook hands. I didn't see him much working nights the way I did, and I promised to come down to the range for some shooting. Jack took the file and waved Foster out. I came around and looked over his shoulder. There was Harry's degree looking up at me: blond, full lips, a face like any face in any line in the country.

The file amounted to this: Ferguson met her when she came to the out patients' clinic at the medical school, looking for some dummy to get her the stuff. He'd gone for it, and that's something I'm not going to try and explain. A lot of guys have gone for the wrong dames and a lot more are going to be stuck, no matter how smart they are. Anyway, they played house up on Grand Avenue for two months before she started getting ideas and peddling the surplus to a few addicts.

FOSTER got on the case without the feds and finished it. He'd run the girl out of town, and the city's medical society had put enough pressure on the department to make them willing to forget about the whole thing. And the papers, I knew now, had never smelled a rat. There was a picture of the pair of them taken on a sofa, her hand in his hair, and there were plenty of pictures of her. I took the one of the pair of them and copied what I needed from the file.

"Jack," I said, "I'm going up to the lab and have Schwartz make me two prints."

Tising walked to the door with me. "Tell him I want it as soon as he's done with it, Ken."

"Sure."

"I don't want any noise, Ken, and I sure as hell don't want to read it in the papers."

"Look here, Jack—"

"I'm sorry, Ken." He jabbed at my arm. "Those dumb coppers have got me balmy."

I walked past the secretary and down the hall to a pay phone. It was ten minutes to three by my wrist watch. I called Ferguson, and, when he answered, I let him say hello five times and waited while he hung up.

Ben Schwartz had two prints for me in twenty minutes, and five minutes later I was at University and Rice. The medical school is on Washington Avenue in Minneapolis at the extreme left of the campus.

Ferguson's office is on the second floor. He was sitting at a table reading some papers, and he seemed surprised that I didn't knock. I hung my coat carefully beside his on one of those wooden stickums and sat down fac-

ing him. I don't want to lie: I was as scared as the day I wrote my first story for the paper, and he knew it. He was wearing a white cotton jacket over his vest, his right hand gripping the side of the swivel chair like a tackle waiting for the ball to be snapped.

"I'm Kenneth Kessler, Doctor."

His dark head looked like someone had spilled a bottle of mercurochrome on it. "Mr. Kessler, I won't have this." He was as mad as any medic can get and still remember what an afternoon bridge club can do to him.

"Then have this, Doctor." I threw the picture of him and the blonde across the desk. I wouldn't have trusted his hands with a scalpel at that moment. His face got as white as his jacket. He was too smart to tear it. "I presume you have another print, Mr. Kessler."

I nodded at him. "Doctor, I'm not trying to put the whip to you. I don't give a hang if Harry spends his life behind a grocery counter, but my mother wants him to graduate. He's got seven weeks, and what I want from you is your word that he passes your course. You've got mine that this never gets in the paper."

"I'll talk to the managing editor."

"You're smarter than that, Doctor."

"He hit me."

"You should have hit him back."

"I'm not a ruffian, Mr. Kessler."

"A lot of people are a lot of things, Doctor." I was enjoying this as much as he was. "Some people hit others, some people go around and pick up after others, and some people like blond dancers. Put him back in school, Doctor."

"How do I know—" He rose from the chair.

It took me one step to reach the door. "What the hell do I care if you knew Jerry Ames or a dozen of them? What the hell is the matter with you, man? Do you think I'm doing this for the laughs in it?"

He settled back in the chair and phoned the registrar. It took him two minutes to get Harry back into school. I'll be honest, I was a little sorry I'd done it.

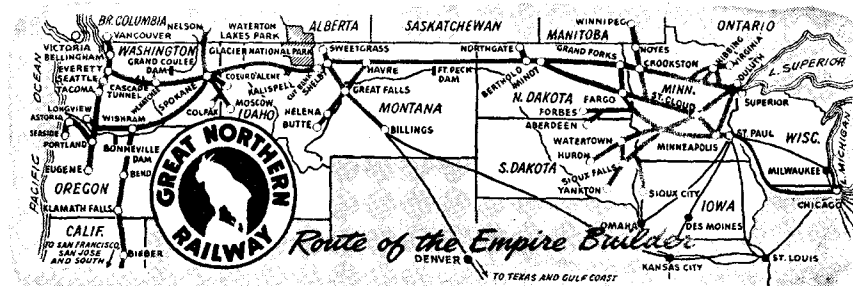
"Kessler," he said, "I'd like to have the negative and all existing prints of this picture."

I reached over on the desk and picked it up, tearing it into small pieces. "There's one more print, Doctor, in my car. That's all. I'll mail it to you the day Harry gets his degree. Nobody will ever see it, Doctor."

This guy had been looking into eyes too long not to know when somebody was leveling with him. He turned back to the desk,

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

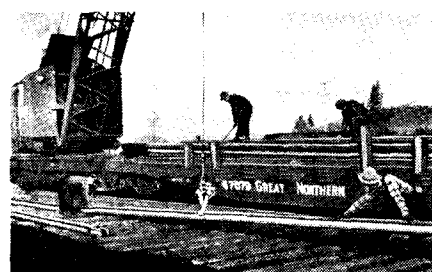
BETWEEN GREAT LAKES AND PACIFIC



TRUE STORY: GREAT NORTHERN NEVER WILL DRIVE "LAST SPIKE"



New, heavier rails and tie plates are spiked to chemically treated ties. Maintenance crews give daily attention to roadbed.



Steel rails are lifted by crane from G. N. flatcars and placed in position.



Historic "last spike" picture, taken January 6, 1893, when crews spiked rails together, joining G. N. tracks from the Great Lakes with those from Puget Sound.



West portal of one of three new tunnels through solid rock on G. N. main line in the Montana Rockies to expedite train movements.

Continual Improvements of Line, Equipment and Operations Mark Railway's Progressiveness

On January 6, 1893, the Great Northern became a transcontinental railway when a line extending eastward from Puget Sound was joined in the Cascade mountains with track pushed westward from the Great Lakes.

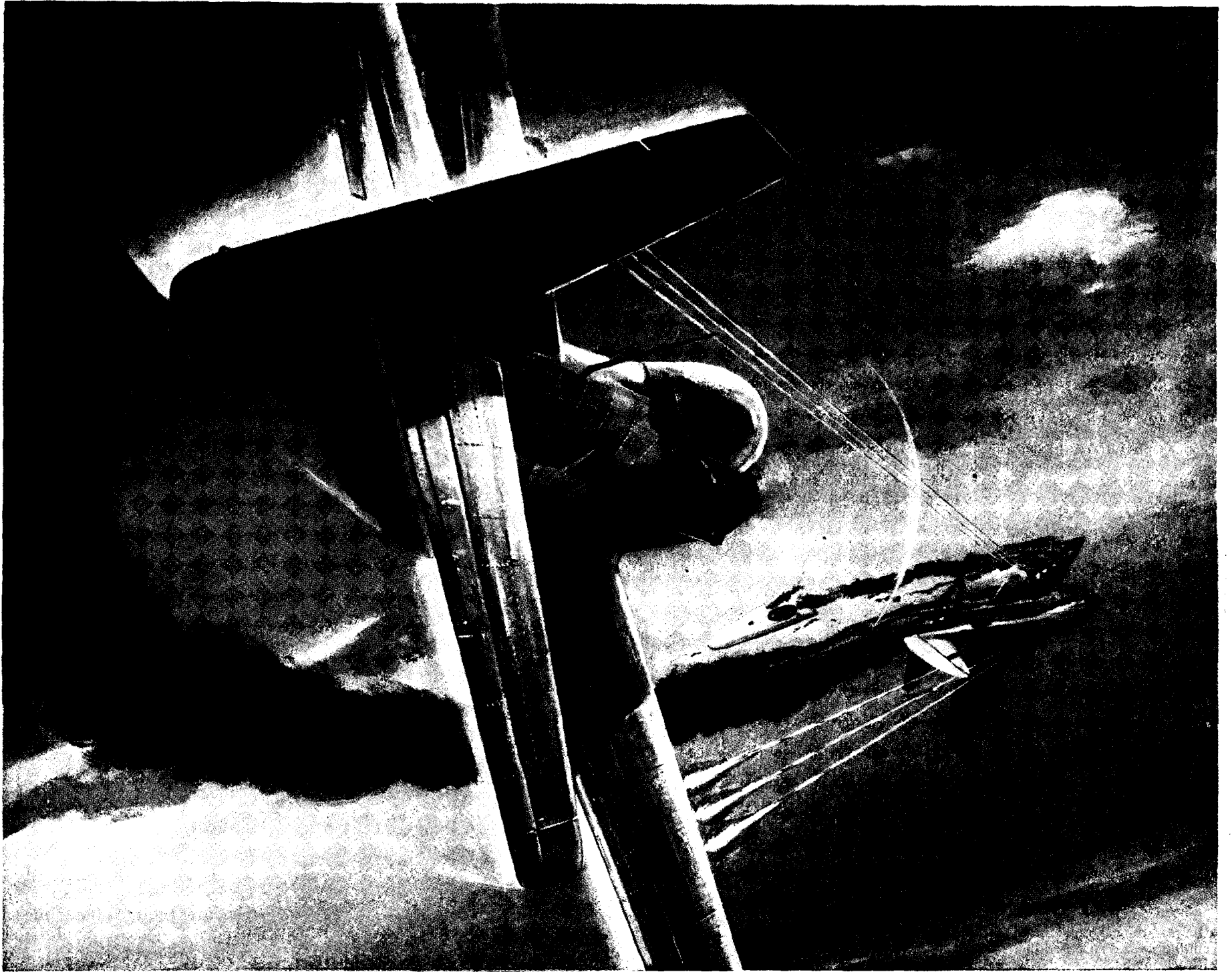
The construction crews posed that wintry day for the traditional "last spike" picture. But, actually, the job of building and improving Great Northern never has stopped—in good times and bad!

Great Northern constantly has been improving its roadbed and structures by reducing grades and curves, laying heavier rail, building stronger bridges, boring time-saving tunnels, including the 8-mile Cascade Tunnel, the longest in the Western Hemisphere.

Typical of the railway's forward-looking policy is the major track relocation project now under way on Great Northern's main line through the Flathead River canyon, bordering Glacier National Park in the Montana Rockies. Here three tunnels are being blasted through solid rock to eliminate several sharp curves.

A real "last spike" has not been driven on Great Northern—and never will be.

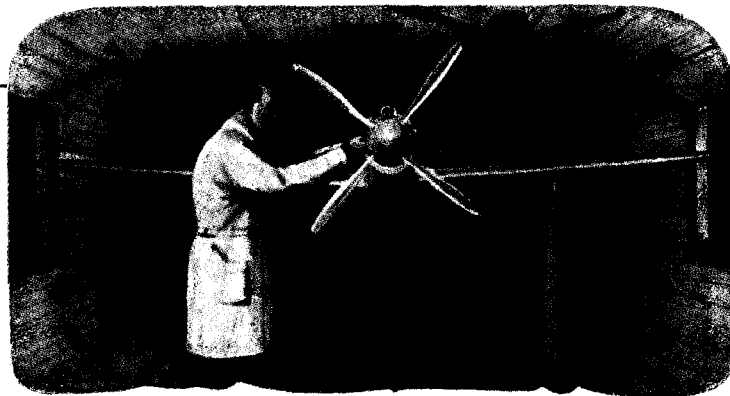




Finishing Touch

An American Mustang pilot has latched himself onto the tail of a new Nip Navy plane—the Tojo. The frantic Jap has pulled every trick in the book. Finally, in desperation he racks his Tojo into a back-breaking 180 degree vertical turn. The

Mustang pilot refusing to give up his advantage, follows. Halfway around the Mustang has out-turned the Tojo. At the three-quarter mark the Jap has turned into the gun sights of the Mustang. The American pilot applies the “finishing touch.”



BONDS bought these planes ★ WASTE FATS helped arm them ★ WASTE PAPER helped ship them ★ GASOLINE flies them ★ WILL YOU help deliver the next squadron?

◆ “Hurricane Hall,” famed wind tunnel at North American Aviation where engineers create man-made hurricanes to develop and test the stability and flight characteristics of the P-51 Mustang.

North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES... *...the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

without saying goodbye, and I didn't blame him. He was thinking that another person was in on it, and I was thinking there had been a few things I'd done that I'd hate to have thrown back at me. . . .

I should have called Ma, I suppose. It was like the time when I was a kid and she had sent me to the store with ten dollars and I'd lost it. Me and Pa looked for the sawbuck until seven o'clock that night before we found it, and, when we did, we took our time coming home.

I DROVE home slowly, not tired, not mad, not happy that I'd fixed everything up. I felt dead, just the same way I felt after working all night on a good story at the station. In front of the house I raced the motor and then killed the engine with the choke. Walking toward the house, I thought of how happy Ma would be, but this was one time I didn't get a bang out of it. I just didn't like Harry today. That's all.

The things I'd done for him were all down in my head like a long white piece of ticker tape, and, if I wanted to add them up, half of that degree belonged to me and half to Ma. We'd worked for it, not him. He'd been born with what it takes to be a medic, and between us we'd kept the scalpel in his hands for seven years.

Ma was waiting for me at the door. She knew she was a winner when she saw my face. I gave her my coat, and she hung it in the closet. I could see Harry and Honey, her hands wrapped around his elbow.

Ma pulled my head down to her face and kissed me on the forehead while I thought to myself that I'd even had to furnish Harry with a wife—he couldn't get his own.

Harry jerked his arm from Honey's hands and walked into our bedroom. Ma asked me if I wanted something to eat. I asked her to fix me some eggs.

Honey walked over to the closet, and I helped her with her coat. I let my hands take a count of two on her shoulders, and I can't tell you now why I didn't turn her around and kiss her. She turned herself and looked at me, and I could see the love in her eyes—the way my ma loved me. She closed the door quietly behind her.

I went into the bedroom to change back into the sweat shirt and corduroys. Harry was sitting in that big, soft leather chair I'd got from Judge Kirk's office in district court after he died. He watched me change, and when I searched my pockets for cigarettes, he rose and took a pack from his trousers pocket and shoved it at me.

"Here. You earned it," he said. I didn't answer him.

"Do I go back to school in the morning?" he asked.

"Yep."

"How'd you do it, Mr. Fixit?"

I didn't answer.

"That list gets pretty long, doesn't it?"

To hell with him! I wanted nothing from him except to have him stay away from me.

"What do you want me to do? Get down on my knees and kiss your feet? Or am I supposed to tell you to take Honey?"

I wasn't set for the punch and I almost missed him. It caught him high on the left temple, and I could feel it coming back up my arm to the shoulder. He went back against the window and came in after me. He let go with his left, but I came in under that, and as I started another punch, I saw his right hand coming at me, but I was too far along with my punch. I just stood there half turned waiting for it, and that was all I remember seeing until I looked up to see Ma on the floor with a cold huck towel in her hands wiping my forehead. Harry was out of the room. I tried to get up. Ma helped me to my feet and over to the chair.

"Did he hurt you bad?" she asked.

"No."

"I've got your eggs ready."

"All right."

I GOT to the kitchen under my own steam. I had scrambled eggs, a sliced tomato and almost a quart of milk. Ma sat across from me, looking at me all the time I was eating.

"We'll all be better off when he gets married, Ken," Ma said.

"I haven't got the money for the wedding."

"Kenneth!"

"Where did he go?"

"To Honey's house."

I got up from the table. "Ma, get your coat and we'll go for a ride."

"But dinner?"

"To hell with dinner! I'll buy you some chicken over at that place that you like."

I read the paper while she changed clothes. In the car she stretched her legs and put her head against my shoulder. When we reached the river at Summit Avenue, she pointed toward the university.

"His professors told me, Ken, that he is the best with babies that they ever saw. He's good to them, son. They trust him."

"They don't know any better," I said.

She smiled. "When you get married and have babies, Ken, what do you think? Harry will deliver them for nothing."

Sure, I thought. Harry will deliver them. I wouldn't let the louse deliver the groceries to my house.

THE END



THE Heroes

REAR ADMIRAL SIR PHILIP VIAN

PORTRAIT BY
WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

XXXIII

WHEN Admiral Nimitz announced, in late March, that a British naval task force was now part of the Fifth United States Fleet and had gone into action in the great sea battle raging from Formosa to Japan, a mighty cheer must have shaken the whole of England. Not only was there the long-awaited news that her ships were in the Pacific, fighting side by side with the Americans, but the equal thrill of hearing that Rear Admiral Sir Philip Vian was in command of the carriers.

The English have never failed in tribute to their soldiers, but as might be expected from a people whose dependence has ever been placed on seapower, it is sailormen that the tight little isle holds closest to her heart of hearts. The Duke of Wellington was far less the popular idol than Lord Nelson, and in the first World War, no general in the front line enjoyed any such love and admiration as the two sea dogs, Beatty and Jellicoe.

So it is today. The victories of Montgomery, Alexander and Dempsey are cheered to the echo, but the pride of England is in tall, blue-eyed Philip Vian as he sails the sea lanes, reviving the glorious traditions of Drake and Hawkins by his dash and intrepidity. Time after time, and usually when things were at their blackest, he has lifted the soul of his people out of the pit with some spectacular deed of daring.

The first of these exploits was in February, 1940. Vian, captain of the destroyer Cossack, was on patrol in the North Sea, under orders to intercept the Altmark, an enemy prison ship. The watch was successful, but before he could close with his quarry, the Altmark took refuge in Jösing Fiord, seemingly a safe berth, for not only was Norway a neutral, but the entrance to the fiord was less than 200 yards wide and notoriously treacherous.

Neither Norway's neutrality nor the dangers of the passage held Captain Vian back. Acting as his own pilot, he drove the Cossack into the fiord and, with every gun roaring, forced the Altmark aground. Then boarding the helpless vessel, he took off 300 British prisoners and sailed out again to open sea. As if this were not enough, within the week he gave battle to a German convoy and won a notable victory against heavy odds. King George gave him the Distinguished Service Order, but a proud people chose their own decoration, naming him "Vian of the Cossack."

Transferred to the Afridi, another destroyer, Captain Vian furnished England with

a second lift of spirit during the tragic withdrawal of troops from Namsos after Germany's conquest of Norway. Enemy planes swooped down in force. The Afridi took the full brunt of their attack, matching her anti-aircraft fire against a rain of bombs. At last, when Captain Vian and a handful of survivors went over the side of the sinking destroyer, all had the comfort of knowing that they had saved the convoy.

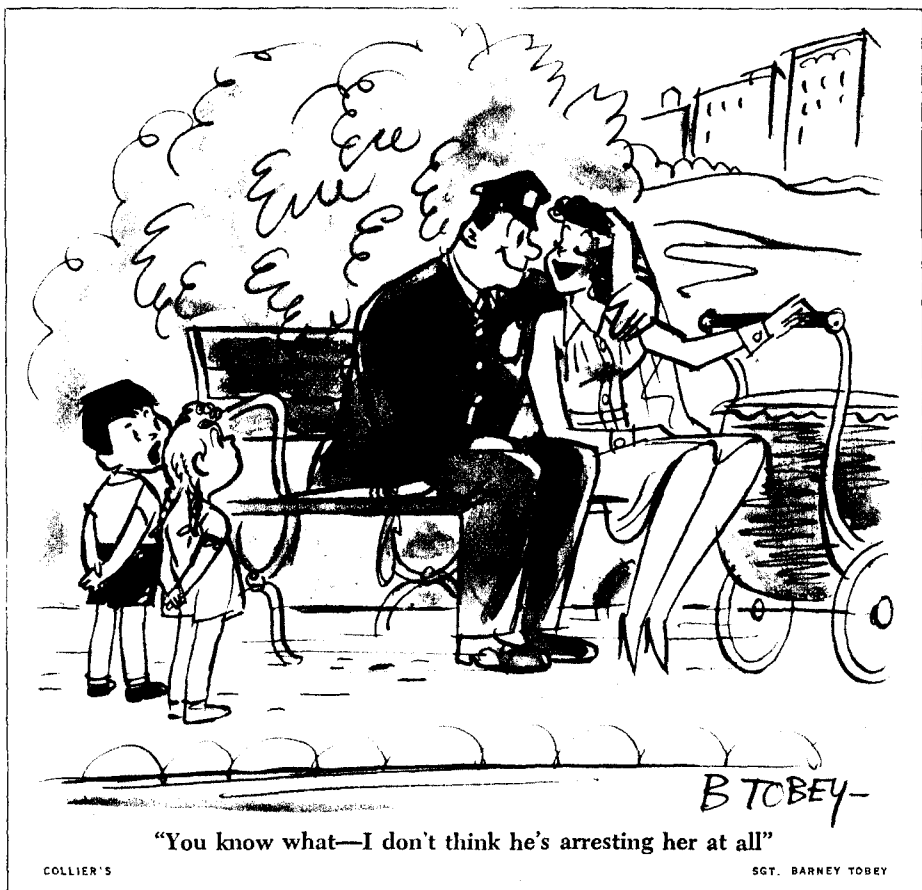
It was in May of 1941, however, that Captain Vian took his longest forward step to the glory that was Nelson's. Once again in command of the Cossack, it was his luck to get on the trail of the Bismarck, pride of the German navy. The mighty battleship fled before him, twisting and turning, but he followed like a hound, and while planes and other vessels gathered for the kill, it was Vian's torpedoes that first went home.

Now a rear admiral and firmly established as England's darling, Vian of the Cossack was sent to the Mediterranean, his job the protection of convoys bound for the hard-pressed island of Malta, where General Dobbie's little garrison fought and starved. All that could be spared for him were a few destroyers and light cruisers, while Il Duce was prepared to give battle with Italy's full fleet. But Phil Vian only set his brand-new cap at a cockier angle.

The waiting was not long, for as the British convoy neared Malta, out to meet it came an Italian battleship, six cruisers and a flotilla of destroyers, heavily supported by squadrons of bombers and fighter planes. Even if Vian of the Cossack had not always been a close-range battler, the overwhelming odds left him no choice, and he drove at once right into the very middle of the Italian fleet. All day the engagement raged, and when night fell, such of Il Duce's ships as remained afloat were in helter-skelter flight. Mussolini's roars rang from Brenner Pass to the toe of the Boot, but when the pick of his admirals sought to "wipe out the disgrace," they fared worse than the commander of the other force, for in the second engagement, Vian sank a battleship and two heavy cruisers without the loss of a vessel.

Now with Admiral Nimitz, a sailorman of his own breed, Vian of the Cossack is beating against the Ryukyus, door to the Eastern Sea, and his flattops carry not only the hope of England, but also England's pride and perfect confidence; and once more the tight little isle has a sea dog of the legendary breed to love and honor. . . .

GEORGE CREEL



CALVERT SALUTES A CLEAR-HEADED AMERICAN



The War Bond Buyer

There is no half-won Victory for him . . .
No quitting in the face of battles
Still unfought . . . no slackening while men
Have still to bleed and die on distant shores.

He buys each extra Bond he can,
Knowing well its worth
In guns, and tanks, and ships,
And knowing that each dollar spent

Gives strength . . . and hope . . . and life itself
To those who look to him with faith.

He will not fail them.
In his country's final drive to Victory,
His task is clear . . . he meets it proudly
With every Bond he can afford — and more!

He is a Clear-Headed American!

☆☆☆☆☆☆



Calvert Distillers Corporation publishes this message
in support of the 7th War Loan



The Lesson

Continued from page 16

back from the store. He opened it and breaking off a piece of meat with his fingers, held it near Jeff's nose. Jeff sniffed it.

"Take it," David touched it to the Airedale's mouth. "You haven't eaten in three days." With his other hand, David forced Jeff's mouth open. The Airedale pulled his head away. "Come on, boy, eat," David pleaded. "The veterinary said you'll starve if you don't."

Mr. Baldwin had said it in no uncertain terms only that morning. "The leg's all right," he'd said. "It's mending nicely." But then his brow had knitted in a frown as he'd knelt there on the blanket beside Jeff. "It's this hunger strike I don't like. He doesn't seem to want to live. Can you explain it?"

"No," David had answered, stifling the sharp fear that had risen in him.

"I understand he's a war dog," the veterinary had continued thoughtfully. "That might have something to do with it. It could be shell shock."

"Can it be cured?"

"I think so."

DAVID had stared hard at Mr. Baldwin's feet. "Would it be why he's changed so since he came back?" he'd asked steadily.

"Changed—how?"

Mr. Baldwin had appeared interested, and David had gone on to tell him. When he'd finished, Mr. Baldwin had nodded his head several times. "It could be the reason all right."

Or was it Tom Fenton? Had Tom Fenton been right when he'd said in his last letter, "I don't think Jeff will ever forget the last couple of years—and me."

"Don't you remember anything about before the war?" David said to his dog now, in low, urgent tones. "Don't you remember how I found you in that woodchuck hole down by Walter's pond? You were stuck and I had to dig you out. You followed me home, and after Mother and I gave you a bath, you were allowed in the house. We couldn't find out who owned you, so you stayed and lived with us. You became one of the family."

"Remember how you used to walk to school with me in the morning?" David asked earnestly. "Remember how we used to go hunting and fishing and swimming together?"

The Airedale lay with his eyes closed.



"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

"Do you remember the day you went into the Army?" David spoke through his teeth now. "The Grants next door had just heard about Jim being killed; Dad was trying to get in the Navy; all the other kids with dogs were giving them. You didn't want to go. You tried to break out of your crate."

David held out a piece of the meat. "Come on, boy, take some. If I mix it with bread, will you eat it?"

Jeff opened his eyes, and David jumped to his feet. "You've got to," he said fiercely, and turned to the stairs.

His stepmother was at the sink washing the cooky pans when he stepped into the kitchen. He took a plate out of the cupboard, found some bread in the box.

"Wouldn't he eat it plain?" his stepmother asked.

"No."

She looked at him, but he kept his head turned away. His answer had been rude again.

"Why don't you like me, David?" she suddenly asked.

"I never said I didn't like you," he answered.

"No, but you act it." She ran some water over a pan. "Don't you think we'd better be friends? This way we're only making your father unhappy—to say nothing of ourselves. Your behavior has made things very difficult."

Just for a moment, David wanted to ask her if she didn't think she had had any part in making things difficult. His resentment nearly reached the breaking point at that moment, but he pressed his lips together firmly, and the temptation to say anything passed.

He'd seen the unhappiness in his father and he'd been secretly glad. He blamed his father nearly as much as his stepmother.

"Let's call a truce, David." His stepmother turned and smiled at him. "Let's stop it now, before it gets any worse. Let's be friends."

David stared at the plate.

"Can't we, David?"

"Okay." He spoke sullenly, and he saw the smile fade slowly from her lips. He picked up the plate and the bread. He didn't look back. He knew his behavior had been bad, but he could not seem to help it.

He returned downstairs and, kneeling before Jeff, angrily mixed the bread with the meat. He pushed the plate under Jeff's nose then and watched. The big Airedale merely sniffed at it, as he'd done each time before. David sank back on his heels helplessly.

It was then the doorbell in the kitchen over his head rang shrilly. He heard his stepmother go to answer it. There was a sound of voices, and he rose to his feet tensely and went to the foot of the stairs. The door into the kitchen was open, and he could hear his stepmother speaking.

She was saying, "It's too bad you made the trip all the way from Ohio, Mr. Fenton. It's just like I told you over the phone. Jeff belongs to David, and I don't think he wants to part with him."

A man's voice answered: "I was able to get a loan from a friend and I can offer him three hundred dollars now."

"It's not at all a matter of money."

"I'll pay anything." The man's voice rose a little.

"I don't think you understand. Jeff means a lot to David, Mr. Fenton. A boy's love for his dog can be a very real thing."

David gripped the stair banister with both his hands.

"I don't suppose you would help me persuade your son to accept the three hundred dollars?" the man's voice asked.

There was a moment of silence upstairs, and David leaned forward to catch his stepmother's reply. When it came, her voice was low and sure:

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't possibly do that. It's David's dog, and up to him."

David listened in surprise to his stepmother's words. His hands fell away from the banister at the sound of footsteps overhead, and he turned back to Jeff. He heard his stepmother's voice in the kitchen telling of Jeff's accident and his refusal to eat. He stood rigidly by the blanket.

His stepmother's legs appeared on the stairs first, then descended until she stood by the laundry tubs. A pair of trousers followed, then the whole man. David felt fresh surprise. Tom Fenton wasn't the big, tough soldier he'd pictured him as being. He was a short, nondescript little man, thin and partly bald, and none too well dressed.

"David, this is Mr. Fenton." His stepmother spoke quietly.

THE man moved away from the staircase and walked past the furnace until he came in sight of Jeff. There he stopped. His glance shifted briefly to David, then returned to the Airedale. He said softly, "Hello, Jeff."

The Airedale's eyes opened and stared up at the man standing before him. For a moment, neither of them made a move. Then a low whine came from Jeff's throat and he lifted his head off the blanket. His stubby tail began to wag.

With a loud, glad bark he tried to rise to his feet. He lunged halfway, but the splint on his leg was heavy and clumsy. He fell back, tried to stand up again. He was looking up at Tom Fenton, barking and whining and wagging his tail in an ecstasy of joy.

The man stepped forward quickly and fell to his knees before the dog. He said, "Take it easy there, fella. Take it easy or you'll hurt that leg some more," and he put his hands on the Airedale's shoulders and held him steady.

Jeff stopped barking. He licked Tom Fenton's face. He began on one side, worked his way across the man's nose to the other side, licked his cheeks, his ears, his neck, eagerly. The man didn't pull away. He waited until Jeff was finished.

Then he took the dog's big head in both his



YOU MEAN A LAUNDRY
IMPROVED ITS SERVICE
AND STILL

Saved \$1560.00
in Labor?

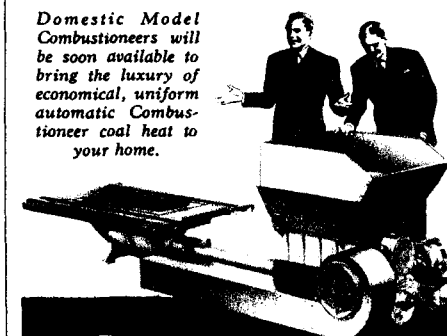
Sounds impossible doesn't it for a Commercial Laundry to do a better job of serving customers these days, besides saving \$1560.00 a year in labor costs?

Yet that's exactly what a North Carolina firm reports after installing a Commercial Model Combustioneer Automatic Coal Stoker. And that's only part of the story. In addition to maintaining uniform heat, increasing boiler capacity and giving better control of process heat and steam, saving labor and expediting service, Combustioneer cut fuel costs 20%.

There is nothing unusual about this experience. Thousands of other commercial users report drastically reduced fuel consumption, greater production and human efficiency with the Combustioneer system of automatically feeding and burning coal.

Without obligation write for information about a Free Survey which will show exactly what Combustioneer will do for your own industrial or commercial building.

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The Steel Products Engineering Co.
1212 W. Columbia St., Springfield, Ohio

WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



"But ever since my discharge I've been starving—I gotta have some solid food! It seems you need ration coupons out there!"

COLLIER'S

A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, a man in a tuxedo is peeking through a doorway, smiling and waving his bowler hat. On the right, a woman in a black dress and hat looks startled, with her arms outstretched. A hand mirror lies on the floor between them. The background is a simple circle with a few stars, suggesting a night scene. The text 'borrow your' is visible at the top right.

A black and white line drawing of a man on the left, smiling and pointing his index finger towards two women on the right. The women are shown in profile, looking towards the man. The man has a large nose and a wide smile. The women have simple, rounded faces. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.

\$ 1. and up



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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

better get back here quick if you're going to save Krantz."

Bartlett motioned to his copilot, 2d Lt. Frank Crowe of Baltimore, Maryland. The radio operator arrived back in the waist just ahead of Crowe. Angell's small-size walk-around bottle was used up, and he almost collapsed on the floor. He was handed another bottle. Then he reached out between Hart, who had climbed down from his blister, and the radio specialist, S/Sgt. Russell Strong of East Hampton, Connecticut, and gave a haul. He saw that there wasn't room for him to do any good, so he continued on back to the tail to see about Wilson.

Just as Crowe arrived in the waist, he saw Krantz's left foot go out of the plane. The single strap holding the gunner to the airplane was rubbing hard against a jagged edge of the plastic blister. Strong had to duck back into the plane for oxygen, so Crowe took his place. He reached out. The wind tore at his hand, whipping it against Krantz's back. He grabbed Krantz's shoulder holster strap and pulled; it broke. The holster and its contents flew back past the tail. Crowe then managed to get hold of a strap of the safety harness. He and Hart could see Krantz's face, covered with frozen blood from minor cuts he'd received as he went through the blister.

They finally got his head and shoulders inside. His eyes were half open, showing only the whites of his eyeballs, and his eyebrows were thick with frost. Except for the blood, his face was oyster-white. They thought he was dead. Crowe slapped his mask on Krantz's face and turned the oxygen-flow indicator to "Emergency." Hart shared his own mask with Crowe as they worked to get the rest of Krantz's body into the ship. At first Crowe would wave the oxygen away. "You get the feeling you can take care of yourself," he said later. Both of them passed out several times.

Krantz regained partial consciousness and tried to fight off the oxygen mask. Crowe thinks he heard him say, "My feet are cold."

When the blister blew out, a lot of oxygen had been lost. The ship was over water by this time, and there were no more fighters. Crowe called Lieutenant Bartlett and asked

him to drop down to where they could breathe without oxygen, but the interphone he used was out. Up front they were worried about gasoline, and losing that much altitude would have been dangerous.

Krantz was still halfway out of the airplane, and the others were just about at the end of their rope when a large hand reached between Crowe and Hart and pulled Krantz the rest of the way in. The hand belonged to the bombardier, Lieutenant Harrison K. Witte of Minonk, Illinois.

Back in the tail, Angell had tapped Wilson on the foot. The tail gunner came out of his little chamber and held up his left hand. "Look," he said. "No finger." Together they went up to the compartment behind the waist guns. It was pretty warm in there, and Wilson's hand began to hurt. Angell bandaged it and gave him morphine. "Go back and get my finger, will you?" asked Wilson. "I want to wave it at the crew chief when we get back."

CARRYING Krantz into the compartment, they gave him morphine and plasma to relieve shock. The floor was ankle-deep in paper and bandages. When he came to, he turned to Hart.

"Al, do you ever pray?" he asked. "I prayed that if that blister broke, my belt would hold."

At this writing, Krantz is in a hospital in Hawaii. His shoulder is bandaged up where he hit it as he knocked over the gun sight on the way out. Several fingers on his left hand are in bad shape from frostbite, and other parts of his body are less seriously frost-bitten.

They never found the ring, but they buried Wilson's finger up near American Maid's hard-stand, and the crew is hoping he can rejoin them. Krantz probably will never fly again. At that, to call him lucky is the height of understatement.

A few minutes ago, Sergeant Cook walked through the Quonset hut where I'm typing this. He looked at me and held up half a dozen thick straps.

"Yeah," he grinned. "Think I'll build me a harness."

—CPL. KNOX BURGER

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Here are some interesting facts about vitamins!

Certain vitamins act as "sparks" to fire the foods we eat into power to run our bodies! We must get enough of them to enjoy maximum vitality!

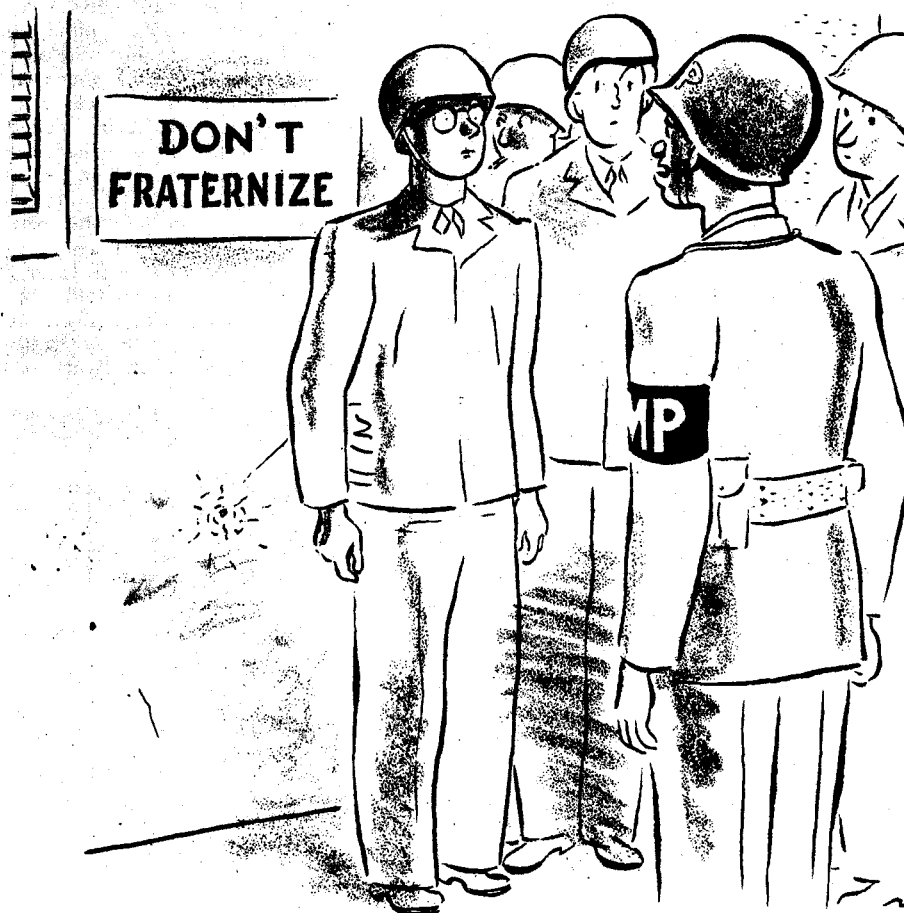
Certain vitamins do their best acting in combination with certain minerals!

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Just 2 glasses of HEMO made with milk supply your ENTIRE DAY'S NEEDS—according to government standards—of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, (G), D, Niacin; and the important minerals, Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus!

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"Where do you get that 'Latin derivation' stuff? Of course it includes women!"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE



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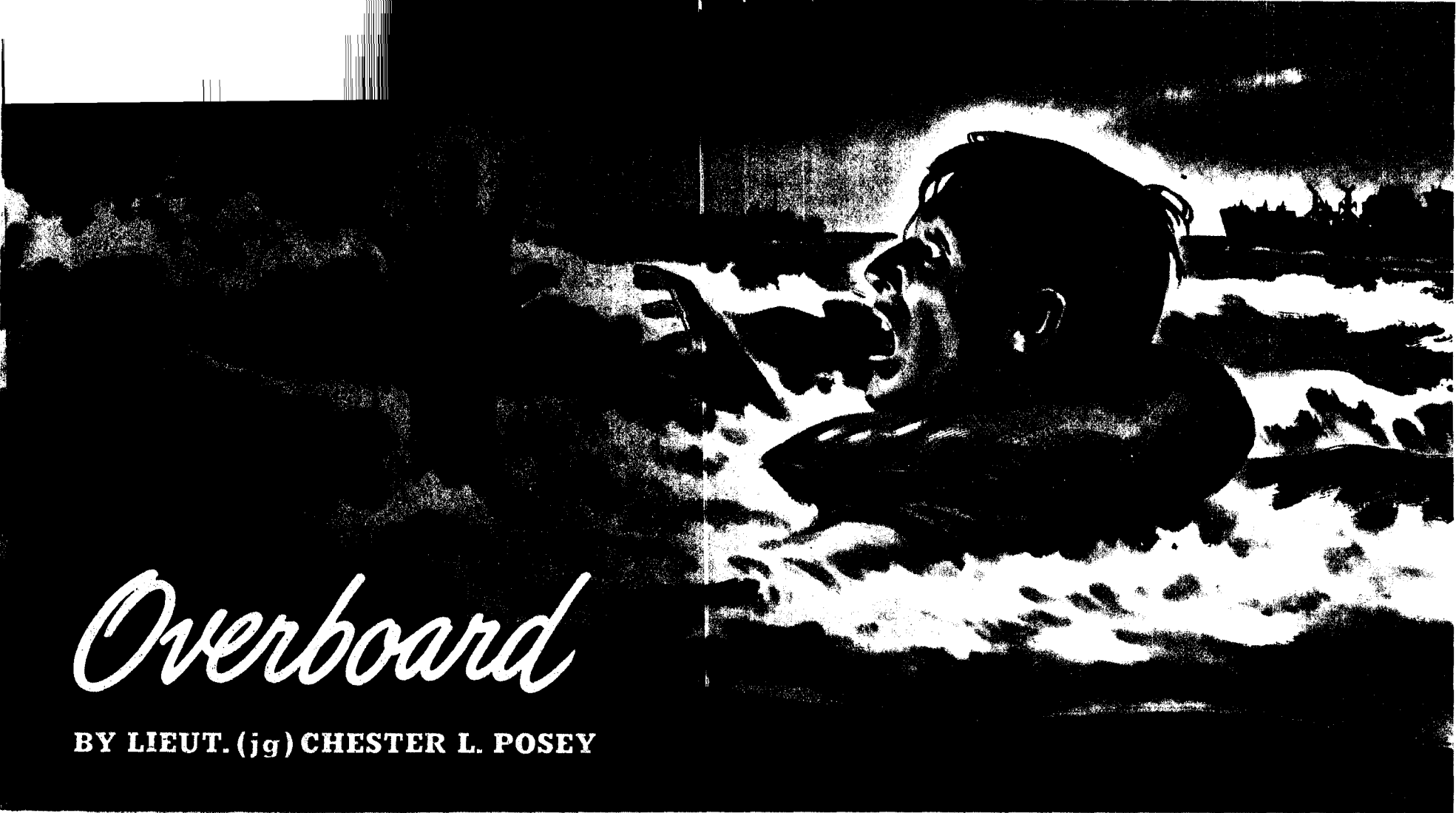
Minimum daily needs set by U. S. nutritionists	2 servings of HEMO, made with milk, give
4000 USP units	VITAMIN A 4900 USP units
333 USP units	VITAMIN B ₁ 400 USP units
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JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

- The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs! PLUS
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- The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots! PLUS
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- The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

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Drink your vitamins and like 'em!



Overboard

BY LIEUT. (jg) CHESTER L. POSEY

He was in between two columns of passing ships and was terrified they would leave him alone, alone with nothing to yell at

HE WAS conscious first of the sound of the splash he made as his body hit the water. It was an alien sound, and shocking to his ears even though he had become completely accustomed to the incessant lapping of the water against the ship's sides for the past two weeks. The water was warm; he was floating high in the calm, soft sea, his life jacket pinching his neck and stretching him up into the night.

Suddenly he realized that he was screaming. He thrashed his arms and legs, and beat the sea and then he choked on a lungful of nauseating salt.

Then the first shock was over, and his intelligence and awareness came to him in a sudden overwhelming brightness, his subconscious mind throwing up all the passive impressions it had gathered during these last dreary, heat-infested days and nights aboard his ship: the immensity of the convoy, its huge uniformity stretching coldly for miles and miles of sameness; the simple beauty with which hundreds of vessels were twisted around islands, through channels, brought across vast oceans to an exact place at an exact time.

Now this impersonal and seemingly infallible world that he had known so well—that he had accepted with a deep, unthinking trust, knowing it was the foundation of safety, speed and victory in war—became the object of his terror.

Where in all this massive structure of perfectly organized men, guns, ships, armies and convoys, where in this tight maze of war was there provision for a soldier fallen overboard in the dead of night? As he reached and gasped again for air, he knew the answer: he was nothing. The world had revolved around him, and he was nothing. He began to kick off his shoes and his pants; men had floated for days in life jackets. . . .

"Hello, Diamond, hello, Diamond, this is Silver Two, this is Silver Two. Man reported overboard by Table Four at two three two three passed abeam our station at two three three nine, distance two hundred yards. Over."

The radio plot control room of the convoy commander was crowded but quiet. The commander bent over a large glass-covered chart in the center of the room, carefully measured a bearing and distance.

"Message from Diamond to Silver Nine," he spoke to a radioman. "Expect man in

water to pass your bow one hundred yards at about two three four seven." He reached into his sweat-soaked shirt to bring out a cigarette. "Message to all ships under my command: Keep this circuit open for traffic concerning man overboard."

A lieutenant at one corner of the chart table muttered to his companion: "Those columns better be straight. They'd better be straight or there'll be hell to pay."

"Hello, Diamond, this is Candle One. Object passed. . . ."

HE COULD make out the ominous hulk of the passing ships now. He was in between two columns, and as consecutive lines passed him, the throbbing of their screws pounded through his chest. He had seen what those huge propellers were like. They had all laughed one day, he and his friends aboard the transport, when a length of fire hose had gone under the bow whole and had been thrown up many yards aft the stern in ten thousand pieces. He was terrified now that this should happen to him. Yet he was more terrified that the ships should pass by and leave him and the sky and the sea alone; alone with nothing to yell at, nothing to wave to.

Imagination began her slow and devastating work. He saw his ship and all the other ships moving on darkly, relentlessly; he saw inside the black hulls men warm and laughing in the flare of lights.

Each ship was a bright city covered by a cloud of dark heedlessness—sailing cruelly away from him who once also had been enclosed by its life.

An unusually strong throbbing passed on his left. He strained his eyes and saw that the column of ships was twisting so that he would have to swim around a huge corner to keep out of their path. Swim away from them! The Lord knew he couldn't swim at all. He closed his eyes for a minute but it didn't help. . . .

A lookout on the bridge of the LST in station number seventy-six strained his eyes through the lenses of his binoculars. It would have to be a moonless night! That poor devil in the water didn't have a chance. Their LST and those that followed it were slightly out of column, moving in a line of bearing which formed a great elbow in the long length of ships; and this man in the water was heading right for that elbow.

Straightening out thirty columns of ships in a few minutes couldn't be done without shifting the whole formation, a move reserved for emergency air evasion only. They were all nervous on the bridge. The lookout leaned a little farther over the railing to search. . . .

Warm as the water was, the man realized that his flesh was now cold. His arms and legs were sodden lengths of dough; his throat and mouth raw from coughing and yelling. An almost comforting bitterness swept over him.

Somehow, it seemed that he had been deceived, let down. He had grown up to believe that a man's right to live a free life was the most important thing in America. Paradoxical as it was, he also believed that his life, free as it was, should be protected and cared for by his country. But now hundreds of his friends were coldly sailing away from him. This was a war, of course. But wasn't the life of one American worth the death of one hundred thousand Japs? It seemed that it wasn't.

All he had left to fight with was bitterness, and he kept it sharpened with each additional throatful of brine and each dim shape that passed so close and so helplessly out of reach. He became aware that the ships were passing nearer now. The columns were bent; in a few minutes he would be in the path of one of those churning, knife-edge screws. Panic took hold of him again, blotting out thought or philosophy or imagination.

"HELLO, Diamond, this is Pepper Four Five, this is Pepper Four Five. Man in water passed our bow at two three five nine, distance fifty yards. In present position he will be in path of Pepper Seven Eight or Razor Five in about four minutes. Over."

There was a helpless questioning atmosphere in the radio plot. How do you maneuver five hundred ships to keep from running down one man? In these waters a radical shift in disposition might well mean loss of hours and minutes that spell the difference between a successful amphibious landing and a disastrous one.

The packed room was waiting for the convoy commander to look up from the chart to speak. His was the decision. He was an admiral; he was "Diamond;" he was a man and he hesitated. He straightened up, turned to the radioman:

"Message to all ships. Turn four five, turn four five. New course three four six. Message to Rocker Two. Leave station and stand by to pick up man in water abaft column number seven at zero zero one zero. All stations acknowledge."

A smile, the striking of a match betrayed the answer to the unasked questions. An order from the bridge was heard faintly, and the ship heeled over in a swift turn as hundreds of other ships heeled over in the same turn, and a path was opened where there was no path.

IT WAS very quiet. He didn't know what to think. They had turned; those blind monsters had turned away just as they were on top of him! Could it be that inside those ships there were men that knew and cared, and went beyond knowing and caring, and did something? He knew that all along he had not expected them to do anything. The last ship had passed by.

His bitterness had gone and his nerves were quiet. Only his mind kept stealthily at work figuring out ways to keep alive longer despite the fact that his reason told him to give up, to turn over and sleep. There were always these Navy flying boats, remember. They might be around at daylight. If he could wave his shirt. . . .

A flashing light hit his face and was gone! Did he imagine it? It hit again and he heard voices near by:

"There he is. Get that life preserver over. We'll bring him aboard on the port bow."

The tears were streaming down his face, and their salt taste was sweet in his salt-caked mouth. Arms lifted him, and he was suddenly warm, so warm with realization and friendship and love that he could hardly stand it. . . .

"Hello, Diamond, this is Rocker Two, this is Rocker Two. Man in water picked up at zero zero one seven. No injuries. Condition excellent. Over."

In five hundred radio rooms, there were five hundred smiles. In the radio plot of the convoy commander's flagship, officers stood up, stretched, asked for coffee and began to talk.

The commander leaned again over the chart table and pondered the weighty problem of bringing his flock back to normal cruising disposition.

"Message to all ships from Diamond. . . ."

TWO GRAND PIPE TOBACCOS THAT ARE
WINNING THOUSANDS WHO
Never Smoked Pipes Before



The Flavor's In . . . the Bite is Out!
TWO PIPE TOBACCOS YOU CAN INHALE

SMOKERS of all kinds — thousands who never smoked pipes before—are turning to these two grand pipe mixtures—made by Philip Morris.

Try them! You'll find both extra good . . . smooth, cool-smoking! Thanks to a Philip Morris advance in preparing pipe tobaccos—the flavor's *in*...the bite is *out*!

So go to your favorite tobacco counter . . . ask for REVELATION or BOND STREET—the pipe tobaccos you can inhale.

**ATTENTION!
CIGARETTE SMOKERS**

When you can't find cigarettes for love nor money, try REVELATION or BOND STREET—the pipe tobaccos you can inhale, just like cigarettes! Thousands are doing it who never smoked pipes before.

HERE'S PROOF Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is over *three times as irritating* as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

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DEDICATED TO THE PRODUCTION OF FINE TOBACCO PRODUCTS

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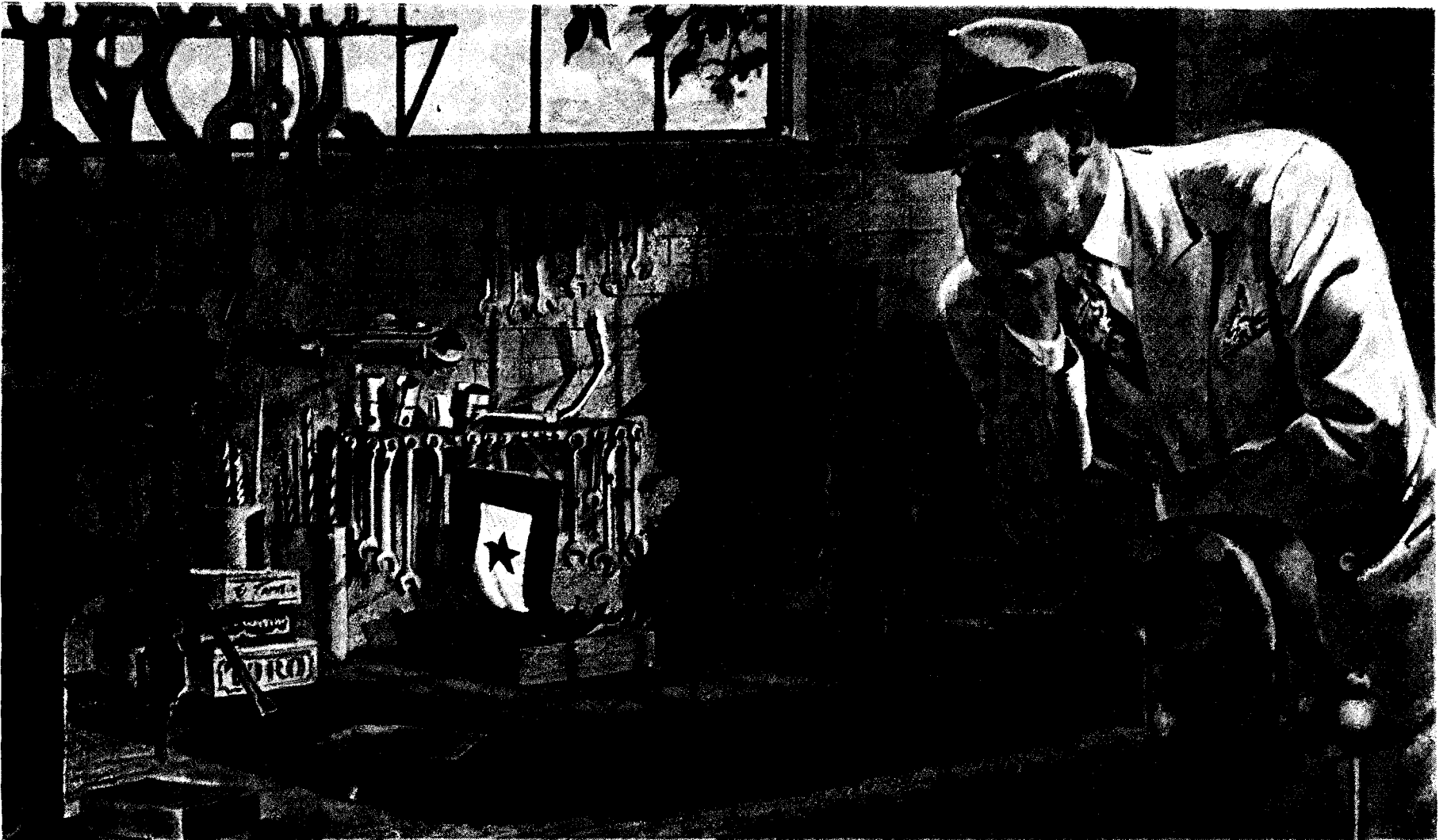
A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture. Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor and aroma, even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.



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One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends. A magnificent "flavor-blend" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure.

Either 15¢



Mr. Martin and the Mourner's Bench

It was a mechanic's bench — until yesterday. Then the mechanic left.

Today, Mr. Martin is mourning at that empty bench. With good reason.

Because Mr. Martin's car needs a new bearing. And a mechanic to install it. Neither are available. So Mr. Martin will simply have to arrange for other transportation. If he can.

We're *all* close to Mr. Martin's mournful state, with our cars averaging 7½ years of age. With 47 out of every 100 mechanics gone — and car replacement parts difficult or impossible to get — we're in danger. In fact, a crisis in national transportation is close.

Fortunately, we have two champions to help us fight our battle. Champion number one is the service station man, skilled at nipping trouble in the bud, at beating off wear with his grease gun.

Champion number two: world-beating American lubricants. Such as Veedol Motor Oil — pride of the 100% Pennsylvania crudes. And the five never-failing Veedol chassis lubricants.

Save that car of yours while you still can. A Veedol dealer will provide the matchless Veedol lubricants, the necessary care. He'll help you spare your country another irreplaceable loss.

Remember, every car counts. *Yours* most of all.



Trust your car to Veedol—
it will see you through

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nio, Tex., intelligence officer of the 6th Army, as he stood listening to the roar of guns from Corregidor.

Some Grim Facts On the Car Situation

The average car is 7½ years old — right at the breakdown stage. 3,000 cars a day go out of service.

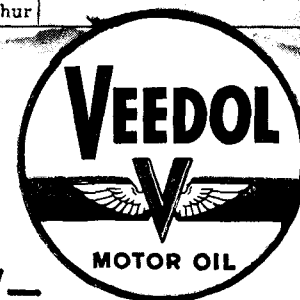
We have lost 22% of the repair shops and 47% of the mechanics we had at the time of Pearl Harbor.

The volume of service work has increased so greatly that many repair shops have waiting lists of car owners.

If car manufacturing resumed tomorrow, it would take at least 4 years to fill the demand for new cars.

What are you doing about your car?

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Woman at Bay

Continued from page 19

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you'd better start with Armand Sevigny."

"Maybe I should start before that." She paused and took a speck of tobacco from her tongue with her finger. "Though I don't suppose it matters now. I married him and it was a mistake, but if you hadn't run away—"

"Oh, it was all my fault?"

"You didn't come back. A notice was sent you."

MacKinnon cleared his throat and was elaborately patient. "The side I did my little fighting for lost," he said. "The other side took some prisoners, including me. What with that and being in the hospital, the mail service wasn't very good. I never received any notice of action."

That stopped her a moment. She frowned, as though undecided whether to believe him or not, then she said, "I waited six months before doing anything. I thought you'd come back."

He grunted softly. "You were pretty explicit when I left. You said if I walked out on you, I needn't bother to."

Sparks of irritation touched her gaze now and began to color her voice. "You didn't have to believe it. If you hadn't gone or if afterward you'd given me any indication that you really loved me, I wouldn't have got a divorce. I wouldn't have married Armand and I wouldn't have—"

"I had to go," he said. "I postponed it as long as I could. It had nothing to do with loving you, and you should have known it."

She put her head back and glanced at the ceiling, her sigh exasperated. "Oh, naturally. I was twenty. I should have been more profound," she said ironically. "I should have known that it was something men have a habit of doing when there's a war on."

She rose and began to pace the floor, her gaze remote, her words clipped. "Dad told me war was man's best mistress but I didn't believe it. Now I know better."

"Then," said MacKinnon, "how does it get to be my fault?"

"I'll tell you," she said. "If you had tried to understand how I depended on you, or explained things in the right way, I might have realized that you did love me and that you would come back. If you had done any little thing to heal my pride; if you had held my hand and babied me, or even taken me over your knee and spanked me; if you had done anything at all that would have told me that you really cared . . . But no. You—"

"All right," MacKinnon interrupted. He leaned back and sighed loudly. "Maybe we'd better get on with the rest of it."

She stopped her pacing and looked at him. Then her frown went away and she sat down again.

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry." She was coolly matter-of-fact again. "I started out to tell you why I married Armand Sevigny and I might as well finish it. I suppose if Dad hadn't been killed two weeks after you left, I wouldn't have done it at all."

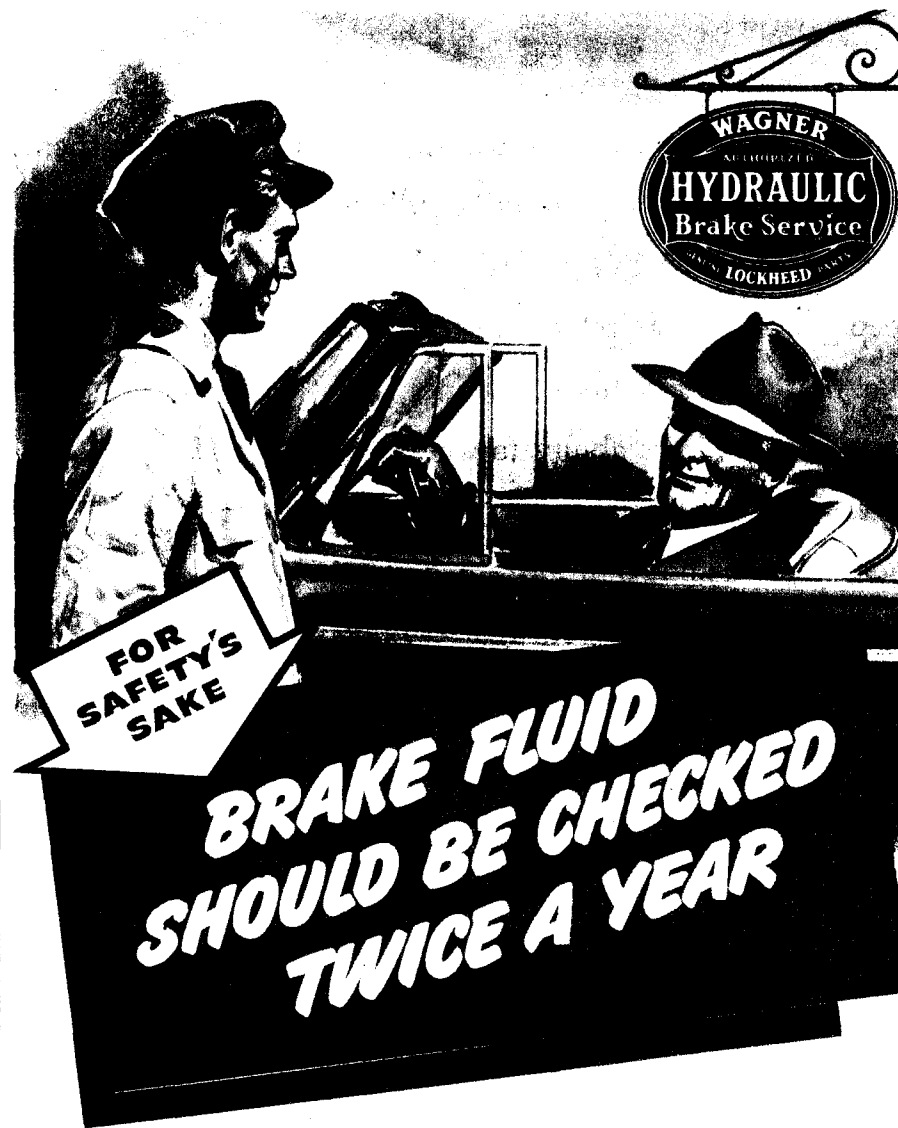
"I didn't know," MacKinnon said, and felt a deep, inarticulate apology. "Not for months."

SHE went on as though she had not heard him: "With you gone and then Dad—well, I simply wasn't equipped to face things. I couldn't take it, and so I started going out; I needed other people to keep the hurt and loneliness away. Armand was always around. And he seemed so understanding and considerate. . . ."

"He was a smoothie," MacKinnon said, and at the moment had no further capacity for resentment. He was beginning to understand some things he had never tried to understand before.

"I'm not saying I married him on the rebound," Norma said. "Whether I was trying to escape something or not, I thought I loved him. Having made a mess of one marriage, I wanted terribly to make the second one work."

She laughed softly, a bitter sound. "Within a month I knew he was seeing other women. Within three months I had proof, but then



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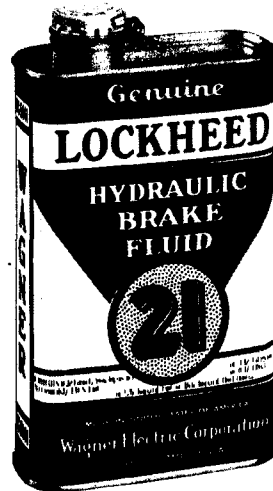
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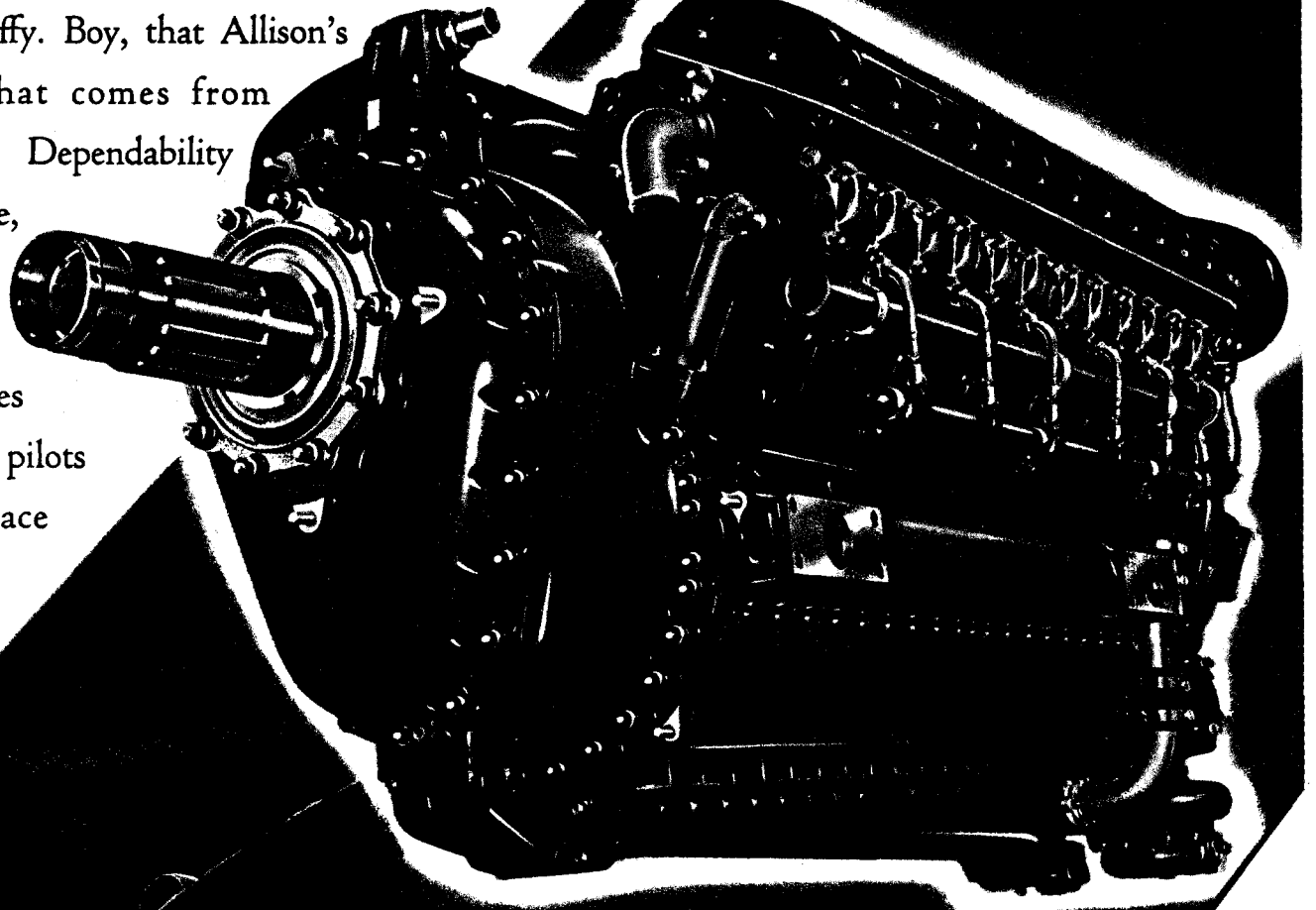
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it was too late. That was in 1940, and Paris was tottering and I couldn't get out. Even then he was selling out the French people, and when I told him so and started to pack my things, he kept me locked in a room for eight days."

She lowered her head and looked out of the window. MacKinnon sat very still, and after a moment she continued:

"I don't know when I first got the idea of staying on. I was still thinking of some way to get out and I was polite and civil, and we both understood by that time that there was a mistress or two on the side, and it was like that when he came home one night when he had been drinking and told me about his plan to keep a diary." She paused and continued: "I knew that all Merard's confidential business came over his desk now, but I didn't really grasp what he meant by a diary until later. It wasn't until he showed me some of the things he had written and let me see photostats and checks and papers that I knew what he intended to do. I still don't know where I got the idea or what decided me. I simply woke up one morning, and it was all clear and neat in my mind."

MacKinnon cleared his throat and was careful what he said. "Sevigny was going to write a book?" he asked. "Sort of an autobiography?"

"Yes," Norma said. "And I decided to help him. I was a newspaperman's daughter and I knew how such things were published. I gave him fabulous estimates of what the various rights would bring. . . . He loved it."

MacKinnon let her tell more about the manuscript, and what she said substantiated Dave Adams' story to a large degree. But there were other things Adams hadn't known about, and MacKinnon wanted all the information he could get. He gave her a cigarette and a light.

"What did you expect to get out of it?" he asked.

"Satisfaction."

"Oh?"

"I'd been a complete idiot," she said. "I wouldn't face things. I wanted comforting and sympathy, and I married Armand and now I was paying for it. The only thing that gave me any strength or courage was that manuscript. It was something I could do; it was a way I could regain my self-respect. And I knew in the end it would be worthwhile, because I was sure from the beginning that the Nazis could not win."

SHE glanced up and saw how intent he was, and a flush crept into her cheeks. "Oh, I know how it sounds," she said. "The pure and noble Norma, suffering for humanity—"

"It doesn't sound that way to me," MacKinnon said, and was a little surprised to find he meant it.

"I convinced him that there should be two copies," she said. "He used to grumble sometimes about the extra trouble, but I rather think he liked the idea all the same. He kept the original and I hid the copy."

"What happened to the original?"

"Someone came to the house while I was in the hospital after he was killed in '43. Two or three of his friends knew about the manuscript and I think one of them got it and destroyed it." She sighed. "It would have been better if I had waited. If I'd had any idea the Allied armies would move so fast after D-Day, I might have stayed in Paris. But the underground was too active then to wait very long."

She looked at him. "They would have enjoyed finding me. They missed killing me three times before, thinking I was pro-Nazi, like Armand, and I doubt if the manuscript would have meant anything to them. The only sure way was to get out of the country with it. I started for the south of France and got quite close to the Spanish border without trouble. After that—" She faltered and glanced away and MacKinnon said:

"Victor Molina?"

She nodded.

"He got you to Spain and then to Lisbon and he brought the manuscript here. He must have thought a lot of you."

There was doubt in MacKinnon's inflection and she noticed it. She inspected him a moment, continued steadily: "He was a friend of Dad's; he owed Dad something."

"What were you going to do with it—if it had been delivered this afternoon?"

Her eyes widened slowly. "Why—turn it over to the State Department. To the American Embassy. I imagine they would send it to De Gaulle. It would be invaluable in convicting a lot of collaborationists who might otherwise go free."

She leaned toward him, her mouth compressed. "There's another reason why I have to have that manuscript," she said. "If I can't get it, if I can't deliver it myself to the embassy and have a chance to tell the story I've told you, I'll always be known as a traitor. Nothing I can say will change it. That's why I asked you to help me today. I wanted you to see it. I wanted you to go with me to the embassy and hear the story. It would have given me a great deal of satisfaction to be able to prove to you that I never was a traitor."

MacKinnon was impressed. He watched her rise and go to the window and for a mo-

He stood up, knowing he could not ask these questions now; to let her see he did not believe her, would mean the end of all co-operation.

Not trusting himself to look at her, he stepped to the window, spoke over his shoulder. "I'm glad you told me," he said. "I think I'd better go back to the Palm."

"Oh," she said, her tone startled. "But—" "The police won't have much trouble tracing me," he said. "I think I'd better walk in and pretend I'm on the level. I never saw the man before. I don't know what it's all about."

"All right," Norma said. "But don't you think you should wait?"

He looked at her, not understanding, and she said, "I mean, the longer you wait, the harder it will be for them to tell exactly when he died. Won't it?"

He examined her with new interest, finding her suggestion a shrewd one.

"Yes," he said finally. "Maybe we'd better get along to Aitchison's party." He went

stood about in little groups, and Bruce Aitchison disengaged himself from one of these and came over.

"Hello, MacKinnon," he said in his blunt, jerky voice. "Glad to see you."

"We're getting a drink for Mr. MacKinnon," Mrs. Gerand said. "Will you watch for Mrs. Brissard and Miss Travers?"

A small bar had been set up in an alcove and behind it was a swart, stocky man in a white coat. "Mr. MacKinnon would like a drink, Alfredo," Mrs. Gerand said. "Do you think you could manage one?"

Alfredo showed white even teeth to Mrs. Gerand but nothing else changed in his face. For an instant when he handed MacKinnon the drink, their eyes met and MacKinnon saw that Alfredo's were small and black and cold, reminding him of others he had seen in the past; it made him wonder if sometimes Bruce Aitchison had actual need for a body-guard.

"Does Alfredo understand English?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Gerand said.

MacKinnon smiled at Alfredo. He said thanks. He said the drink was just right, and Alfredo bowed but his eyes were still cold.

Going from one group to another with Mrs. Gerand, MacKinnon was again impressed by the fact that had at first seemed odd. Cubans, he found, did not look like Cubans—or at least the difference in appearance that he had expected was missing. Only the accents told him that about half of the guests were Cuban and the rest French.

FOR another half hour he made himself generally agreeable and had no chance to pay much attention either to Adrienne or Norma. He saw Denny Clarke come in and be introduced, and when he had a chance, he moved up beside him and held out cigarettes.

Clarke was standing alone at the moment, watching the others and sipping a Martini, and MacKinnon, standing on his left, waited with the cigarettes outstretched. Finally he nudged the big man.

"If you don't want one, say so," he remarked good-naturedly.

"Hunh?" Clarke turned his head. He looked surprised when he saw MacKinnon. "How long you been standing there?" he said. Then he laughed when MacKinnon told him. "You're on the blind side," he said and took a cigarette. "I get no side vision with this damned eye," he added; "I can't swing it to the left. I thought you knew."

MacKinnon said he hadn't noticed it, but thinking back, he found an explanation for what he had thought was simply a nervous gesture, a quick, half-turning of the head that Clarke often made.

"You were late," MacKinnon said.

"Yeah."

"Norma said you gave her a lift downtown."

Clarke sipped his drink. After a moment he said, "I ordered a suit. I dragged her into one place but I couldn't find any material I liked, and when I wanted to go someplace else, she ducked me. But I found a nice gabardine. Cheap, too."

He turned and looked at MacKinnon, tipping his head and grinning faintly. "You checking up on Norma now?"

MacKinnon gestured with his glass. "She just happened to mention it. Hi," he said, as Adrienne came over. "Having fun?"

Adrienne beamed. "Oh, yes," she said. "We looked for you, Denny. At the hotel."

"I was downtown," Clarke said. He touched her nearly empty glass with his. "You need a refill," he said and slipped his arm through hers.

Aitchison came over as they moved off. "Well," he said. "How are you doing?"

"Fine," MacKinnon said.

"Good," Aitchison hesitated, glanced about and seemed to be thinking up something to say. "You've met everyone? . . . Let me get you a fresh one," he said, indicating MacKinnon's glass. "Oh, Carlos. . . ."

A slim, good-looking youth in a white coat was starting out with a tray of drinks and now he angled toward Aitchison.

MacKinnon said "Thanks," and Carlos

(Continued on page 60)



ment he felt that he should go to her and say something that might comfort her.

Then, as though some inner valve in his brain had opened up after a momentary stoppage, he thought about the job he was supposed to be doing, and his mind was quick and unconvinced. Stripping her story to its fundamentals, he found flaws and inconsistencies, and suddenly the impulse to comfort her was gone, and all the wariness and suspicion came flooding back.

He could understand the first part. He knew what the death of her father must have meant. She was right about not having the equipment with which to fight such emotional shocks, and he saw how she might turn to Armand Sevigny, and imagine herself in love.

He could accept, too, the reason she gave for not turning the manuscript over to someone in Paris after the Allies had landed, but the rest of the story would not stand up. She had managed to reach Madrid, hadn't she? Why, then, had she not turned the manuscript over to the State Department there? Why had she not turned it over to the American Embassy in Lisbon?

over to the door. "Call Adrienne and Denny and ask them when they'll be ready."

He glanced back as he opened the door. Norma was still looking at him, but he had an idea she didn't see him; he had an idea that what she saw was a long way off.

BRUCE AITCHISON'S place was a sand-colored affair with a red-tile roof and a curving drive that circled under a portecochere. Mrs. Gerand welcomed them at the door, her greeting characteristically gushing. She shook hands with Adrienne and Norma and smiled at MacKinnon and said how glad she was that they could come.

"We couldn't find Denny," MacKinnon said, and took a shot at the moon. "But I think you saw him earlier. . . ."

Mrs. Gerand smiled at him all over again. "Yes," she said, "we had lunch. I'm sure he'll be along." She told the women they could go upstairs and took MacKinnon's arm. "I expect you'll want a drink before you meet some people."

He said that would be wonderful, and she led him into the drawing room. Fifteen or twenty people with drinks in their hands

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Red-Hot Paint

There is a new kind of high-gloss paint for household furniture and walls that is put on red-hot. The paint is a thick paste when cold, and saves much expense by eliminating costly solvents.

Featherweight Flowerpots for Better Plants

Tomorrow's streamlined world will not only be more fun to live in but also cheaper and more economical of time, space and effort. Even the lowly flowerpot will be different.

Flowerpots are still molded of clay and fired, simply because they are considered an item of pottery. But thick paper has many advantages. It is only one tenth as heavy as clay and can be knocked around severely without breaking. Paper pots can be shipped in tight-packed cartons at a great saving in freight costs and space. With modern machinery, they can be made in any shape or size or degree of water resistance, and in whatever color is best suited to the plants that will be grown in them.

Garden lovers will be able to dispense with the difficult job of transplanting from pot to ground. One type of pot, made of specially absorbent paper, will rot away when buried in the soil, letting the plant roots strike through its walls into the earth. This has been tried before but with only partial success, because the rate of decay could not be controlled. New chemical treatments, based on the soil to be used, will yield a pot that will dissolve just fast enough to



create ideal conditions for any plant chosen. Or the pots can be impregnated with nitrogen and other fertilizing elements to supply the right boost for plants that need special nursing.

Quick Job for Gear Teeth

There is no single device in modern living more vital than a gear wheel. Essential in everything from your watch and washing machine and automobile to the huge turbine drives of battleships and ocean liners, gears have no substitute, and billions of them mesh to do the world's work. Yet every gear must be cut painstakingly, one tooth at a time, except for the handful that can be stamped out in one piece. Tomorrow this top-priority item will be hustled through the production line at breakneck speed by means of a new tool that gouges out all a gear's teeth at the same time.

Like any automatic machine, this record breaker is expensive and hard to make, since it must be enormously accurate in every detail and part. But once set up, it can turn out the cogwheels of tomorrow at the rate of a hundred an hour—many times faster than the best today. The machine itself has teeth, sticking inward in a ring which is forced back and

forth over the metal blank to be cut. By an ingenious automatic hook-up, the teeth move in a little to cut deeper with each stroke, then withdraw so they won't catch on the return.

Soon—Power Through the Air

Wireless transmission of electric power, lifelong dream of Nikola Tesla, is a fact in Russia today, according to official reports in the Soviet newspaper *Tass*. Trucks in Russian war plants are being driven by radio power picked up through the air from cables buried beneath floors and streets, and heavy loads can be moved with a new degree of efficiency.

For half a century, prominent engineers the world over have been pursuing this dream of radio power, which would be of great advantage in mines, factories and congested areas where the usual electric contact wires would be cumbersome or dangerous. But the answer has always been no. Wireless power could be sent out readily enough, but since it spread in every direction, only a tiny fraction of it could be recovered at any one point.

But the new technique of ultra short-wave radio, developed so highly in this war, puts a new face on the picture. Short-wave radio beams can be concentrated and focused sharply on one spot, just as a searchlight beam can be closely aimed. Experiments indicate that good efficiency can be obtained in transmitting electric power short distances if suitable apparatus for sending and receiving it can be designed.

With the startling new developments coming in electronics after the war, radio power transmission is almost sure to be realized in many ways—in factories and laboratories.

Silent Like a Vacuum

The vacuum cleaner you have been looking for—or, rather, listening for—may not be far away when war pressures are over. It will be a cleaner that doesn't make a noise. Patents have been issued to a prominent manufacturer on a method of quieting down the whiz of the air and the yell of the high-speed motor.

Silencing the motor is not difficult. Many improvements in wartime electric motors make this easy. But to eliminate the hiss of the air as it rushes through the fan blades has been a complicated problem. It has been solved by adding a special muffling chamber between the exit of the cleaner and the mouth of the dust bag. ★★★

Woman at Bay

Continued from page 59

looked at him a moment before he turned away, and something in the dark face and flat, impassive eyes reminded him of the bartender. He dismissed the thought with some irritation when he realized that lately he had become suspicious of everyone.

He talked absently with Aitchison while his mind went back to Victor Molina in room 319 and the story Norma had told him. He wondered what she had been doing between the time she left the Habana Hotel around three and the time she got to room 319. He wondered about Denny, too, and watched him stroll out of the alcove with Adrienne. As they approached, Mrs. Gerand appeared and drew Aitchison to one side.

"You're cute," Clarke was saying to Adrienne. "When're you going to South America? That must be quite a guy you've got down there."

"I like him," Adrienne said. "But I am in no hurry. Where is Norma, Paul? Have you seen her?"

MacKinnon said no and looked round the room. He could not see her, but he noticed Aitchison and Mrs. Gerand in a tight little huddle with six other guests.

"What's up?" Clarke said, following MacKinnon's glance.

MacKinnon was watching Aitchison now. Both he and Mrs. Gerand seemed to be upset about something. Mrs. Gerand's hands were fluttering and she kept looking over his way, and then MacKinnon realized that the group she was with was made up entirely of the French element. He was still wondering about this when Aitchison detached himself and came quickly across the room, his broad face stern, his brow wrinkled.

"I say, MacKinnon," he said. "This Miss Travers." He paused to look at Adrienne and Denny, and continued, to her: "Do you know who she is, Mrs. Brissard?"

"Why—" Adrienne's brows climbed and she looked puzzled—"is she not Norma Travers?"

"She is Mrs. Sevigny," Aitchison said flatly.

"Sevigny?" said Clarke blankly.

"Oh," Adrienne said.

"You know the name?" Aitchison asked.

"There was an Armand Sevigny. I believe he was killed in—"

"She's his wife," Aitchison said. "One of my guests recognized her and told Mrs. Gerand. Did you know who she was, MacKinnon?"

"Yes, I knew," MacKinnon said.

"You know *what* she was?"

"Yes, certainly."

That stopped Aitchison. His brows came down and his face got pinkish, and MacKinnon decided that either he was sore or it was a wonderful act.

"So what?" Denny Clarke said. "She's a friend of mine and—"

"I'm sorry," Aitchison said, remembering his manners. "Of course. It just happens that Armand Sevigny was one of the worst of the Vichy traitors and many of my guests are French and—well, I mean to say, it's damned awkward."

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Aitchison," Clarke said, with heavy sarcasm. "I'll see that she goes quietly."

Aitchison got pinker. He opened his mouth and closed it.

"Or should we call the police?" Clarke said. He glanced at MacKinnon. "I'll find her," he said, but MacKinnon took his arm. "I'll find her."

Clarke stopped. His mustache curved in a half-smile, and his blue eyes were cloudy. "All right," he said, "we'll both find her. Why don't you meet us at the porte-cochere, honey," he said to Adrienne. "And say our goodbys to Mrs. Gerand."

"I'm sorry," Aitchison said.

"So am I," MacKinnon said. "It was a nice party."

"You'll explain about my guests to Mrs. ah—Miss Travers. Maybe we can have a round of golf some day before you go."

"It's a thought," MacKinnon said and started after Clarke.

The French group, still in a tight huddle, watched their progress to the French doors. Mrs. Gerand looked properly distressed, and

for a moment MacKinnon thought she was going to speak to Denny Clarke but he did not seem to notice her.

Norma Travers was alone in the gathering dusk. She sat on a stone bench smoking a cigarette and looking off across the garden. When she saw them, she smiled.

"Hello," she said.

"Hi," Clarke said. "Being a little exclusive, aren't you?"

"By request," Norma said. "I take it you've heard the news."

"Aitchison didn't say anything, did he?"

"No." Norma made a little throaty sound that was half laugh half sigh. "But one of his guests did—under her breath."

"You held out on me," Clarke was still amused. "I didn't know you were a notorious woman."

MacKinnon took Norma's hand and helped her to her feet, finding that he resented Clarke's cracks and proprietary attitude. "We're going along," he said. "Adrienne is meeting us out front."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I suppose I shouldn't have come. I wouldn't have if—"

"Forget it," Clarke said. "It was a dull show anyway."

THE lobby of the Palm Hotel looked different at night; it was brighter, gayer, noisier at this hour. MacKinnon walked in the front door and continued straight on to the elevator.

He had the third-floor hall to himself. He fitted the key in the door of room 319 and opened it. A widening rectangle of light spilled across the rug and he saw instantly that the body had been removed.

He was aware now of the odor of tobacco, fresh and cigar-smelling. He thought, too, that he heard a whisper of sound somewhere ahead of him; but it was the instinctive reaction, the sudden prickling feeling along his spine and scalp, that told him someone was waiting in the darkness.

It all came to him swiftly in that moment when he felt along the wall for the light switch, and he did not hesitate. When he found it, he began to whistle cheerfully and pushed, readying himself for whatever was to follow.

The switch clicked and the room was bathed in light. He kept whistling, unbuttoning his coat as he moved, seeing that the closet door was ajar and the bathroom door still open.

As he took his second step, the man moved into sight from the bathroom, one hand sliding across his chest as though it had recently been inside the coat.

MacKinnon stopped short and stared; he was not quite prepared for this. He had figured that if the body had been discovered and removed, a police officer would probably be waiting for John Macy to return. But this guy . . .

This man was slim and tall and dark, and he had a thin nose and high cheekbones. He wore a tan, double-breasted suit and a Panama hat and his name was Rodriguez.

MacKinnon swallowed, and remembered to get on with his act. "Hey," he said. "Am I in the wrong room? I thought this was—" he glanced at the key—"room 319."

"You are John Macy?" the man said in perfect English.

"Yes," MacKinnon said sourly, remembering how the other had pretended to speak only Spanish the night before. "And you're the guy who doesn't speak English."

Rodriguez spread his hands. "It is sometimes advisable to pretend such ignorance."

"And it's sometimes advisable to sign a phony name to a hotel register."

"Sometimes. . . Then you are not John Macy?"

"The name is MacKinnon—as if you didn't know." He paused. Rodriguez waited and his calm, unruffled manner did not help MacKinnon's temper. "Furthermore," he said, "MacKinnon paid three bucks for the use of this room and he wants to know who you are and what you're doing in it."

Rodriguez took off his hat. He pulled a small leather folder from his pocket and extracted a card. "Permit me," he said.

MacKinnon took the card grudgingly. It said: Luis Rodriguez.

"I am a lieutenant of police," Rodriguez said.

MacKinnon peered at him. "What else have you got that says so?"

Rodriguez shrugged and took out a wal-



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let, flipping it open to disclose the gold shield pinned inside.

MacKinnon quieted down. He realized now the importance of keeping his head and thinking soundly. He met the other's black-eyed inspection with a steady gaze and he felt again the latent power of the man.

"Does being a cop entitle you to search other people's rooms?" he asked.

"Sometimes such action is demanded."

"By what?"

Rodriguez ignored this. He put on his hat and his thin face was still like a rock. "I would like to know," he said, "why you gave the name John Macy."

"I had a date."

"Oh? With whom?"

MacKinnon shook his head and smiled grimly.

"A woman?" Rodriguez asked.

"A woman."

What may have been a smile touched the man's eyes and was gone. "You are a cautious man, Mr. MacKinnon."

"With women," MacKinnon said, "always."

"You took two keys."

"One for her."

"She will come tonight?"

"She decided not to."

"Oh. Then she stood you up."

MacKinnon knew he had heard correctly but he didn't quite believe it; the slangy phrase coming from one whose English was so precise surprised him. He half closed one eye and said: "What did you say?"

"Is that not the correct phrase when a woman breaks an appointment with a man?"

"Yeah, but—"

"You are curious that I should know how to say it? Well, I have been to your New York on three occasions. I went to the Police Academy for a little while and also, as a representative of our *Policia Secreta*, I took some courses with your F.B.I. in Washington. Also, I read many of your magazines. . . . But about this date—if you will give me the lady's name—"

"Un-unh," MacKinnon said. "The lady wouldn't like that, would she? And you've forgotten to tell me why all the third degree."

Rodriguez wasn't fooled; not for a second. His lids came down and his voice thinned out.

"A man was murdered here this afternoon, Mr. MacKinnon."

MacKinnon said, "What?" and hoped it sounded right.

Rodriguez remained unimpressed.

"You have your passport?" he said.

"Why—no," MacKinnon said. "It's at the hotel."

"We will go there now," Rodriguez said. He went over and opened the door. "Also, I will search your room. Do you agree to this or shall we stop on our way and get an order giving me the necessary authority?"

PAUL MACKINNON had plenty of time to think on the ride out to the Habana Hotel and most of the thoughts he found discouraging. MacKinnon had known and worked with quite a few detectives in the past two years, and none impressed him more than Rodriguez. That the man's efforts should now be focused on him—and quite possibly Norma—worried him plenty.

Now as they entered the room, Rodriguez glanced about, took off his hat and put it on the bureau. Without waiting to be asked, MacKinnon took his passport from a drawer and handed it over. Then he lighted a cigarette and stretched out on the bed.

"You are a writer?" Rodriguez said presently. "And it is stated that your trip is for business and pleasure."

"Mostly pleasure."

"You write stories?"

"Articles," MacKinnon waved his arm.

"Go ahead. The room is yours, Lieutenant. Is it all right if I ask some questions?"

Rodriguez did not bother to answer but began searching the bureau drawers.

When he closed the top lefthand one MacKinnon said, "What are you supposed to be looking for?"

"Among other things," Rodriguez said, "a gun."

MacKinnon came up on one elbow but caught himself in time. Oh, you liar! he thought, remembering how the murder gun



"Bonds are a Bitter Buy!"

had been left on the floor. "The man in 319 was shot?" he said.

"He was shot. At close range."

"And you didn't find the gun?"

Rodriguez was searching the other top drawer and now he turned and there was a gun in his hand. MacKinnon caught his breath.

"Did you declare this when you came through the customs?" Rodriguez was examining the automatic with deft fingers.

MacKinnon's pulse steadied. He had forgotten all about the gun, and the sight of it scared him until he remembered Manuel Zayas. Now his grin was twisted.

"May I see it?" He held out his hand.

Rodriguez looked at him with one eye and then with both. After a moment he offered the gun and MacKinnon looked it over again. It was a light-weight weapon considering its caliber. He thought it was a .38, and it had wooden stocks, on one of which a crude X had been cut or filed. When he saw it had not been fired since he put it there last night, he gave it back.

"You know where I got this gun," he said. "Why didn't you come over and grab that guy last night? You're a cop, aren't you?"

Rodriguez's mouth twitched and he straightened it.

"You stood over there by your car and watched us," MacKinnon said.

"There was no time to intervene; you were too quick. The man had this gun?"

"He did," MacKinnon said. "A guy by the name of Manuel Zayas—so my spies tell me. Why don't you look him up? I under-

stand that he came in on the Corruvedo."

Rodriguez repeated the name of the ship and was duly thoughtful; then he nodded. "I shall look into the matter," he said. "Also with your permission, I shall take this gun." He slipped it into his hip pocket and turned back to take up his search.

MacKinnon watched him a moment before he lay back. He wasn't annoyed or irritated any more. His mind was alert, respectful and still curious. Presently he said, "Who was the guy that got killed?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

"What was his racket?"

Silence.

"All right," MacKinnon said. "He was shot in room 319. Why?"

Rodriguez turned, his glance swiftly measuring the room. He stepped over to the table desk. "Apparently he had something the killer wanted."

"Oh—then it wasn't just murder."

"Not a planned murder, if that is what you mean. I think this man came to meet someone, and the wrong person was there—though this is only a guess, you understand—and this man refused to give up this thing he had brought. In addition, he had courage—and a gun. He tried to get it out and he was shot." He turned as the telephone rang. "Do you mind? This may be for me."

WHAT he said when he lifted the instrument was in Spanish, and MacKinnon did not get much of it. Rodriguez listened and nodded and spoke again, and MacKinnon had an idea that the lieutenant was pleased with what he heard.

"I would like to examine the bed," he said, when he hung up.

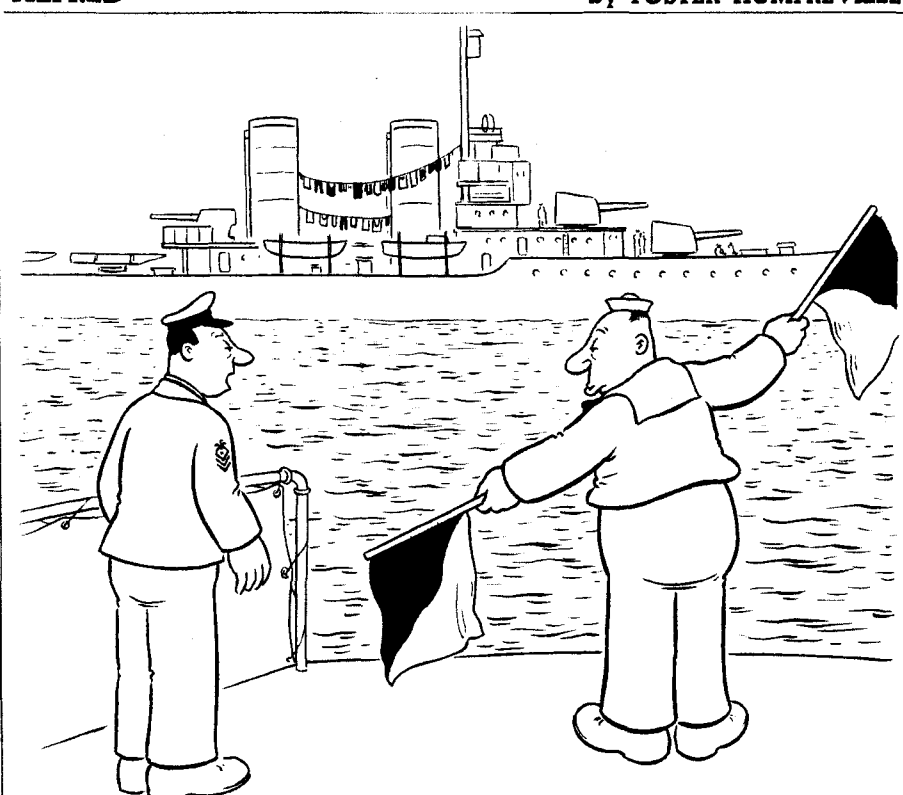
MacKinnon rose and stood aside. He took another cigarette and his fingers were no longer steady. It seemed to him that Rodriguez seemed more sure of himself now and the impression was so disturbing that his imagination got out of hand and he wondered if something *had* been hidden in his bed.

He stood very still, waiting for the detective to make his discovery and turn and accuse him. He forgot about the cigarette and the matches in his hand. The room seemed close now and the suspense moved in on him until he felt he must break it no matter what happened. The sensation was so acute, the fear of discovery so real that when Rodriguez finally turned without finding anything, MacKinnon felt only surprise and an overwhelming relief.

Rodriguez looked at him sharply and MacKinnon snapped back. He remembered the

ALFRED

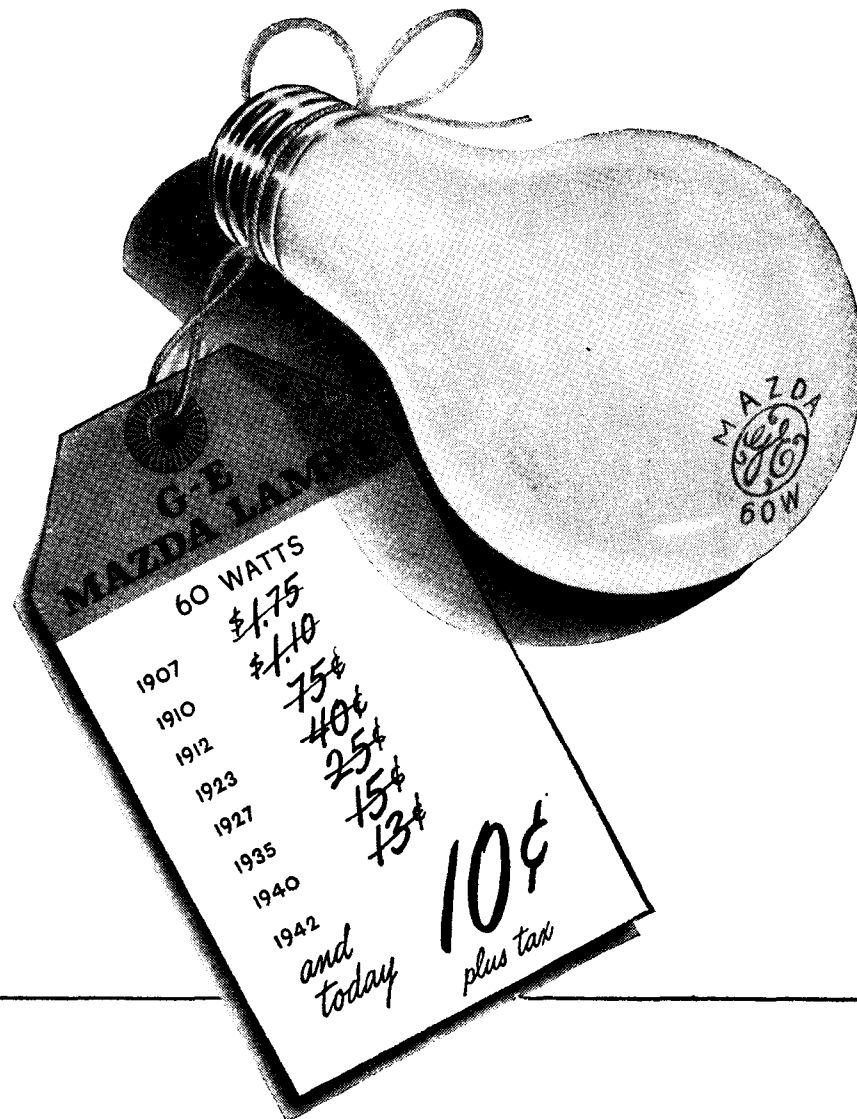
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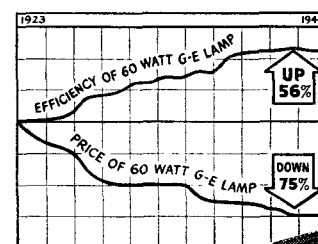


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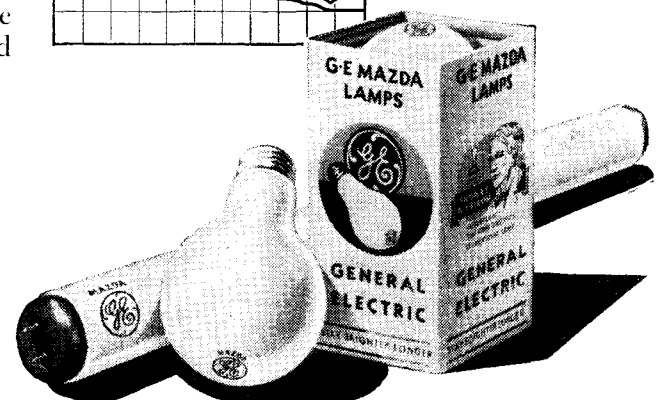


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cigarette and lighted it and walked away to drop the match in an ash tray. Rodriguez went into the bathroom and MacKinnon sat down on the bed again, trying to build up his defenses. He was ready when Rodriguez came back.

"We will talk a minute, Mr. MacKinnon," the lieutenant said, and pulled up a chair. "You were out this afternoon. I believe you returned at five—with Miss Travers."

"That's right."

"You were downtown together? For any special reason?"

"Nothing special. Did a little shopping. . . ."

"Where? I mean, what stores?"

"I don't remember."

Rodriguez let one black brow rise above the other questioningly.

MacKinnon said, "As a matter of fact, I didn't buy anything. We were window-shopping. Around the park there. Central Park, I think it is. I thought I might find some little things I could take back with me."

"And Miss Travers?"

"Oh, she just came along with me."

"Did you see Mr. Clarke?"

"No."

"You left the hotel at about twenty minutes of four," Rodriguez said. "Miss Travers left shortly after three—with Mr. Clarke."

"She did? . . . Oh, yes," MacKinnon smiled. "I remember now."

"She told you she was with Mr. Clarke?"

MACKINNON knew his face was moist and he could feel the perspiration trickle down his sides. He was grateful for the little talk he had had with Denny Clarke at the Aitchison home.

"No," he said. "Clarke told me." He hesitated, continued with more confidence than he felt: "Maybe it would save time if I told you the whole thing."

"I would appreciate it."

"Miss Travers and Mr. Clarke went downtown—not on any date but because they happened to leave here at the same time. Clarke was going down and he gave Miss Travers a lift." He told the story Clarke had given him about wanting to buy a suit and how Norma had left him, and MacKinnon hoped now it was the truth. "So," he said, "she was walking along and I ran into her and we decided to window-shop together."

Rodriguez sighed softly. He ran his palm over his shiny black hair and took out a silver case. Inside were cigars about the size of king-size cigarettes and when MacKinnon refused one the detective lighted his own. Then he looked at MacKinnon and smiled. But the smile did not change his eyes much.

"I have a hunch," Rodriguez said, using the American vernacular. "Would you like to hear it?"

"If it's about the guy in 319, yes."

"Good." Rodriguez retained some of the smile. "I can tell you this much: This man held a diplomatic position of some importance in one of our neighboring countries. Perhaps I should say he represented this country, though he was stationed in Lisbon. He arrived two mornings ago by plane."

He made an arc with the cigar. "You see this was not a regular stop for this man on his way home. This was a little out of the way—though not far—and these days one cannot be too particular about one's transportation arrangements, so that his presence was easily explainable. To those in the Havana office, he said he would be leaving for home tomorrow. This much we know."

He paused and puffed on the cigar. "Also," he said, "we know that a man of his description rode in the elevator of the Palm Hotel shortly before four this afternoon, carrying a brown paper package or envelope, and there can be little doubt that he was the man in room 319. . . . Our investigation indicated that he was killed between three-thirty and four-thirty."

MacKinnon waited. Presently he said, "That's what you know. Where does the hunch come in?"

The smile was gone when Rodriguez spoke again: "Here, Mr. MacKinnon. The hunch has to do with your story about the date you had in that room and the reason you gave for getting two keys. I think perhaps you had a date in 319, and possibly with

a woman. But not for the reason that a man usually has when he registers under a false name; not to make love, Mr. MacKinnon, and not tonight. Shall I tell you why?"

MacKinnon had an idea what the hunch was now, but he did not know how Rodriguez was going to arrive at it and he was still uncomfortable under the other's steady gaze.

"I wish you would," he said and stood up. "But tell me in here, will you? I'd like to wash. I've got to eat pretty soon."

He went into the bathroom and turned on the water in the bowl. Rodriguez sat down on the edge of the tub.

"Since you have been here," he said, "I have become familiar with some of your habits. Last night you had for the first time what might be called a date. With Miss Travers and Mrs. Brissard. And with them I can see that it would be easy to become romantically involved, even for a discriminating man. But if you felt that way, the arrangement at this hotel is most desirable. You are all on the same floor, in the same corridor. It would not be necessary, would it, Mr. MacKinnon, to get a room at the Palm Hotel if you wished to spend some time with Miss Travers or Mrs. Brissard? And since nothing you have done suggests that you are interested in any other woman, I do not think you were meeting anyone there tonight."

"You mean I didn't have a date," MacKinnon said flatly.

"Oh, yes, I think you did. That is where the hunch comes in. I think you had your date this afternoon. I think that either you or Miss Travers, and quite possibly both, were in room 319 between three-thirty and five."

MacKinnon finished combing his hair and in the mirror he thought his face looked all right. He concentrated on keeping it that way.

"It's an interesting theory. There's only one thing wrong with it," he said, and walked into the other room.

"You refer to the lack of proof?" Rodriguez said, following him in.

"Um-hum."

"But that does not mean there is anything wrong with the hunch, and I have an idea the proof will come at the proper time. It is my business to see that it does."

Rodriguez crushed his cigar out in an ash tray. Then he picked up his hat and turned it slowly in his long-fingered hand.

"You see, Mr. MacKinnon. This was a man of some importance who was murdered. It is essential that the guilty party be found, and it would be good for my country if this person is not a Cuban."

HE HESITATED and gave MacKinnon a quick polite smile. "I tell you this so that you will understand my position. I do not particularly care why this man went to room 319 or what he took there. I concern myself only with his death and I intend to find out who is responsible."

He put on his hat and made a little bow. "I will be interested to hear what Miss Travers has to say about this afternoon. I will talk to her now, if she is in. If you care to accompany me. . . ."

"Sure," MacKinnon said. "Why not?"

He turned out the light and shut the door, following Rodriguez down the hall, not feeling so good any more, but determined to give Norma what moral support he could. He knew now that he should have rehearsed her in his story. He should have prepared her for a police investigation. But how did he know that in this case the police meant Rodriguez? How did he know the guy would be so good?

He waited while the lieutenant knocked, standing behind him and getting ready to tip her off with a wink and a look. Then Rodriguez knocked again, and MacKinnon began to hope. The third knock cured him, and he felt so good when the lieutenant shrugged and turned away that he offered to buy him a drink downstairs.

"Just to show there's no hard feelings," he said.

Rodriguez thought it over without giving anything away. "Okay," he said. "A drink would be nice. And I have taken a lot of your time, so we will have one drink and I will buy it."

It was nine-thirty before Rodriguez left, and MacKinnon ordered a second daiquiri and stared at himself in the bar glass, finding his mood as somber as his image. He knew that he had not fooled the lieutenant—much; he also knew that with a lad like that checking on you, you were never safe. About the time you thought so and got careless, the roof could fall on you.

This possibility reminded him again of Norma and he finished his cocktail and went out to the desk.

"Yes," the clerk said. "Miss Travers went out about eight, with Mr. Clarke."

MacKinnon chewed on that awhile and found he didn't like it. He had brought them back from Aitchison's around a quarter of eight. That meant that Denny had worked fast and apparently had not included Adrienne Brissard in his invitation.

He thanked the clerk and went to the house phone, hoping he would not have to eat alone. Adrienne answered almost at once, her voice low and pleasingly husky even over the telephone.

"What're you doing?" he said.

"Hello," Adrienne said. "I'm writing a letter to Arturo."

"Who's Arturo? The one in South America? Well, look, can I come up? I've got an idea."

Adrienne's suite was across the hall from Norma's bedroom, and the door was unlocked so that when she called, "Come," he walked in and found her at the table desk. She smiled over her shoulder and pointed to three sheets of paper filled with her straight broad-stroked handwriting.

"See," she said, addressing an envelope. "Am I not good?"

"You're wonderful."

He sat down and watched her fold the sheets and seal the envelope. She still wore the print dress she had had on at the party but she wore mules now instead of shoes, and her legs were tan and bare.

"Have you had dinner?" he asked.

"I wasn't hungry." She stood up and smiled again. "Was that your idea?"

He nodded. "We can eat downtown and if you like daiquiris I know a place—"

"I like daiquiris," Adrienne said. "And I too have heard of a place."

"It can't be as good as my place."

"We shall see." She pointed her finger at him. "You will wait right there and in five minutes I will be ready."

She went into the bedroom, swinging the door after her but not closing it completely, and he could hear her moving about inside. He stood up and wandered around the room,

lighting a cigarette and glancing at the envelope she had addressed. Arturo Galban, it said, São Paulo. Then Adrienne called to him. "How long am I now?"

"You are now four minutes," MacKinnon said.

She came out presently, fastening one ear-ring and holding the other in her lips. When he went up to her, he saw her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling. He caught a little of her mood and it gave him a nice feeling inside that she should be so pleased.

From the closet she took a plain white coat, lightweight and soft, and when he held it for her he noticed the perfume. Its heavy fragrance stirred him warmly, and when he put the coat on her shoulders, his hands lingered a moment to press their rounded outlines, and she did not move until he lifted them. . . .

They had been to Adrienne's place and had one daiquiri and Adrienne had highly approved of this, while remaining otherwise unimpressed. Now they were going to the Florida. MacKinnon helped her out of the car and told her she would like this drink better. In fact, he guaranteed it.

"You will give me a forfeit if I do not agree?" she said.

"It's a deal," he said, and took a quick glance up and down the sidewalk as they crossed it.

INSIDE the Florida, he took her arm and steered her to the bar. They ordered their daiquiris, and when they were ready Adrienne took a sip, watching him with upward-slanting eyes. She looked at the glass and smiled and drank again. Then, tilting her chin, she said in a little-girl voice, "Yes. . . . May I have another?"

MacKinnon laughed and ordered, and now he felt wonderful. He liked this woman; you didn't have to play up to her, and when she liked a thing, you knew it and that made you like it, too. He felt relaxed and warm and comfortable.

So did Adrienne apparently. With the second daiquiri she gave her complete approval to the Florida, and so they decided to eat here, too. They had the room almost to themselves and drank a bottle of Cuban beer and practiced Spanish with the waiter. When they had their coffee, MacKinnon asked if she'd like a brandy, and then he thought of something else.

"There's a place on the other side of the square," he said. "We could have our brandy there. The International Café. It's very popular, especially with the French colony."

Adrienne liked the idea, and so they went

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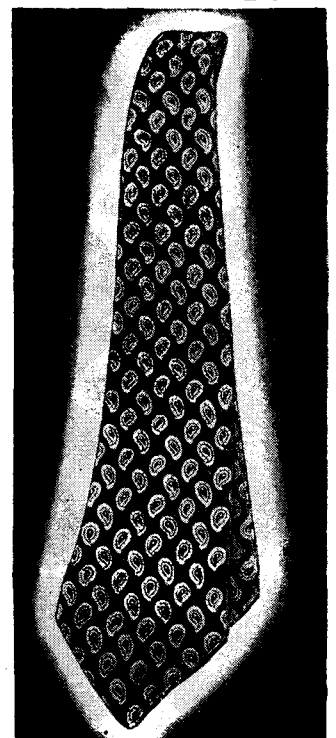

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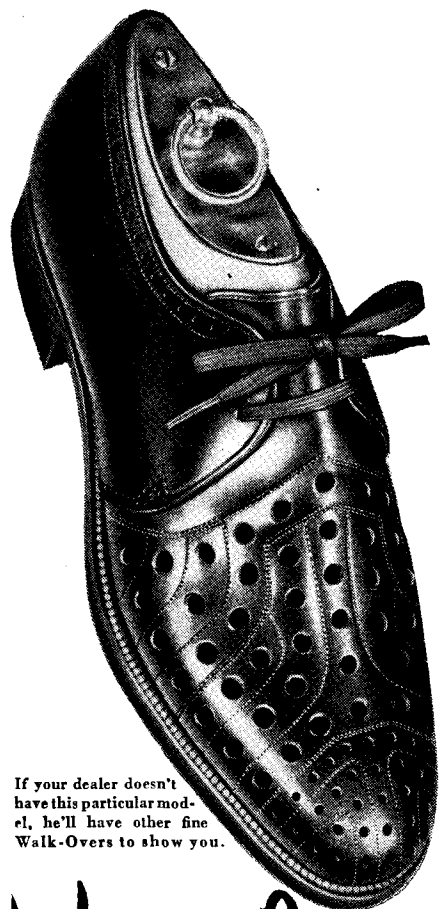


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out and crossed over to this place that MacKinnon knew.

It had a modernistic entrance trimmed with chromium, leading into a large square room, air-conditioned and garishly modern. The bar was circular and packed, and a man was hammering at a piano and another smooth-haired fellow was singing into a microphone in French. People had to yell to make themselves heard.

MacKinnon leaned down to Adrienne's ear. "It's quiet but it's charming."

"Quaint, too," said Adrienne and giggled.

A plump, beaming man in a dinner jacket came bustling up and pointed to a vacant booth.

"Okay?" MacKinnon said.

"For a brandy?" Adrienne said. "Why, of course, Paul."

The brandy came and they warmed it, and MacKinnon was watching the singing Frenchman, not knowing that he was thinking until Adrienne touched his hand. "You are thinking so hard, Paul," she said.

"Was I? I guess I was thinking that with all these Frenchmen here, this might not be so good for Norma."

ADRIENNE turned her glass slowly. "You knew she was Mrs. Sevigny."

"I've known her a long time. It didn't seem to bother you this afternoon."

"No. I didn't know, but I remembered and I could not see that it mattered now, not here. Many people in France did bad things. Some were deliberate, and some, I think, were ignorant, or did not think what they were doing."

"Sevigny wasn't ignorant."

"No. He was one of the bad ones but—for a woman it is more difficult. If you love a man, even though you know he is wrong you try to make allowances and to forgive things you could not stand in anyone else. I think Norma was wrong, but if she loved Sevigny I can understand."

MacKinnon examined this statement and saw that he had not considered the possibility before. If Norma had loved Sevigny, her story would have been exactly the same, except for the end. There was only her word that she did not love him. He heard Adrienne sigh and she was talking again.

"Yes, it is difficult. Not all the rich were traitors, nor all the poor real patriots. There were many who did nothing but try simply to exist, to keep going, to have faith. . . . I was like that," she added presently. "I hated them, the Nazis, but I did nothing—until the night I killed one. But for that, I might have been there yet."

MacKinnon looked at her. She was still turning the glass, watching it moodily.

"And what I did," she went on, "was not for any cause of patriotism. It was personal. It was necessary, a thing I had to do."

"Because they'd killed your husband?"

She sipped brandy, glancing at him a moment before she resumed her study of the glass. She shook her head.

"No," she said. "I will tell you the truth. After a year of marriage, my husband and I had separated. When he was killed I was shocked and saddened, as one would be for a friend. But I was not in love with him then. . . . No, it was not because of him."

She continued, "I did not stay in Paris long after the Germans came. My husband's family had textile factories in Lyons and Saint-Étienne, and René had given me a house in the country not far from there, so that is where I went. The war was far away from me then and I am not proud that I tried to keep it that way, but I had neither the courage nor the patriotism to do more. I was that way until your troops were in Italy, and the Germans occupied all of France."

She paused, and MacKinnon gave her a cigarette. The noise and clatter in the place were continuous, but to MacKinnon it was remote because he was thinking about Adrienne, waiting for the rest, knowing that she maligned herself when she said she did not have courage. He felt sure that for all her feminine softness, there was not only courage but resourcefulness inside her, a determined hardness that could be summoned when necessary; it was, he thought, part of her charm.

"A company of German troops was stationed in the village," she said. "And two

officers came to live at my house. For a little while, both were most correct and proper, though I could tell by the way one of them looked at me that he was not at all proper really."

She gestured with her fingers. "Finally one night when the other officer was away, he came to my room. I was in bed and he had been drinking and—well, I shot him with his own gun . . . in the dark. When I was able to think again, I got a light and saw that he was dead. And so I got my things together and papers that I had hidden in case I might some day need them, and I drove that night, in his car, to the Swiss border."

She took her hands from the empty glass and folded them on the table and glanced about. MacKinnon looked at his watch, and saw they had been there over a half hour.

"It's time for a Scotch," he said. "And then we might try Sans Souci."

"Yes," Adrienne said.

He signaled the waiter and then he said, "You met Arturo in Switzerland?"

She nodded. "I worked there in a dress shop—in Geneva."

She went on when the drinks came, telling him about the year in Geneva and how she met Arturo, who was there on business, and how he had helped her get to Spain.

"It was not hard to get from there to Lisbon," she said, "but it was not easy to get passage out. Arturo could not wait but he left me some money and—" She broke off and gave him a crooked smile. "You wonder why I do not go back to France now that it is free again?"

"I was thinking about Arturo," he said. "I think he's sort of lucky."

"So is Adrienne. Also, Adrienne is selfish. I will go back to France one day, but now I have had enough of shortages for a while. I would like some pleasure and a little comfort and what I want to eat. Arturo will see to this and . . . I think Arturo loves me, and that is always nice."

"Yeah," MacKinnon said, and grinned, liking her acidulous frankness. "Drink up," he said. "Let's push off!"

SANS SOUCI was somewhat more crowded than the previous night, but the roof was still rolled back and the sky was again lush and velvety. When they had ordered a drink, they danced, and MacKinnon knew again how nice it was to hold her.

When they sat down, he asked her if she was hungry and she said she wasn't and then she touched his hand, and she laughed. He asked her what was funny.

"It is because I feel so good," she said; "because I like you. You have taken me places and given me nice things to drink and fed me properly and then you have let me talk about myself—and listened not simply with politeness but with understanding."

"Only with people I like," MacKinnon said.

"I know," Adrienne said. "That is what I mean. It is very nice, this way of yours. Now I would like to listen for a while. What about you, Paul? You are a journalist and you were in France and Spain and you knew Norma Travers in Paris."

"That's right."

"You knew her, too, as Mrs. Sevigny. Were you in love with her—a little?"

"A long time ago," MacKinnon said, and began to tell a little of his background in a brief and carefully edited way.

He fooled with the ash tray as he talked and always when he glanced up he found her eyes upon him, wise and bright with interest. When he finished, her hand reached out again to cover his, and the warmth of it moved up his wrist and tunneled through the veins until his heart beat faster. He turned his hand and caught hers.

"Shall we go back," he said, "or would you like another drink?"

A smile touched the corners of Adrienne's small, mobile mouth and her dark eyes were speculative. "All right," she said, and released her hand. "Unless you want one. . . ."

MacKinnon did not realize they were being followed until they had passed through Mariano and the lights began to bother him in the rear-view mirror.

The car drew closer and he slowed down. Seconds later he saw the other car was keep-



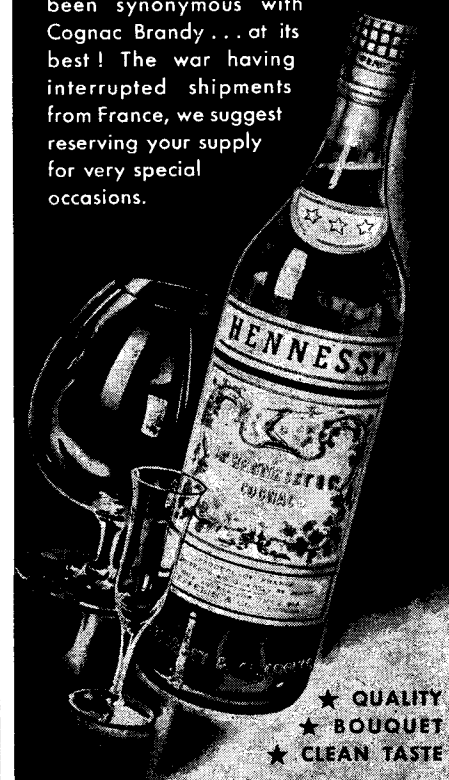
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ing pace. He pressed the accelerator down, keeping one eye on the road and the other on the mirror.

Adrienne looked at him quickly. "What is it, Paul?"

He was doing fifty now, and the lights were pulling up behind him again. "I think we're being followed," he said. "Here we go."

Adrienne did not act frightened or ask questions. She turned and looked out the rear window. "Perhaps they want to pass," she said.

MacKinnon watched the speedometer touch sixty and vibrate there; it was the best the old car could do. Behind him the lights grew brighter. Presently they were no longer visible in the mirror, and then from the corner of his eye he saw the blinding brightness creep up beside him.

"They're going to pass us," Adrienne said.

"No, they're not," MacKinnon said. "Hang on!" he said, and swerved left and then right.

The little car yawed and righted itself on the edge of the highway. Adrienne bounced against him and away, and behind him tires squealed and rumbled on rough ground and there was a receding progression of wrenching sounds.

WHEN the lights behind him straightened and began to overhaul him again, he found he had a quarter of a mile lead. He saw the bridge ahead and braked slightly; then they were in Vedado, with streets and houses on the left and the cemetery on the right. He still had a lead but he couldn't keep it on speed alone. Not knowing one street from another he picked one and hoped, skidding around the corner and feeling two wheels lift.

He swung right after two blocks and left again, gaining a little because his car was lighter and more maneuverable. Adrienne looked out the window.

"Good, Paul," she said. "You are losing them."

"Yeah," MacKinnon said, and turned left. Then, as his lights straightened, his luck ran out and he stood on the brake pedal.

Ahead of him the pavement ended in a stone wall and hedge, and on either side were high curbs and other hedges; there was no house within a hundred yards.

"Dead end," he said stonily and sat back as the approaching lights told him there was no time to run. Adrienne was quiet.

The car stopped behind them, and the lights were dimmed. MacKinnon heard the doors open. He put a cigarette in his mouth and struck a light as a man moved up beside the window.

"Get out!" a voice said.

MacKinnon held the light and took a look.

The man was husky but not tall. As he spoke he gestured with what looked like a gun; a little of the match glow was reflected up under the hatbrim, and MacKinnon recognized the bartender he had seen at Aitchison's house. A second man moved up opposite Adrienne.

"I thought you were a bartender, Alfredo," MacKinnon said. "What do you want?"

"You."

"Why?"

"You'll find out. Come. Or shall we take the woman first?"

MacKinnon stepped out of the car.

"Come with us," Alfredo said.

"What about her?" MacKinnon glanced back at Adrienne.

"She stays," Alfredo said.

MacKinnon thought it over. He had an idea he could take Alfredo, even with the gun, but that left the second man (he wondered if it was Carlos, the boy who had passed the drinks that afternoon), not to mention a third man who remained behind the wheel of the other car; also it left Adrienne.

"She can't drive," MacKinnon said. "So I guess she comes, too."

"No."

"Look. I'll tell you what I'll do," MacKinnon said. "Who's that over there—Carlos? Well, listen. I brought Mrs. Brissard here and I'm taking her home. After that, the rest of us can go for a ride."

"No," Alfredo spat out the word and leveled the gun.

"I can't stop you from getting tough," MacKinnon said, "but I can give you a little trouble. You're on a dead-end street, and you're turned the wrong way." He pointed at the houses back at the intersection. "Start shooting and you'll wake people up. You might not like that, Alfredo."

He paused, watching Carlos come round the car, and he knew by the other's silence that he had him thinking. He went on in the same even voice:

"I'll drive back to the hotel with Mrs. Brissard, and you can sit in back and hold that gun in my ear if you want, and the other car can follow right behind. At the hotel I get out, get in your car and away we go. Why not? Or are you scared of me?"

Alfredo snarled something that sounded like a curse. Carlos jabbered rapidly in Spanish and Alfredo answered him and then there was a moment of silence while MacKinnon waited and tried to look nonchalant. Suddenly Alfredo spoke.

"Está bien. Get in," he said. "Apúrese!"

MacKinnon slid inside and closed the door. Alfredo climbed in the back seat.

"Tenga cuidado!" Carlos called, as he ran back to the other car, and then MacKinnon



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felt the muzzle of the gun on the back of his neck. . . .

MacKinnon drove carefully on the way back to the hotel. The gun was never more than a few inches from his head but he did not think Alfredo would use it unless he was startled, and MacKinnon had no intention of letting that happen.

Once, just after they started, Adrienne spoke to him in French, asking what she could do, and he answered her before Alfredo jabbed him with the gun.

"Do nothing. I'll be all right," he said, and that ended the conversation.

Now, seeing the hotel towers silhouetted against the night sky, he knew his judgment had been good. There was nothing more he could do. Someone other than the police figured he knew more than he did about the missing manuscript. It seemed to tie up with Bruce Aitchison, as Dave Adams had figured in New York, and MacKinnon did not know what came next. The only thing he was sure of was that the odds were bad.

He made a slow turn up the hill from the Malecon, and the other car was right behind him. He swung into the hotel drive and there was only a small light over the entrance now, and no starter or porter.

"Here is good," Alfredo said. "I'll put it in the parking lot," MacKinnon said.

Then he saw something that quickened his pulse.

He sat up, his mouth suddenly dry and his chest tight. He stared again and the car kept rolling, and then he knew he had to chance it.

For in the shadows to the left of the entrance were two men. He could not see their faces. He knew that one was short and the other tall and slim and familiar-looking.

Then he said, speaking clearly for Alfredo's benefit and with a quick excitement he could not help, "That looks like Luis Rodriguez. . . . Hello, Rodriguez," he said.

THE car was still rolling. It was going maybe five miles an hour, but when MacKinnon jammed on the brakes, that little momentum helped. Alfredo, off balance, bounced against the back of the seat, and at the same instant MacKinnon pulled Adrienne down. He was about to fall on her when he saw it wasn't necessary.

Alfredo had the door open. Alfredo was moving, and after that, things happened quickly. MacKinnon wasn't sure of the sequence, but he saw Rodriguez step out and the little man move with him. Then suddenly the little man had a gun in his hand but Rodriguez spoke sharply and knocked it down.

Then MacKinnon understood the rest of it. The following car had slipped past on the other side and made the turn, and now it was going away fast. Alfredo still had the gun but he wasn't using it; he was standing on the running board, hunched up and clinging to the door.

The sound of the car faded, and the night was quiet. The little man with Rodriguez put the gun away, and the lieutenant stepped toward the car. MacKinnon helped Adrienne up and opened the door. She said, "Whew!" "Yeah," he said and swallowed. "You broke up the party," he said, when Rodriguez came over. "I guess you had 'em scared." The lieutenant's voice was calm. It was not even curious. "If someone was scared, it was not because of me, it was because of Tomas." He glanced toward the little man. "This is my assistant, Tomas Garay."

MacKinnon said, "Hello, Tomas," and the little man took off his hat, revealing a round, leathery face and a big grin. He bowed and said good evening.

"You had some trouble?" Rodriguez said, as MacKinnon helped Adrienne from the car.

"We were held up," Adrienne said. "We were chased and held up. With guns."

Rodriguez had other questions, and MacKinnon answered them. He could see the lieutenant did not believe him, and it struck him as ironical that this time he should be telling the truth.

"I haven't the faintest idea what they wanted," he said. "But I was awfully glad to see you."

"Um—yes," Rodriguez rubbed his chin.



"And you do not think it strange that someone should"—he felt for some American slang—"put the snatch on you?"

MacKinnon said sure it was strange. He said one of the men was working as a bartender for Bruce Aitchison that afternoon, but he still did not know why he should be grabbed. He took Adrienne's arm and asked didn't they need a nightcap.

"I do," Adrienne said. She smiled at Rodriguez. "You will join us, Mr. Rodriguez?"

Rodriguez thanked her and shook his head. He kept watching MacKinnon but he said nothing more. When MacKinnon got to the top of the stairs and glanced back, Rodriguez was still watching him.

"Who is he, this Rodriguez?" Adrienne asked, as they went through the lobby on the way to the bar. "When you put on the brakes like that, I—I thought surely you would be shot, Paul." She shuddered. "I was terrified."

"I wasn't so sure myself," MacKinnon said. He told her who Rodriguez was. "And I figured guys like Alfredo would know Rodriguez. If they did, I had an idea they wouldn't start blasting in front of him."

"And you were right, but—"

She did not finish the thought, for they had turned into the cocktail lounge as she spoke, and now both of them stopped. Sitting at the bar and shaking a finger as he talked was Denny Clarke, and on the next stool, drawn close, with an elbow propped on his shoulder, was Norma Travers.

CLARKE spotted them in the mirror and turned, his blond face flushed and his voice loud and thick. "Hey, look who's here," he said. "Hey, where you kids been?"

Adrienne glanced at MacKinnon, one brow lifting, and MacKinnon, seeing only Norma now, felt disgust and anger rising hot within him. Norma's face was flushed, too, and her ash-blond hair was wind-blown and her mouth was twisted. For an instant her green eyes stared back at him, focusing quickly and looking startled and uncertain.

Then Clarke was talking: "Boy, did we have fun! We've been places, kids! Come on, get a drink and I'll tell you. First we went to . . ." And he began to enumerate the places while ticking them off on the fingers of his hand.

MacKinnon heard none of this. He looked at Clarke's red, grinning face and wondered how it would be to plant a hard right in the middle of it. He looked at Norma again, and her mouth wasn't slack any more and her eyes seemed anxious and pleading.

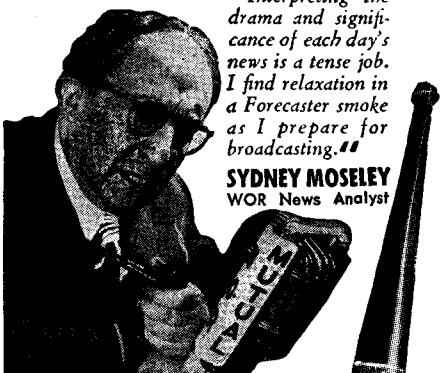
It was all over in less than a minute. He steeled himself against his mounting anger. He knew it was none of his business what Norma did and he decided to play along and laugh it off. But just as he was about to go into the act, he found himself turning instead to Adrienne. He heard himself say, "Could we get that nightcap in your room?"

Adrienne glanced again at the others, and her mouth moved and was still, as though suppressing inner amusement. "All right, Paul," she said, and took his arm.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Clarke said, seeing them turn away. "What about a drink?"

"We'll take a rain check," MacKinnon said, and then he was in the hall, feeling the

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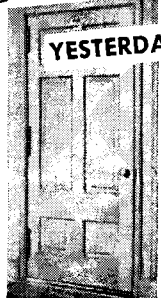
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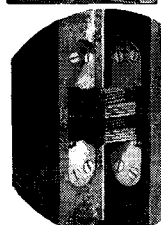
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stiffness in his legs and the burning immobility in his face.

"We weren't very polite," Adrienne said, as they got in the elevator. "I think you were very angry, Paul."

MacKinnon knew it now. He was angry for being angry; he'd been a damn fool. He heard Adrienne laugh as they went along the hall and that helped him. He watched her take a key from her bag and he still found it hard to believe that he had acted as he did.

"Yeah," he said. "I guess I was. Here," he said, and reached for the key.

"No," Adrienne said, taking another from her bag. "I have it now. Yes," she said, "I think you were angry—or jealous."

"I apologize," MacKinnon said. "I am a heel. But anyway," he added with a grin, "this will be better. They had too much of a start on us."

She turned on the radio, and as the music grew in the room, she said if he did not mind she would get comfortable while he ordered the drinks. By the time the waiter had come and gone, she was back in the living room wearing a yellow flowing robe trimmed with maribou. With her tanned skin and dark hair and newly red mouth she was stunning.

"My—my," MacKinnon said.

"You like it?"

"Umm."

His smile, or the open admiration in his eyes, pleased her and she made a little curtsy. He handed her a drink, and when she had had a swallow, she took her glass over to a chair. There were cigarettes on a near-by table, and as she took one, he came over and struck a match for her. When she had a light, he stood for a moment, a hand on each arm of the chair, his elbows braced.

She saw what was in his mind as he bent down, and there was a trace of merriment in her eyes as she waited until the last instant and then turned her mouth away. He did not make any demonstration, but kissed her on the cheek and straightened up again.

"Thanks," he said, reaching for his glass.

"For what?"

"For letting me come."

"Oh—it is nice to have you here for a little while." She leaned her head back. "I think it is I who should be grateful for such a lovely evening."

He took his drink to the davenport and put it on the floor. He felt a certain restlessness now and for a moment he studied her and then, not meaning to, his mind got busy and he was thinking about Denny Clarke.

"That Clarke," he said. "Did you know him in Lisbon?"

"Oh, yes," Adrienne said. "Anyone who was there long would know Denny Clarke."

"Oh? He got around, huh? What did he do, anyway? I mean for a living."

"Oh"—Adrienne waved one hand—"he

arranged things—most anything one would need. If you wanted a room or apartment, Denny might find it for you. If a ship was sailing and there was a cancellation he would know about it first. From Denny you might be able to get papers you had to have."

"Phony papers? I mean forged or—"

"Yes. He did not do these things himself, of course, but he would know where such matters could be handled. I have heard it said that for a price he could supply a fishing boat that would take a party to North Africa."

She had more to add along the same line and MacKinnon got up to make another drink, picking up her empty glass as he passed.

"He sounds like a sharp man with a dollar," he said. "Versatile, too."

"Oh, yes. Denny has many accomplishments."

"Do you like him?"

"Well"—she pushed her lips out thoughtfully—"yes, I suppose so. He is amusing. Of course, he is obvious and he seems clever, but I do not think he is. What you see on the surface is Denny; I do not think there is much else. But, yes, he is amusing," she said, and lifted her glass.

MACKINNON sat down and drank, finding what Adrienne had said corroboration for his own speculation. "Why did he leave?"

"I do not know for sure. On the boat he hinted that there had been some trouble." She smiled. "He said he had been working too hard. He said he needed a vacation, but the way he said it—with a laugh and not trying to make you believe him—you knew this was not the real reason."

MacKinnon leaned back in the corner of the divan. Adrienne talked a little, but he did not pay much attention until she stood up and started toward him; then he saw that she had a cigarette and was coming for a light.

She stopped in front of him, her lips curved and her glance speculative. She put the cigarette in her mouth and waited. He had the matches out now but he did not use them. On impulse he reached out and took her arm and pulled, catching her with his other hand as she came off balance, easily, and was beside him, her body curved to his, her mouth hot and compliant.

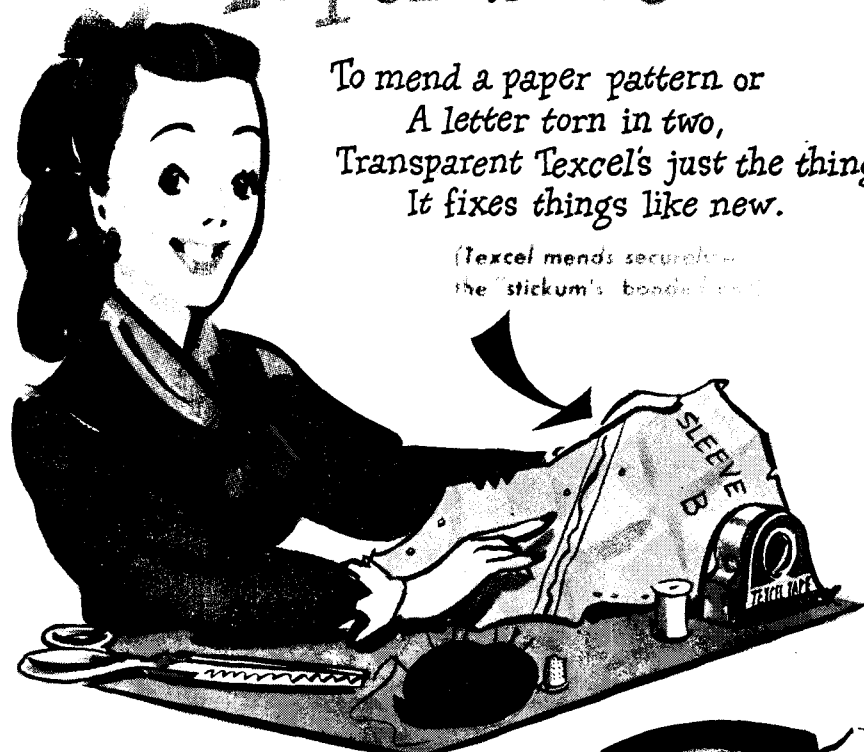
He lifted her so that he could cradle her shoulders across his lap, and she reached up and removed one earring. He watched her take off the other one and hand them both to him, her eyes bright behind the half-closed lids. The fragrance of her was in his throat now, stirring quick warm currents of excitement inside him, and he knew there was no need to hurry.

He kissed her again, and her body was

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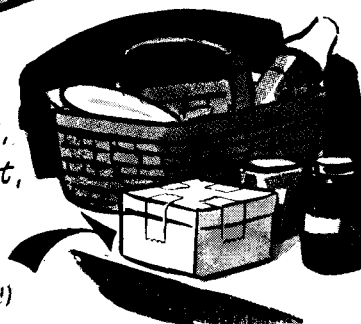
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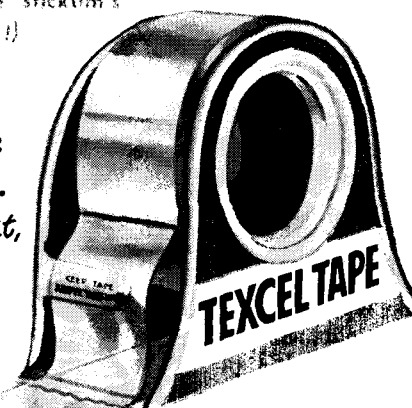
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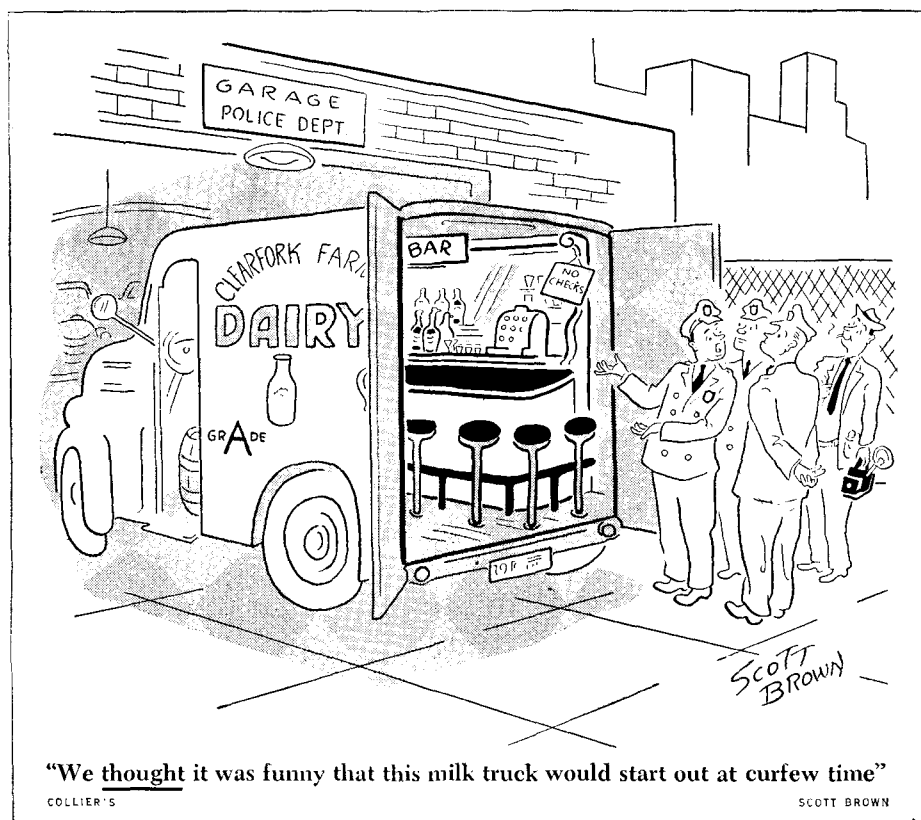


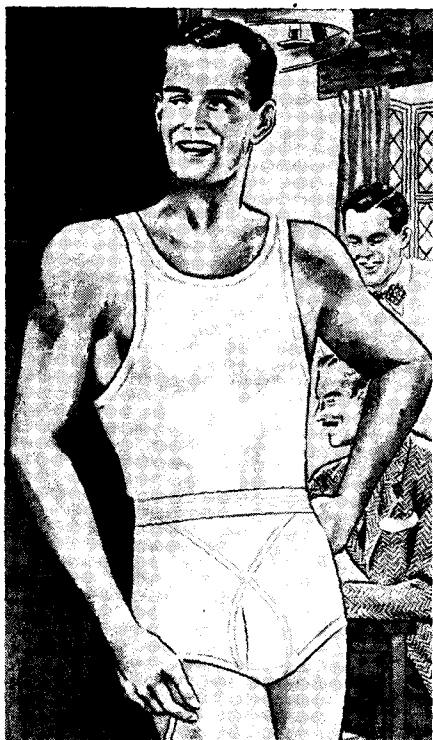
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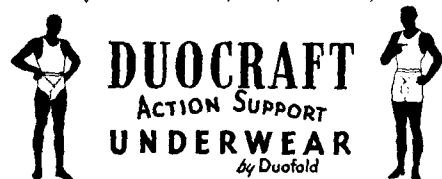
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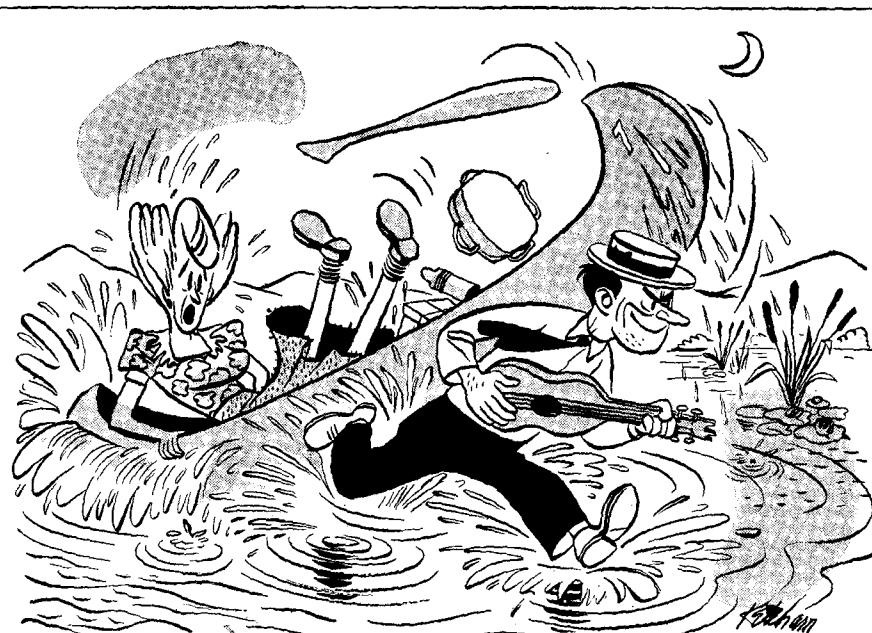
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soft in his embrace, then slowly tensing as his hand moved across her back and under her arm. She lay there, her breath quick, and he watched her closed eyes, seeing the mascaraed lashes, the film of shadow on the lids. Then, about to kiss her again, he found himself unconsciously comparing those lids with another pair far back in his memory, and some compulsion he could not understand held him in restraint.

Still holding her, he lifted his head, feeling her relax and seeing her eyes open. He smiled and shook off this secret impulse that had for an instant distracted him, finding it nothing more than a tiny inexplicable thought wave that had come from nowhere and demanded attention before passing on.

He touched her face, lifting it closer. Then he saw her eyes. They were deeply wise and faintly mocking, and he knew with sudden sickening shock that the mood could not be recaptured. Somehow she had sensed his momentary indecision.

She shook her head slowly and smiled. "It's late, Paul," she said. "I think you'd better go now, don't you?"

He did not argue; it was over, done, and he knew it.

"All right," he said, and helped her up. He gave her the earrings and took her hand as they walked to the door, telling himself stubbornly that tomorrow was another day. "It's been swell," he said.

"Yes," she said. She took his face in her hands and kissed him lightly, and the mockery in her glance was now amused. "But are you sure you are not in love with Norma?"

He stared at her while she opened the door. "What?" he said, as she eased him into the hall.

"A little, I think," Adrienne said and, still smiling, closed the door.

She's crazy, he thought, and went down the hall, muttering denials to himself.

THE telephone rang just after he had got into bed. When he answered it, Norma's voice said, "Did I wake you, Paul?"

"No."

"I called before, but—"

She let the word trail, and he said, with some defiance, "I was down with Adrienne. We had a couple of nightcaps."

There was silence then, and he stubbornly refused to break it.

"I called to tell you about tonight. . . Did you think I was tight?" she said finally.

"I thought you were plastered."

"I wasn't, Paul. I'd had some drinks, but I wasn't tight."

"Maybe Denny wasn't, either."

"Oh, yes, he was. I wanted him to be," she said. "That's why I went out with him."

"Oh?" MacKinnon said, beginning to pay attention.

"We have to do something, Paul. And I thought if Denny got a little drunk, he might . . . well, he might be able to tell me something that would help."

Suddenly MacKinnon was ashamed of his boorishness. Her idea wasn't very original, but if it were true, it made things different.

"Did he?" he asked quickly.

"I don't know if it helps any, but he talked a lot and—" She paused and her voice grew quieter. "Would you like to have breakfast with me? We could have something here in the room. We could talk and not be interrupted and I could tell you what I found out."

"Yeah," MacKinnon said. "Sure," he said, with quickening interest. "It's a good idea. . ."

STRETCHED out there in the darkness waiting for sleep, he found he felt pretty good until he remembered what Adrienne had said. It took him a while to examine the various facets of the suggestion, but in the end he denied them all.

He was not in love with Norma. Decidedly not. He could not believe the reasons she gave for wanting to come to Cuba. He wished he could. He admitted he felt different toward her now than he had yesterday noon; he felt different than he had in New York.

But all that means, chum, he thought, is that you are confused. You came down here to do a job and . . .

The telephone rang again, and he rolled over and groped for it. When he answered, Bruce Aitchison identified himself.

"Hope I didn't wake you," he said.

"You didn't."

"Didn't think I would. Called you a couple of times and decided you must be out."

"With Mrs. Brissard," MacKinnon said.

"We had a little trouble coming back from Sans Souci. Some guys in a car held us up."

Aitchison was properly shocked. "Held you up? You mean they robbed you?"

"No. That was the funny part."

"But—what did they want?"

"I don't know. To tell the truth, I don't think they were very bright."

"Oh." There was quite a pause. "Neither of you were hurt, were you?"

"No. Nothing like that."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I thought you would be."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Skip it," MacKinnon said. "What's on your mind?"

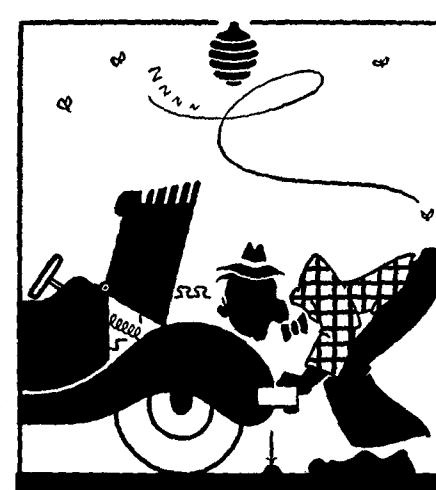
"Oh, yes. I wanted to call you before you made any plans for tomorrow noon. Could you lunch with me?"

"I'd like to," MacKinnon said. "Where? At your place?"

"No. Downtown. I think the Paris is as good as any place. How would one o'clock strike you?"

MacKinnon said one o'clock would be all right, and when he hung up, he grinned in the darkness. Any time Bruce Aitchison broke his daily sport routine to come into town for lunch, it was not for idle conversation; the pressure had begun.

(To be continued next week)



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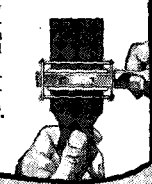
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Danger Ahead in Germany

Continued from page 12

here if they wish. We need American teachers over here now, even if only in advisory capacity. Keep the German teachers who are now in captivity in captivity.

I fear this advice will not be followed. I fear that the former Nazi teachers will come back under terms of the Geneva convention. If they do they will keep alive in the hearts and minds of millions the Hitler legend. And there will be another world war. Even if it means bucking the entire public opinion of the United States, now would be the time. Only through a complete and thorough supervision of this present generation of Germans can we keep the memory of Nazism under control.

Only by beginning to educate the coming generation, children below six, and those who will be born from now on, only by beginning from the ground can we really build a lasting future in this country. Let America decide for itself.

Then there is the Germany of the church. I have talked to many churchmen. Only yesterday I had a three-hour conference with Georg Feix, Dean of Churches of a large section of Thuringia.

He represents the Lutheran Church. The Lutheran Church in Germany has not condoned the Nazi Party since I left Germany in 1939, but it has managed to keep out of trouble. This lean, brown-eyed dean was very sincere when he said that by keeping politics out of the church he succeeded in keeping out of trouble. He felt the church would co-operate with the new military government. He hoped that the system of church taxes would continue. He hoped that the church would again be allowed to carry on its community welfare work, something the Nazis had relegated to the Party Welfare Organization. He was hopeful that Germany would survive.

I have also talked to many Catholic priests. I am not a Catholic. I am a Lutheran, but my

belief, after a study of the situation in conquered Germany, is this: The Catholic Church at present is in the best situation to help restore German education. The Catholic Church has teachers and nuns and priests ready to carry on in many Catholic schools which the Nazis had forbidden.

There will be much to say later of the Germany of the upper crust—the barons and the Junkers. At Lauterbach on the edge of Hesse, we stopped in the castle of old Baron von Riedesel. He has lost four sons in this war. One would think that was enough. I talked to Frau Baronin—a pale, thin scion of a decadent family. Her watery blue eyes were defiant. "Lost the war? Not at all. You are losing the war. You are making yourself poor; England is impoverishing itself. Eventually you will have to fight the Russians. And the only real winner in this war will, of course, be Germany." I came close to striking a woman on that day.

Life Was Kind to Some Germans

There is a certain stratum of this type of character in Germany. Many of them have been hiding in a fool's paradise. The other day, in a Thuringian farmer's home I talked to one of these women—a Frau von Ersdorf. She was a refugee from Silesia. No, she had not considered it essential to die for the Fuehrer. She had never emphasized politics in her life. Life was good. She and her husband had had plenty of foreign help. They had no children. They had more leisure than ever. They could not travel, but they had French champagne and food from occupied countries. Why should they oppose Nazism? At first they had—but when the war seemed to be going well, she and her husband had decided to work with Hitler.

I told her of some of the atrocities, the mass graves, the gallows, the bodies by the

roadside. She opened her eyes in amazement. Mass murders in Germany? In her beautiful Thuringia? Impossible. Of course, that sort of thing she did not tolerate.

Perhaps, just perhaps, there is a possibility of educating some of these foolish ones, who have been living a life of ease in old family castles while the rest of the world burned. But on the whole they can't be trusted. For them will begin a period of privations, a period during which they will have to do without many of the comforts which the millions of slave laborers in Germany have provided. They will resent it bitterly. They resent it now when their homes are used as billets by American soldiers. They will have to be watched until they die.

But meanwhile here is my opinion of the defeated German nation to date:

Germany has hung out the white flag. Right now the people are tired of war. For the time being, Nazism in Germany is thoroughly discredited. "They lied to us—they cheated us, they left us in the lurch." That song I have heard hundreds of times since I came back to Germany.

Nobody in Germany, or only very few Germans, are willing to admit that this war is their fault. "We were forced into this. We had to join the Party." That song, too, I have heard expressed by young and old, in the Rhineland, in Hesse, in Thuringia, in Bavaria, by citizens who fled from Berlin and Breslau and Hamburg, by farmers in the Nahe Valley, in the valley of the Mosel, the Werra, the Main.

"We had no idea you Americans were so strong." That is another chorus. A captured general, Edgar Röhrich, to whom I spoke in the small town of Iftra, made that clear. And then he gave me an insight into German psychology. "I'd ask nothing more of life than a chance to command a division like this Fourth which I see here," he said, in that narrow corridor of the farmhouse where I interviewed him. And if he had such a division? He would continue to fight, and he would continue to attempt to conquer the world, of course.

The greatest fear in Germany is the fear of starvation, but after seeing the destruction war had brought to all larger cities in Germany, and simultaneously seeing the smaller rural villages, it is my conviction that the peasant class of Germany will recuperate first.

A Nation with Its Eyes Closed

On the whole the entire problem sifts down to one of education in the broader sense. Germany is still willing to take orders, and follow suggestions. Thanks to the efforts of the Nazi Party, Germany has become accustomed to what they call "propaganda" and what we would call "advertising." Through the radio, the press, the schools, the church, through every fast and slow medium of propaganda, we must re-educate Germany. Germany has only a vague notion of the destruction caused in the world by its own folly. Many there are who willfully closed their eyes to it. Their eyes must be forcefully opened. Many there are in Germany who were too stupid or too subservient to question the policies of their own government. Their eyes must be opened with patience and discipline.

From where I am sitting I can still see in the evening twilight the mound of the mass grave of Ohrdruf. I still smell the odor of death. But I also see an old peasant trying to obliterate the traces left on his field by tanks and foxholes. He is looking forward to the harvest many months ahead. It will take almost bucolic patience, almost superhuman endurance, to put Germany back in order. Is it worth it?

There will be many who say no. There will be others who will say yes.

After weeks of rat-racing with the Fourth Armored across a Germany which is, for the time being, humble, I can say only this: Let the world decide, but only after a long heart-searching interview with its own conscience, as to which is cheaper—another war or a long, patient, firm, disciplined occupation of this country which we have conquered with so much effort, so much weariness, and at the cost of so many lives.

THE END

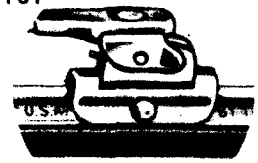
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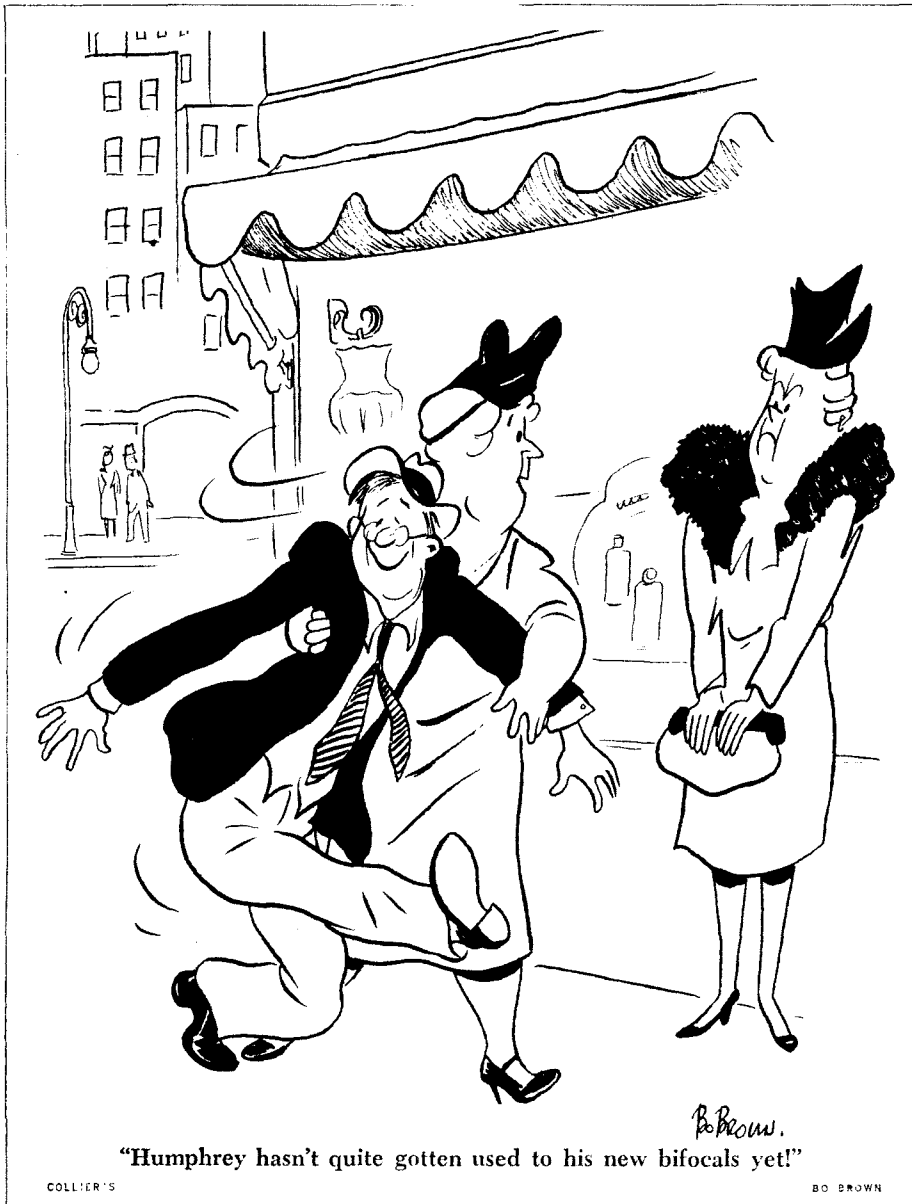
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Golden Mermaid

Continued from page 44

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios offered Ann a career. Her answer was a startled negative. She felt she'd play second fiddle to Esther Williams, prevailing M-G-M glamor girl, and that she would be asked to do water ballets which, next to being called Cuddles, are her special *bête noire*. Also, she was understandably appalled, with her near six feet, at the thought of playing a romantic foil to Mickey Rooney's five feet three.

She is sensitive about her height. Once when beauteous Brenda Helser, five feet eight, was erroneously reported to have called her an amazon, she indulged in a rare burst of pique and called Brenda a moose. This obviously inaccurate rejoinder explains her antipathy for the screen. Anyone who could so far forget herself as to call the ravishing Miss Helser a moose, simply because her own stature had been derided, might well be expected to view with alarm any medium which would accentuate her proportions.

When Ann was nine and her sister Sue seven, a schism in the family sent the two to a convent. There a teacher was attracted by Ann's sturdy frame and ease of movement and persuaded her to swim at least an hour each day. Although seeing no future as a competitor, Ann found the task pleasant, and at the end of the year was happy to discover that it had distributed some becoming padding over her lanky body.

From Convent to Pot Rassling

After a year and a half of convent life the girls went home to a boardinghouse their mother had opened in San Francisco. They became their mother's dining room and kitchen staff, waiting on table for twenty-four guests twice daily and washing dishes afterward. At one time, Ann says, her future interest in swimming was threatened by an antipathy for water developed by association with sinks full of it featured by dirty pots and pans.

"If swimming pools had suds on them," she says, "I'd probably be a golfer or a softball pitcher instead of a swimmer today."

After their toil, Ann and Sue found relaxation in the Jewish Community Center pool near their home. There Charley Duhamel, pool director, saw signs of talent, and in 1937, when the AAU championships were held in San Francisco, he optimistically entered Ann, then eleven, in the free-style race for girls under sixteen. Unimpressed by the company, Ann paddled to victory. The feat of the then unknown youngster was called spectacular by the daily press, but in the Curtis home, it was blandly accepted as proof of what Mother Curtis had always said, to wit: that water, whether featuring soapsuds or chloride of lime, never hurt anybody.

That fall, Ann broke her first authentic record by swimming the 100-yards in the Pacific Coast Seniors meet in 1:10. In two more years of minor competition, she won steadily, but threatened no more records. Duhamel told her that she lacked the imagination to be a champion, but Ann went on swimming just fast enough to win.

At thirteen, she entered Roosevelt junior high where Phil Patterson was coach. This was shortly after the Billy Rose Aquacade had captivated crowds at the Golden Gate International Exposition, and swimming coaches, including Patterson, struck by the idea that there was money in aquatic ballets, were luring any girl who could swim across a bathtub without water wings into figure techniques.

Ann had no desire to be merely ornamental. After a year and a half of being spokes in wheels and petals in orchids, she yearned for competitive swimming, so she entered the 440-yard free-style in the West Coast championships for the year and performed the astounding feat of finishing seventy yards behind the field.

"I was fat, short-winded and lousy," she says. She also says that immediately after this debacle, she went home and availed

herself of woman's ancient privilege of a calliopean bawl. It was during this outburst that she showed signs of qualifying as an aquatic Dorothy Parker. Indicating one of her ballet coaches, who was more corpulent than competent, she wailed, "How can I learn to swim from somebody who wears his stomach like a blouse?"

She was ready to quit altogether, but Mother Curtis had become a confirmed water bug and vetoed the idea. She told Ann that in the rugged lexicon of the County Kildare Donahues, whence she stemmed, there was no such word as quit.

"We'll go see that man with the tall haircut," Mother Curtis said. "The one named Savvy."

"Sava," corrected Ann. "He makes you work like a coolie."

"Work never hurt any growing girl," Mother Curtis said, glancing at the kitchen sink. "Tomorrow we see Mr. Savvy."

Sava's first job with Ann was to restore her lost confidence. He told her she was the greatest swimmer in the world. "But," he said, "you're not going into any meets for six months, because you're too fat."

This pleased Ann no more than it would have pleased Miss Maria Montez. By the standards of female swimmers of the Gertrude Ederle-Ethelda Bleibtrey period, she

chinchilla coat or a diamond dog collar, which accounts for her ascending weight curve.

Incidentally, she has routed the illusion that to be either a good policeman or swimmer, one must have big feet. She wears a size 7-A, which—with her five feet eleven inches—is well under par.

As a Sava pupil, Ann swam two miles daily without trammels. Then, to develop leg power, Sava looped a rope through a pulley above the pool, attached a nine-pound weight to that and lashed the other end to her ankles. For thirty minutes she kicked against this drag to force her way through the water without using her hands. After that, Sava would bind her ankles and dunk her with only her arms between her and complete immersion, something after the manner of Jack Kearns in sending Jack Dempsey against bloodthirsty sparring partners with his right arm lashed behind him.

Not until 1943 did Sava enter Ann in a major meet. Then he sent her into the 220- and 440-yard events in the Far Western championships. In a last-minute attack of strategy, he entered her in the 100 yards against Brenda Helser, the reigning national champion.

"Just get loosened up for the four-forty," Sava told Ann.



was svelte, but Sava had long since discarded the idea that blubber was useful to anything in water except a whale.

Because her long arms might handicap her in the shallow ends of pools, Sava taught Ann a lateral stroke in which her fingers were never more than two feet beneath the surface. He then went to work on her knee action, it being his pet theory that girl swimmers depend too much on their arms. He contends that, through dancing, etc., women have more strength, relatively, in their legs than in their arms and should get greater propulsion by more pronounced leg thrust and knee bends.

He also believes that girls abandon competitive swimming before they reach their peak because the old methods overdeveloped their arms and shoulders. A man with a deep awareness of feminine vanity, Sava developed a system to eliminate topheaviness and thus save from retirement champions who became glamor-conscious at about the time they were reaching their top competitive form.

How well he succeeded in the case of Ann Curtis is indicated by the tape measure and scales. She meets the exactions of such experts as model tycoons John Powers and Harry Conover and is definitely less robust than Venus de Milo. Because of swimming, her tissues are more solid than those of gals whose toil is limited to bearing up under a

Whereat, she turned ingenuous blue eyes on him and inquired, "Shouldn't I try to win, coach?"

By the time Sava got his eyes back in focus, the race was on. Brenda led for ninety yards with Suzanne Zimmerman at her flank and Muriel Melton splashing foam into Miss Zimmerman's ears, while Ann got a rear view of the race, like a rowing coach in a launch. Then, as Sava emitted sharp, irregular squeaks from a semi-inactivated larynx, Ann moved up, looked Miss Helser in the eye, grinned amiably, gave a powerful thrust of her long gams and won by inches.

It was the first of several occasions when Miss Helser, a grim competitor, for all her patrician background, was to be foiled by Ann's deceptive surge. Later that afternoon, Ann broke Ann Petty's eight-year-old record for 220 yards and won the 440 by thirty feet.

In both, Miss Helser was second, but she was a good loser. "It'll take the best swimmer that ever lived to beat her," she announced, after the 440 was over.

It was not until after this meet that the San Francisco sports writers began scrambling onto the Curtis bandwagon. The ultimate came when Prescott Sullivan (a skeptical journalist who shaves with a cigar in his mouth to avoid uttering comment without pay) let go all holds and declared that Ann was the greatest woman swimmer of all time. Coming from a man who'd waited for the

electoral college to meet before conceding Roosevelt's election in 1936, this was accepted as the ultimate in recognition.

From that point on, Ann may have been terrific but she wasn't invincible. In the National Indoor Championships of 1944, she competed against Miss Helser in the 220 and 440 events, and won both, setting an American record of 2:29.2 for the former. In the 880 yards, which encompasses the 800 meters, she emerged as a threat to all records by easily beating the American time and coming within a fraction of a second of Rangelchild Hveger's world standard.

Came the 100-yards and disaster. Egged on by dust-bowl experts to get a big lead against Miss Helser's reputedly faster finish, Ann broke all precedent by jumping out in front as the pair pulled away from the field. With two thirds of the race over, the once inexhaustible Curtis stamina wavered. She floundered, lost her form and dropped back to a befuddled fourth, as Brenda went on to win with a new American record.

"Being ahead is bad; I can't see anybody," she admitted, a pronouncement based on her habit of swimming with her head turned either right or left, depending on the location of her most significant rivals.

The highlight of Ann's career shone in the final event of the nationals last June. It was the ever-spectacular hundred, and she again met Miss Helser in a race that still raises goose bumps on official pelts. Brenda set a blistering early pace, and Ann fell in at her shoulder. They turned at the fifty neck and neck, and surged along in this order until a mere yard from the finish. In a spray of arms and legs they slapped, and the judges forthwith began shaking agitated fingers under one another's noses. They argued for twenty-five minutes while Brenda paced the runways, and Ann licked at a lollipop.

A Mermaid Gets Temperamental

The delay rose from the oversight of a second-place judge in picking Ann. The other two second-place judges picked Brenda, while the three first-place monitors fixed on Ann. Ultimately the decision went to Ann, and Miss Helser apprised Hollywood that Miss Bette Davis wasn't the only inflammable actress in the world by announcing, in a well-bred hiss, "Ann, it's not so; you know and I know that I won."

"Why don't you throw a fit?" inquired Ann.

"What do you think I am throwing?" Brenda asked. "A discus?"

None of the swimming experts who have watched Ann have yet reconciled her nonchalant technique to her great speed. Lou de B. Handley, America's foremost swimming authority, recently admitted that she is the best girl swimmer yet seen, but confessed that he can't understand how she does it.

Even Sava is still puzzled by her spectacular success. He says she will not be at her competitive zenith for five years, because of her size and the fact that, like most Irish athletes, she is developing slowly.

It could be that the words of the late Lou Usher, one of Walter Camp's last All-America tackles while at Syracuse and an outstanding lineman for the Chicago Bears two decades ago, most nearly apply.

Usher was playing with the Bears when Bo McMillin of Centre College, now Indiana coach, made his professional debut with an opposing team. During the first half, McMillin, a most unimposing-looking athlete, repeatedly snaked through the stalwart Bears for embarrassing gains.

Between the halves, the Bears' dressing room was a scene of Stygian gloom. The Messrs. George Halas and "Dutch" Sternaman, Bear owners who could endure anything but misfortune, wept copiously as they repeated, again and again, "He's not fast, he's not big, he's not shifty. What's he got that you guys can't stop him?"

After the fifteenth repetition of this dolorous conundrum, Usher sighed mightily.

"Well, I'll tell ya," he said. "He's just go-o-o-od. When you say that, you've said it all!"

It seems that way with Ann Curtis. She's just go-o-o-od.

THE END

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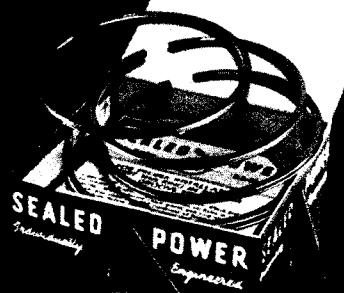
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Russia's New Distaff

Continued from page 17

Kalinin or nursery school of the candy factory across the Moscow River, the children would rise, stand stiffly at attention and wait until we turned to go or until they were given permission to sit down again.

The whole attempt to understand (or, if you wish, pamper) the child, seemed to be undergoing a reversal in policy. There used to be "pedalogs" attached to schools—a combination teacher-psychologist, whose job was to study each individual child. These have been abolished.

"The theory was wrong," Professor Smirnov, assistant director of the Moscow Psychological Institute, told me. "Instead of seeing what the child could do and fit into, they studied what he couldn't do. They believed a child's reactions were the result only of inheritance and environment. They set too little store by education and upbringing. They used tests, but you can't establish a child's abilities through tests. We can't tell what a child may not do in the future!"

The Psychological Institute was opened last year to study problems of teachers and education. All kinds of studies are undertaken in how children do art, dancing, spelling, geometry, what are their processes of thinking, their motives of action. The results are made available to instructors. There is great propaganda to teach the new teachers. Thousands of Russian schoolmasters and schoolmistresses were killed by the Germans, others have been fighting as soldiers or guerrillas—sometimes with a whole class of pupils—and children have missed years of schooling.

In 1931, nothing was too good for the child; everything had to be given first to him. He mustn't be punished; he should hardly be scolded. Now, it seems, they are trained to be not only cultured but hard and disciplined, able to become soldiers at a moment's notice—soldiers in every sense of the word. There certainly isn't the same coddling.

"The special children's rooms at the police stations are real clubs for rowdy children, to which they love to be taken," criticized the Moscow Bolshevik (on March 1, 1944). "They're provided with games and interesting people to talk to. We recommend that the police stop being pedagogues and make the child unwilling to return to this room."

A Future Master of Finance

Juvenile delinquency has increased. There are fewer "wild boys of the road" than after the last war, but many neglected children, those whose parents are away and who have been left to shift for themselves, often in the streets. It is these who have turned to hooliganism—smoking, swearing, stealing, misbehavior in streets and public vehicles, rudeness, simple holdups. (Such as buying all the movie tickets at a theater and selling them at a profit.) Courts are severe with these miscreants. The worst cases are sentenced to several years "deprivation of liberty."

There are far fewer girl delinquents, perhaps only ten per cent of the total, and there are no small-girl sex delinquents. People stared at me in horror when I asked about these, wondering what kind of a pervert I could be. But there are girl thieves who are also punished. Psychologists aren't attached to every court to let the child off lightly.

There seemed to me a whole new departure in attitude to girls, a new (or perhaps old) way of regarding what some of us might call "femininity." I saw many young girls who were growing their hair long. With some misgiving—because we cut our hair short when we "emancipated" ourselves—I asked teachers about it.

One school principal countered, "Don't you think long hair is beautiful?"

A young Communist leader said aggressively, "The fashion used to be short hair, now it's long. What's so different? Can't fashions change?"

I noticed, too, that a number of girls no longer smoked. One magazine story had a sergeant walking out of camp when a girl smoked! I found myself after a while asking

nervously, as I took out a cigarette, whether anyone minded—the way I might at a gathering at my grandmother's.

In the schools in which boys and girls are now separately educated, as I have said, the girls learn cooking, sewing, nursing. Even the smallest seven-year-olds were embroidering lunch cloths and showed me their work with pride!

Whenever I expressed surprise, some grown-up would say to me stubbornly, "Don't you think a girl should be able to sew?"

I tried to find out why they had abolished coeducation. The Russians are well aware that separate education of boys and girls was reactionary under the czar, when "girls were given a much inferior education," as old Ekaterina Markianova told me. She had been an educator twenty-five years under the czar and now had been teaching for twenty-seven years under the Soviets.

I asked dozens of mothers and fathers, teachers and school children, and I didn't find any who didn't approve the change, wholeheartedly. They argued that girls weren't kept away from boys outside school, that no special point was being made of separation of the sexes, as there was in czarist days. But, to quote wise old Ekaterina Markianova again: "We separated the sexes for specific educational reasons. No modification of social attitude is involved."

The Voice of Nikolai Lenin

Then take religion. In the early days, the Society for the Militant Godless carried out by every propaganda means a policy of disillusionment with the organized Church. "We don't believe in God, and we are quite aware that the clergy, the landlords, the bourgeoisie spoke in the name of God in order to get done what was to their own interests," said Lenin.

There was an antireligious museum in Moscow, an Emancipation of Woman museum in the famous old Novo Devichy monastery on the city's outskirts, which preached pictorially: "Religion is the enemy of woman" and "Religion is the enemy of the people." Church marriages were not valid, religious holidays were abolished, saints' bones were exhumed to show the superstitious peasantry that there were no miracles attached to them. It was constantly pointed out that a healthy sexual life could not develop under the aegis of Church morality.

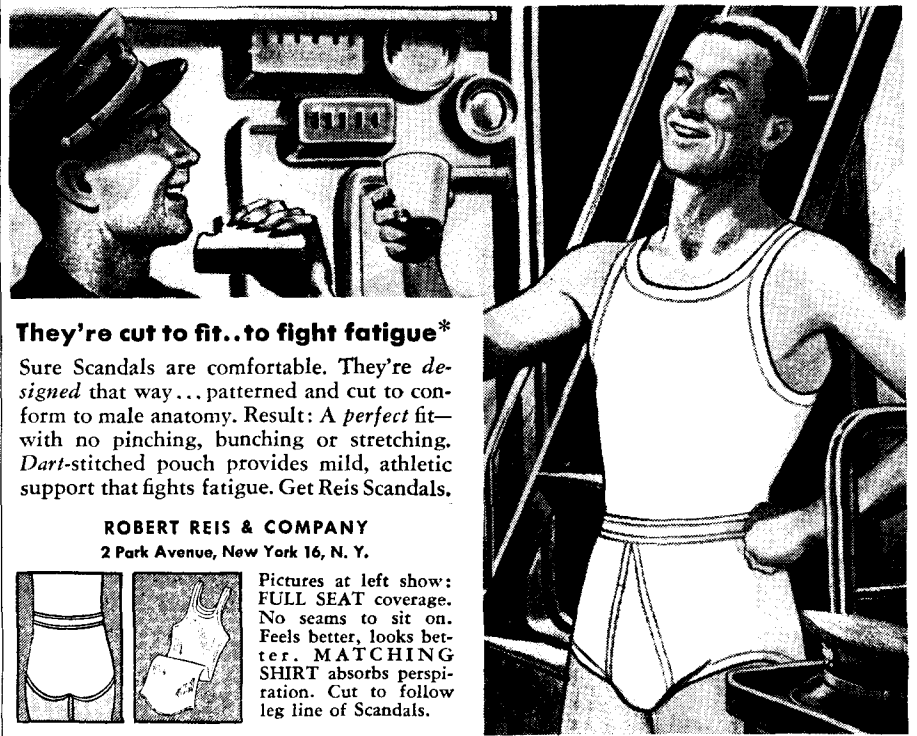
But in 1944, a popular play made an old, bearded priest and a "militant godless" peasant both heroes. The clergy are no longer oppressed. Objections to religion seem to have faded. Churches are being painted and reopened. (They were never all closed, but some were pulled down and some were used as clubs and libraries and museums.) Seminaries are being opened to train priests; the Bible is to be printed again after a quarter of a century. Children may be taught the Scriptures, though not in school. All forms of direct, antireligious propaganda have stopped.

The Society of the Militant Godless has been disbanded, the atheist newspaper *Bezbozhnik* (Godless) has suspended publication (the given reason being paper shortage), no agitation takes place against the observance of religious holidays. There are no anti-religious toys or games, songs or books, no slogans, no theater or puppet shows. No priest appears on poster or handbill as "exploiter" or ally of bourgeois and capitalist oppressor; no capitalist or bourgeois oppressor appears, either. *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, government and Communist Party organs, carry the Church's messages to the people.

Church leaders are convinced that the Soviet government is genuinely interested in freedom of conscience. All denominations are promised this in the 1936 constitution. These sects and beliefs include Lutherans, Baptists, Buddhists, Old Believers, Seventh Day Adventists, Armenian Christians, Shamanists from Mongolia, Animists from the Tunga, as well as Jews, Catholics, Greek Orthodox and eleven million Moslems. The Moslems this year are being permitted for the first time in Soviet history to pilgrimage to Mecca.

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with Marx's dictum: 'Religion is the opium of the people?' I asked Nikolai Romanov, the handsome, 30-year-old official of the League of Young Communists, to whom I went for an explanation of all these changes. "Aren't you afraid any more?"

"Afraid of what?" he asked. "That slogan was true under the czar when a reactionary church dominated our political life, and, later, when priests hid rifles in their church basements, with which to overthrow our Soviet government. Priests today fight for our country and against the Fascists, and Church and State are separated."

"Children may believe in God, then?"
 "If they wish. Of course, we teach them science and a scientific view of the universe. We show children how the world came to be. It is religious superstition we objected to always, objected to and fought. We wished to raise our peasants from the ignorance and superstition in which they wallowed—and in which the Church only too often kept them."

There is great encouragement of science teaching, for adults as well as for children. A librarian told me they direct the children to scientific books. The children's hour on the radio gives science talks. The lobbies of the movie theaters announce scientific lectures. Every pioneer club has its science study group, and schools lay more emphasis than before on the study of botany, physics, chemistry—especially the Suvorov military schools. Even Communist Party journals run scientific articles.

In answer to my question to a woman professor of children's literature as to the probable effect on children of this new religious freedom, she said, smiling, "As long as you let us have the schools, we don't mind what other influences there are in a child's life. The school is still the main one."

To sum up all these changes: Do they imply that the position of women is the same as it is in, for example, Cincinnati, Ohio, today?

There is one great difference, which becomes basic: Women in the Soviet Union are free to take any job they wish, at equal pay and on equal conditions with men. Girls are fighting, flying, sniping, driving tanks, sailing ships, acting as stretcher-bearers. Women are lawyers, doctors, architects, electricians, engineers, tramway conductors, traffic police and delegates to the Supreme Soviet. Not just a few; seventy per cent of all Russian doctors today are women. (In this country it is six or seven per cent.) Every woman in Russia works; she has been mobilized since the beginning of the war.

A Land of No Unemployment

But it isn't only that they can—and do—take any job. They are not afraid of being fired as soon as the men come back, or of having to take inferior jobs. First, of course, there cannot be unemployment in the Soviet Union: there is too much work, and there always has been, and if ever the country is completely built up again and the economy is running smoothly, hours of work will be lessened for everybody. Overproduction won't be dealt with by cutting wages or firing workers; it will be dealt with, as it was in the late thirties when consumer goods had begun to be plentiful, by granting more leisure.

The basic fact of economic equality for women—equality of opportunity—has made legal and social equality a fact, too. You really don't find any expressions of the old attitudes of inferiority.

"Don't you prefer your wife to stay home?" I asked an engineer.

"What have I to do with it?" he answered, astonished.

"Wouldn't you prefer to be the sole breadwinner?" I asked a doctor.

"Oh, no," was his reply. "My wife is a doctor, too, and we enjoy working together."

"I suppose you're looking forward to stopping work when you marry—after the war is over, of course," I said to innumerable girl welders, plumbers, secretaries, bricklayers, bookkeepers, farmers.

They just looked at me. Have Marlene Dietrich, Betty Grable, Helen Hayes given up acting because of marriage and babies?

That doesn't mean you may not stay at home and look after the children and the household if you wish. That is also regarded as a job. And mothers with more than six children are now awarded medals for meritorious service to the community. They make a lot of jokes, but they love being "Mother Heroines." They wear their medals proudly.

So I posed my final questions once more to Nikolai Romanov:

"Aren't you afraid that with all this insistence on the old chivalries, women may come to be regarded as inferiors again?" I asked him first. "You know, the dear, delightful, charming, cute, but oh, so much weaker, darlings?"

"How could they?" he asked. "When they are in fact equal and are so regarded, in every respect."

"Our society has now developed to the point where we can put into practice many things we weren't able to before," he added. "We have in no way returned to the old prerevolutionary family. We subsidize motherhood, not because we feel women are inferior, but because our children are society's concern. We ask boys to show respect to girls, help them on with their coats, stand up for them in busses, because that is cultured behavior. Don't you think so?"

Economic Freedom for All

"Some of you used to say it was bourgeois behavior," I countered.

He looked at me patiently. I was a foreign correspondent, a little dense, but there were limits to lack of understanding.

"We had not then wiped out all traces of the old behavior and attitudes, based on what you call 'bourgeois ethics,'" he said. "Now our family is not based on property or religion or inheritance or nationality. Our women are no longer struggling for emancipation. We have no unemployment and can't have any. Economic freedom—complete equality—is a fact for every citizen, and every woman is a citizen."

"Tell me one more thing," I said. "In America many people feel you have gone to the right, that the revolution has turned back, that you radicals have gone conservative." It was my 64-ruble question.

"It is not a question of right or left, *grazhdanka*. There is no return to the old forms. There could not be, for they are outworn. Our new, stable Soviet family, however it may look like the czarist family, has a different base. You must get out of your mind that we chop and change, without reason, or that we overturn, transform or reverse the basis of our social arrangements. We don't alter our basic objectives. Our Marxist teachings continue. We think of laws as instruments with specific objectives."

"And of morals as something you can legislate also?"

"Why not?" he said. "It takes longer for old attitudes to die sometimes. But we have wiped out prostitution, in one generation. We have wiped out the old concept of illegitimacy. We did this by placing unregistered marriages on a par with registered ones. That had the disadvantage of making some irresponsible people take too light-minded an attitude toward the family and family obligations. Our new laws, therefore, stress the social obligations in sex relationships. You see," he finished, "we adapt behavior, morals and ethics to the needs of our society, as you adapt your new-model automobiles to new mechanical inventions."

"And you always will?"

"That's the law of our society. As material conditions alter, we shall always temper, modify, develop our social institutions. We shall always evolve."

"But," I made one last argument, a little wistfully, as I recollected my lost feminist heaven, my charming ferments of 1931, "do you have to go quite so far, or so fervently, each time you 'evolve'? Couldn't you sometimes put on the brake—a little?"

Now he smiled. Now he knew what I was saying.

"We have a proverb in our country you know," he replied. "It runs: When a peasant prays, he does not merely kneel. He beats his forehead on the stone floor."

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The Week's Work

Lieut. (jg) Chester L. Posey

HEREWITH (p. 54). Lieutenant (jg) Chester Posey's very first piece of fiction. Lieutenant Posey, in command of a sub chaser in the Pacific, is one of those servicemen who write such interesting letters home that friends ask to see copies of them. Overboard started out to be just another letter, and then, somehow, became fiction. As Lieutenant Posey explained it to his father, "I was Officer of the Deck during an episode similar to the one related herein, and as our radio watch is on the flying bridge at night, I managed to picture pretty well what was going on. Many of the details, of course, are imaginary, but the setting, ideas and moods are the same as that night in the China Sea. I started out to make this a purely factual description in letter form, but . . . I got interested as I went along and turned it into fiction. . . . Your very honest opinion is requested."

Instead of giving his opinion, Lieutenant Posey's father sent the piece along to Collier's editors, who said, "We'll buy it."

DURING three years of service as a Pacific war correspondent for the New York Daily News, Jack Turcott learned a good deal about the alien psychology of the Japanese. But never enough, he says, really to understand the "Divine Winds," the suicide fighters of whom he tells in Flying Coffin Corps (p. 18) co-authored with Collier's staff writer, Frank Morris.

Turcott left San Francisco in the first American convoy to head for the far Pacific after Pearl Harbor. The destination was Singapore, but Singapore fell during the voyage, and the convoy docked at an east Australian port. Turcott remained with General MacArthur's forces for three solid years except for a four weeks flying trip home. He went along on nine amphibious landings and countless bombing missions, through 3,000 miles of advances—to the Philippines. He accompanied the first detachment of American paratroopers ever to land in hostile territory, and he represented the combined American press during the landing at Hollandia. Through all of this, by some fantastic luck, he suffered only malaria and a punctured eardrum.

Turcott, a Columbia School of Journalism graduate and the author of some excellent

Jack Turcott



news stories and magazine articles, considers himself primarily a leg man. He would rather be where things are happening and somewhere within reach of a telephone, than sitting in an office at a typewriter. Certainly he never set out to be a lecturer, but that is what he is at the moment, a lecturer on tour through the West, impatiently awaiting re-assignment to the Pacific.

ARTIST HARRY MORSE MEYERS (see illustration for My Brother's Keeper, p. 34) is one man who is perfectly content with things as they are—that is, personal things. He set out to be an artist, studying

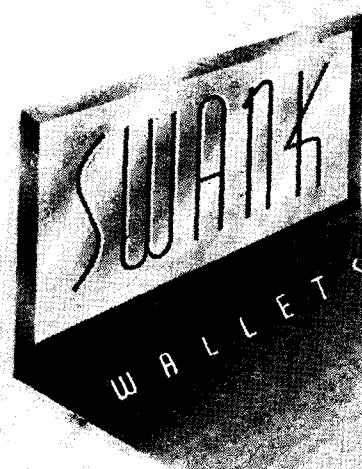
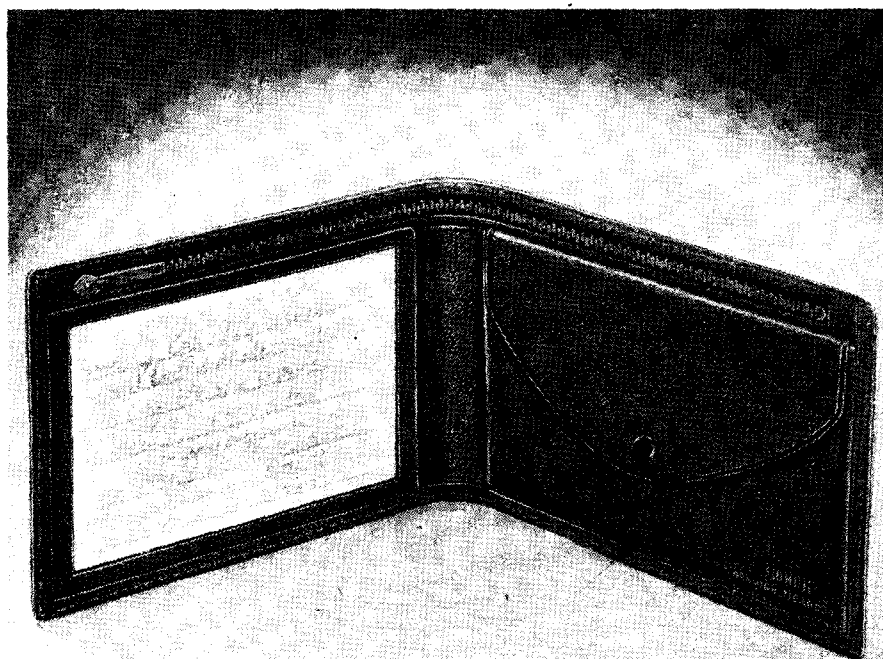
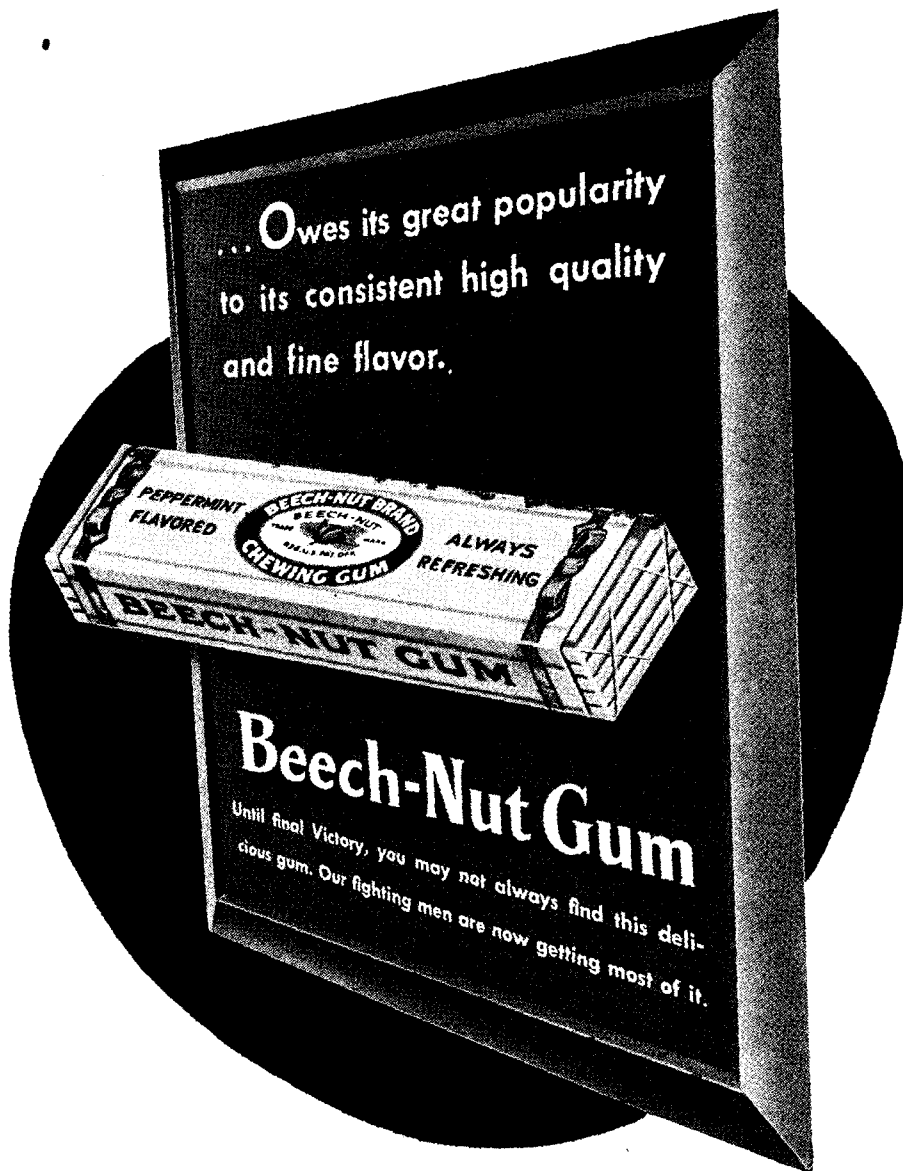


Harry Morse Meyers

first at Tulane University in his home town, New Orleans, and then at the Art Students League in New York. Pretty soon he was an artist, selling his work at satisfactory prices without too much trouble. He has continued contentedly along those lines ever since—with a few exciting years out to serve as an Army airplane pilot in the last war. He collects old arms and armor, and displays his more valuable pieces on two carved oak screens that used to belong to the curator of arms at the Tower of London. Occasionally his collection comes in handy for illustration of period stories. He rides horseback now and then and gives parties often.

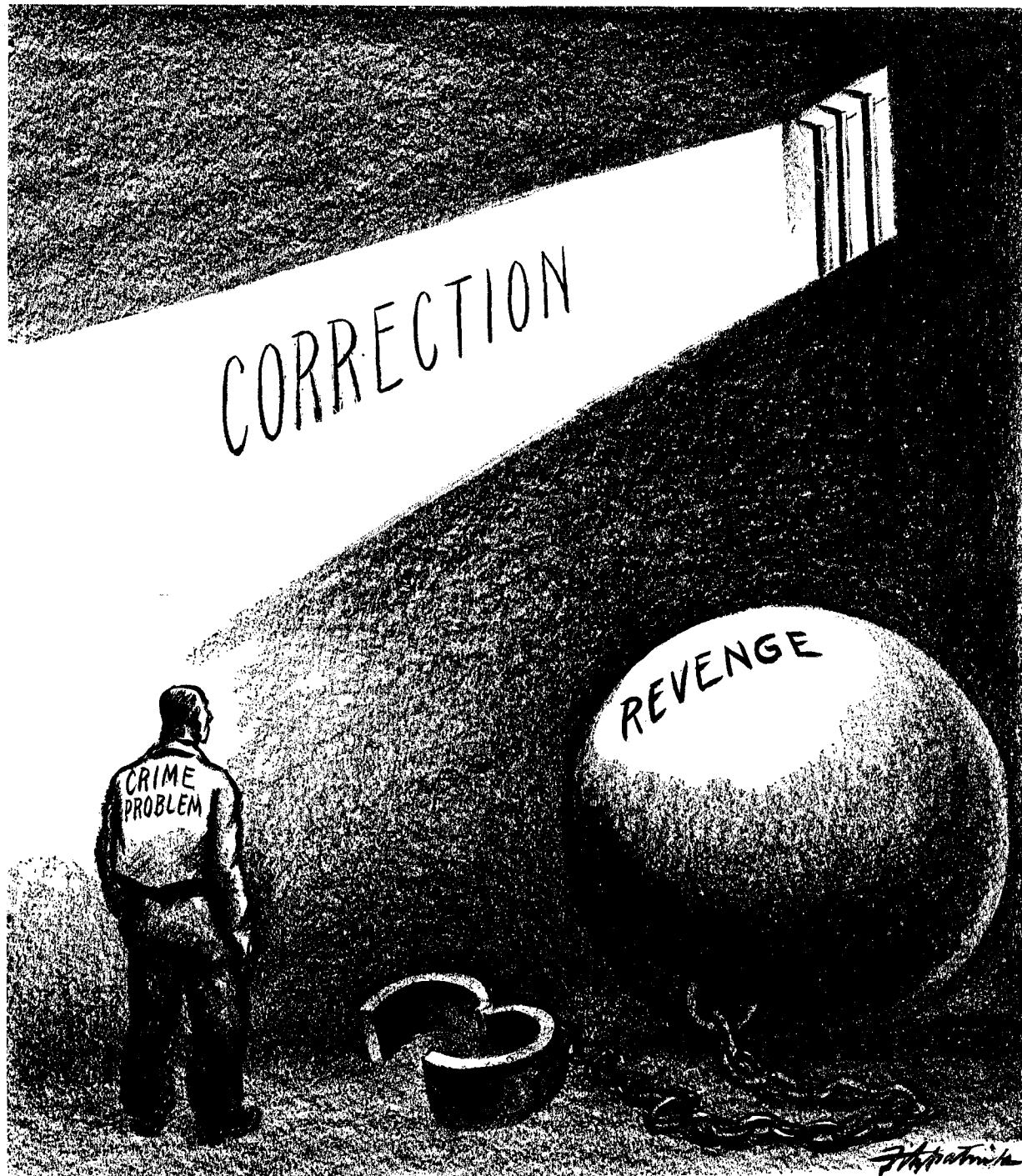
He only hopes that Manhattan won't become entirely an island of skyscrapers, for in that case, what would he do for a studio? He cannot imagine living elsewhere than in the center of things—somewhere in the Forties and between Sixth and Madison Avenues, and on a top floor not higher than two or three stories up, with a good northern exposure. Twice he has had to move because ruthless wreckers insisted on tearing down his home to make way for skyscrapers. He and his wife are happily located now in a duplex affair on West 45th Street, but they keep hearing talk about what a nice place it would be for a postwar superskyscraper. . . .

A. P.



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BIDDLE ON CRIME AND CRIMINALS

WE HOPE the customers pondered Attorney General Francis Biddle's article, *Injustice in the Courtroom*, in a recent Collier's—and gave Mr. Biddle full credit for courage in writing such a piece at a time when many people are expecting a post-war crime wave and are merely hoping for enough jails and tough judges.

Biddle came out flatfooted for the traditional liberal proposition that the true object of a prison sentence is not to give society its revenge against the criminal, but rather to try to make the criminal over into a useful citizen.

That is only common sense, we think.

The Attorney General's chief target in this article was the haphazard way in which most penal sentences are meted out. Our laws too often prescribe the same treatment for (a) an incorrigible criminal, and (b) a first offender who could be easily resocialized if wisely handled.

Passage by Congress of the Federal Corrections bill, introduced by Senator H. M. Kilgore of West Virginia and Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania, would help a great deal, according to Biddle and the bill's numerous backers.

This bill embodies the principle of the delayed sentence; meaning that on conviction a criminal would at first draw only a general, indeterminate sentence. For

the next six months, in whatever jail he was sent to, he would be studied by psychiatrists, doctors, clergymen, vocational-training experts and the warden. It would be exactly like a doctor studying a patient before diagnosing the case and deciding on the proper treatment.

Treatment of the criminal would then be recommended to the judge, who would deal out a sentence designed to make it as easy as possible to remold this particular gent closer to the heart's desire of organized society.

There are still those who call all such schemes sentimental. Yet if such schemes had been applied to a lot of our assorted John Dillingers, "Legs" Diamonds, "Pretty Boy" Floyds, et al., with their loyalties and prides, and sometimes their fierce courage, it seems very likely that they could have been steered from wild adolescence into constructive adulthood. Whether the Kilgore-Walter bill is the best that can be drawn, we don't know; that it is being considered seems to us to be a step in the right direction.

It seems likely that if Congress would enact legislation of this kind for federal offenders, the federal government could proceed to make its administration of justice as scientific as it can be made, and many a state legislature would in a very short time feel moved to follow suit.

OKAY ON BRAVERY, BUT—

CAPTAIN DIXIE KEEFER, commander of the aircraft carrier known to the public thus far only as "The Fighting Lady," was in New York recently, and gave a colorful press interview. The New York Times quoted him in part as follows:

"This war is different in a lot of ways. Executive officers don't spend their combat time in 16-inch gun turrets directing the fight by telephone and messenger. They're getting their wounds out in the open. And—get this—they're the last, the very last to get medical treatment. And why not?"

In a way, that is all very fine and admirable. But if Captain Keefer's report is correct about the bulk of our executive officers (and he ought to know what he is talking about), just how wise is it?

We suppose a lot of officers in this war are mindful of the bitter gibe born in the previous war, "Generals die in bed," and are resolved that nothing like that shall be said of them in the present war or after it. Again, fine! But again, how sensible is it?

After all, an officer is in different case from a private or an enlisted naval man. The officer is responsible for a lot of other men, to say nothing of a lot of expensive equipment. If he takes unnecessary chances, he is not gambling himself only. He is also gambling the men, the operation, and his equipment. If he is knocked out of combat, the next in rank may jump into the breach and head off demoralization or defeat; but then again, the next in rank may not. If he doesn't, how can the first officer's recklessness be justified on any count?

We hope Captain Keefer exaggerated. If he didn't—and frankly, we doubt that he did—a polite suggestion seems in order that our executive officers in all services give some thought to the happy medium between reckless bravado and excessive caution. There is such a happy medium; and sensible men find it and latch onto it, in civilian as well as war affairs.

THE NMU SEES THE LIGHT

ANOTHER recent Collier's article which we doubt that many who read it will soon forget was *Readin', Writin' and No Strikin'*, by Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw. This one told of the National Maritime Union's leadership schools in New York, Detroit and St. Louis, where NMU delegates are taught co-operation between ship crews and officers. Yes, this is the same NMU which a few short years ago was at constant dagger points with the shipping industry, and which was believed by many people to be nothing but an arm of the Communist Party.

These leadership schools, as Messrs. Henderson and Shaw disclosed, instill in their students the idea that only through co-operation with management, now and after the war, can the sailors hope to keep their pay checks coming along and their ship bottoms under them. Strikes and sabotage have been ruled out in wartime under the no-strike pledge—rigidly adhered to by this union. The NMU "professors" go on to state that strikes and sabotage after the war will only play into the hands of foreign competitors of U.S. ship lines.

To us, this seems one of the most encouraging of all recent developments in labor-capital relations. The old Marxian conception of an irreconcilable conflict between labor and employers always was the bunk. But it was a bit of bunk which long ago was sold to tens of millions of workers in Europe, and which of late years has been taking fairly serious hold in this country. It brought Communism to Russia, and Fascism and Nazism to Italy and Germany. If generally bought by U.S. workers, it could bring similar miseries to us.

To see this bunk repudiated by the NMU is a spectacle which must, we think, hearten all those who believe in labor-management co-operation—and, of course, give the screaming meemies to our die-hard labor baiters and capital haters. As for Joe Curran, NMU president, he deserves a round of applause for a brilliant piece of statesmanship in starting these schools.

Historic Argument in

1 "I was lower than a snake's hips," writes a veteran oil man from Quiriquiri, down in eastern Venezuela. "Joe and I moved in here dead sure we'd find oil... had drilled wells all over the place. At the end of several months I was ready to throw in the sponge. But Joe wouldn't have it! Drill 2,000 feet more, he said, and if we didn't connect—the Canadian Club would be on him. For just 2,000 feet, who'd argue with a redheaded Texan?"



2 "We'd only gone down 600 feet and man, we were in... knew just by tasting! Rich crude, with hardly a trace of salt or sulphur. Even then, we little knew the importance of our luck. For—



3 "In the years since then, Quiriquiri has become one of the most promising—and modern—of all oil fields. The workmen's homes are the equal of the most progressive industrial community you'll find anywhere. There are fine hospitals, playgrounds—even good golf.



4 "Joe and I came here on muleback. Today you can fly to Venezuela from the States by Pan American Clipper in a mere 11 hours. Even rush equipment comes that way now.



5 "Yes, sir—it's Boom Town with a top hat. A boom town where the distinctive flavor of Canadian Club is as highly esteemed as at any country club at home."

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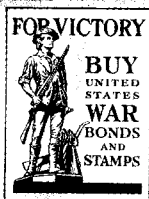
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